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MINOR
MENTAL MALADJUSTMENTS
IN NORMAL PEOPLE

BASED ON ORIGINAL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF PERSONALITY MALADJUSTMENTS

A Casebook for the Use of Students of Mental Hygiene, Psychology, Education, Child Development, Sociology, and the Formation of Personality Traits

By J. E. WALLACE WALLIN, Ph.D.
Director of Division of Special Education and Mental Hygiene of the Delaware
State Department of Public Instruction and the Wilmington Public
Schools, and Visiting Professor of Educational Psychology
in the Duke University Summer School

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MINOR
MENTAL MALADJUSTMENTS
IN NORMAL PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

PURPOSE AND NATURE OF THE INVESTIGATION OF MENTAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND SOCIAL MALADJUSTMENTS, AND THE PRACTICAL CONTRIBUTION WHICH THIS PUBLICATION IS INTENDED TO MAKE

REASONS FOR UNDERTAKING THE INVESTIGATION

UNTIL within comparatively recent times,[1] most of the concrete case data on different kinds of mental deviation and maladjustment accessible to the mental hygienist, educationist, psychologist, sociologist, classroom teacher, or parent, have been based on distinctly pathological types of abnormals, such as mental defectives, psychotics (people subject to some major form of mental disease), pronounced neurotics or psychoneurotics (persons subject to various kinds of nervous maladies), delinquents, or criminals. The case histories and clinical data from the pens of psychiatrists and clinical psychologists, based on the investigation of this kind of human material, are not lacking in exciting interest, dramatic appeal, and basic significance. They occupy a merited position in the technical literature of psychiatry, clinical psychology, and educational and social pathology. But the great army of lay workers (teachers, parents, ministers, welfare workers, and the like) who are concerned with the welfare of the normal and superior population tend to regard this material as extreme, pathological, and inapplicable to their problems. Much of it is too technical for lay consumption, and it is generally found in technical publications that are inaccessible to the general reader. To the many workers with normal children or adults, data gathered from distinctly abnormal types suffer from apparent extraneousness or "detachment from reality," and therefore do not appear to be applicable to normal deviates.

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[1] Since this investigation was inaugurated, a number of texts and monographs have drawn upon the normal extra-institutional and extra-court population for some of their illustrative material. Some of the case histories were prepared with the assistance of a grant-in-aid from the Social Science Research Council for which grateful acknowledgment is made. It is also a pleasure to acknowledge my appreciation for the services rendered by my assistants, Dr. Alice Allen, who carefully proofread the manuscript and who offered various pertinent suggestions in connection therewith, and Miss Bertha Cahill, who assisted in the reading of the proofs.

Obviously such data do not supply the most appropriate or challenging type of illustrative material for those engaged in ministering to the mental, social, or educational requirements of the normal population.

Again, the study of mental abnormalities in the distinctly pathological groups sometimes leads the reader to ascribe unwarranted importance to minor mental deviations in normal persons. He may become obsessed with the idea that such deviations are evidence of mental disease, and become unduly concerned about the sanity of such persons, or about his own sanity. Every minor mental aberration is evidence to him of incipient or latent mental disease! Many young cases so diagnosed have passed through the writer's clinics. Who is not familiar with adolescents subject to minor mental maladjustments or transient development instabilities diagnosed as cases of predementia praecox or dementia praecox because of the bias that springs from excessive preoccupation with pathological cases, who failed after many years to develop mental disease? To be sure, a thorough understanding of the abnormal mind contributes to the better understanding of the normal mind. For one thing, it demonstrates that there is no sharp boundary between the normal and the abnormal. But information regarding mental quirks in the normal based wholly on a study of distinctly diseased types of mentality will lead to many mistaken inferences and unjustified conclusions. Records of maladjustments obtained from normal and superior groups, described without attempts at embellishment or exaggeration, will be less thrilling than the fantastic or grotesque symptom-complexes characteristic of the mentally diseased. They will, however, be more "true to life" and of greater practical value for students interested primarily in the conservation of the mental, educational, and social health of normal and well-endowed people, who probably constitute 90 per cent of the total population.

An advantage of familiarity with data secured from the normal population is that they supply indisputable evidence, as suggested above, that normality is a relative term. We find on careful investigation that normal and talented people are not free from personality blemishes. Many normal people, so-called, are subject to the same kinds of mental deviations and idiosyncrasies that afflict the pathological groups, although, of course, the involvements are less extensive and less severe.

Examination of the case histories in this volume discloses the fact that persons at large in society, functioning as normal individuals and filling important positions in life, are subject to an amazing variety of transient or lasting mental disturbances or idiosyncrasies, and that mental maladjustments may be produced by all sorts of processes of conditioning, even the most trivial ones. They offer convincing proof that the most fruitful field of application of mental hygiene principles is preventive and constructive mental health work with the vast army of potentially normal children. As one of the contributors to these case histories remarks:

> When I begin introspectively to examine my past for the purpose of analyzing my peculiarities and personality maladjustments, I am startled by the overwhelming number of bewildering idiosyncrasies that I find, and I am led to exclaim, "Am I really a normal individual or have I only been lucky enough to fool society and masquerade as normal?"
>
> I am surprised at the oddities of my nature which this analysis has revealed to me. Some things which have been unconscious or buried fragments have been excavated while I have been fully aware of other matters mentioned in this inventory. This self-analysis has led me to see vividly my many peculiarities. Do other people act so foolishly, or am I a psychopathic case? I try to persuade myself that I am perhaps a so-called normal individual. (A. H. T.; Female; College Instructor in Psychology; Master of Science; Age 26.)

We conclude, therefore, that although the study of psychiatry and the frank psychoses and psychoneuroses is not without value to all those whose work is with the normal population, a more important background of information on maladjustments, quirks, and hampering habits and attitudes for the guidance of such workers will be obtained from the study of case material culled from the "psychopathology of everyday life."

The Sector of the Normal Population Surveyed in the Present Investigation, and the Method Pursued

For the purpose of obtaining first-hand data on personality maladjustments in normal people, the writer during a period of years has secured written case histories on "early difficulties of adjustment" from his graduate and undergraduate students in the Universities of Virginia, Chicago, New York, and Delaware, from Johns Hopkins and Duke universities, from the State Teachers College at Buffalo, and from other institutions in which he has offered instruction. The students were asked to describe their personal maladjustments as accurately as possible and without exaggeration, and to try to trace them to their source, indicating as definitely as possible when and how the difficulties originated. They were requested to describe the methods of resolution that may have been tried either on their own initiative or on the suggestion of parents, teachers, or others, and to indicate the results, favorable or unfavorable, of such treatment. If the difficulties had continued uncorrected, they were urged to describe the problems they were facing at the time of the report.

Assurance was invariably given that all the reports would be treated with absolute confidence and that they would be given publicity only under protective nom de plumes or undecipherable symbols.

These inventories of personality maladjustments constituted a part of the regular requirements in courses in clinical, abnormal, systematic, and educational psychology, and on mentally retarded, deficient, and psychopathic children in which incidental references were frequently made to mental hygiene problems. They were also a requirement in a course on mental hygiene. In graduate courses the inventories were submitted as required "term papers." The students who wrote reports varied in academic status from sophomores pursuing their first course in systematic or educational psychology to graduate students busy on their doctorate dissertations. The large majority were professionally trained educators who were graduates of normal schools, teachers colleges, or colleges of liberal arts. They included special-class teachers, teachers of normal children in the elementary and secondary schools, principals, supervisors, superintendents, and instructors of psychology or of education in higher institutions of learning. While most of the respondents had pursued many courses in psychology and education, only a small number had had systematic courses in mental hygiene, psychoanalysis, or psychopathology. However, about seventy-five at the time were taking the author's course in mental hygiene. This does not include those whose reports are not included in this volume or in the text on *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene.*

It can reasonably be assumed that this group represents a cross section of the more capable, alert, and enterprising representatives of the normal population in this country. Most of them came from the Middle West, South, and East. The majority probably represent a fair cross section of the profession of public school teachers.

Questionnaire Method Employed

For their guidance each respondent was given a questionnaire entitled "An Inventory of Early Difficulties of Adjustment, together with Suggestions as to Processes of Adjustment," which contained the following suggestive list of early personal adjustment problems: Food fads and antipathies, fears or phobias of all sorts of things (darkness, snakes, animals, thunder, noises, strangers, fire, closed or open places, tests, audiences, people in general, etc.), frights, superstitions, peculiar ideas, obsessions, hampering habits hard to overcome, sex experiences and difficulties, day-dreaming, phantasies, anxieties, worries, inferiority feelings, compulsive acts, infantile fixations, inhibitions or repressions, seclusiveness, timidities, tantrums, sleepwalking, absentmindedness, amnesias, overfastidiousness, etc. However, the respondents were requested not to limit their reports to the topics listed in the questionnaire, but to include other problems of significance to them. Problems in need of elucidation were explained or illustrated in class.

Character of the Replies Received

About six hundred case histories have been obtained from about three hundred respondents.[2] Of these case histories, somewhat less than two hundred appear in *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene* and two hundred and ninety-three in this monograph. These reports differ greatly not only in the severity, extensity, complexity, or character of the problems discussed, but also in the completeness and in the subtlety or thoroughness of the analysis. Some students confined themselves to a brief discussion of one or two hampering traits or peculiarities. Some described in more or less detail four or five, and a few as many as a dozen or more, minor and major maladjustments or deviations. Some difficulties were transitory and apparently harmless; others led to profound alterations of character or attitude which produced internal conflicts for many years. From what is known regarding the genesis of certain types of severe functional mental disturbances, the conjecture is justified that some of the respondents will eventually become definitely psychotic as a result of childhood conflicts and unhealthy reaction tendencies that were allowed to grow progressively worse. Again, some of the reports were bristling with human interest, while others were dull and prosaic. This, of course, was to be expected, for many people lead drab, unruffled, uneventful lives.

It is interesting to note that only an insignificant number of students have reported that they had never experienced any personal difficulties that were sufficiently important to be chronicled. Some who at the outset were the most emphatic in protesting that they could find nothing to write about, nevertheless submitted some of the most interesting and valuable reports. Many frankly admitted that they had touched upon only a few of their adjustment difficulties. Doubtless many of the respondents failed to reveal their most intimate problems, especially problems connected with shame-producing situations or suggestive of moral turpitude or involving sex episodes. Although they were urged to be perfectly frank in unburdening themselves, under assurance of inviolable confidence, undoubtedly some were unable to free themselves from their resistances. As one student remarked:

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[2] This is exclusive of a considerable number of reports on children, both normal and handicapped. It should be stated that a number of the case histories included in this volume were voluntarily submitted by students who either desired to contribute something of interest or importance or who sought counsel in connection with their own adjustment difficulties.

> When I began thinking about a personality inventory of myself, I simply balked at the idea. The difficulty of the psychoanalytic technique is the resistance of the individual. He will talk about every subject under the sun but will neglect his most intimate self. This, too, has been my difficulty. I wanted to get rid of the idea of discovering and discussing my problems and their causes. However, after long hours of introspection and reminiscence, I am going to express my thoughts with the utmost freedom, and already have grown confident and expansive. (T. S. M.; Female; Bachelor of Arts; Grade Teacher.)

It is a commonplace observation that many people find it exceedingly difficult to write objectively and dispassionately concerning their idiosyncrasies and shortcomings. They have been too well schooled in the type of defense mechanism which consists in concealing, evading, distorting, rationalizing, or ignoring facts. Others cannot recall many of their early maladjustment problems. Difficulties which occasion severe mental conflicts are, according to the psychoanalysts, "repressed into the unconscious mind," as defense mechanisms, and thereby become completely inaccessible to the "conscious mind." It is unquestionably true that details connected with disagreeable or painful early experiences, and even the experiences themselves, are often completely forgotten whatever the causative mechanism may be. Nevertheless, one of the things that has been vividly brought out in this investigation, is the fact that many people, if not most of them, by persistent effort are able to recall a surprisingly large amount of their buried experience and the surrounding circumstances.[3] The time allowed in this investigation for recalling and recording past experiences could not be made uniform for all respondents. It varied from six weeks in the summer time to eight or nine months during the regular school year. Although the students were requested to send in supplementary statements whenever they were able to recall further details, few responded to this suggestion.

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[3] Productive of results with some subjects was the method of free association, revery, or abstraction suggested by the investigator.

See J. E. Wallace Wallin's *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene* (New York, 1935), pp. 419-420.

To obtain an adequate conception of the different kinds of self-analyses of personality and adjustment problems that one may expect to receive from undergraduate and graduate students many of whom are preparing for teaching, or are engaged in teaching, it is necessary to present a fair sampling of the different types of reports that have been submitted. Concededly, conclusions based on a highly selected group of autobiographies would be misleading or fallacious. For this reason some very sketchy or superficial reports have been included. For example: the difficulty or peculiarity, although it may be of great significance to the subject, is very insufficiently described, or no information is conveyed regarding the circumstances of its genesis or the methods of its resolution, or regarding the baneful influence it may have exerted upon the respondent's personality development. Even such apparently pointless histories are of value in completing the picture. At the other extreme come a number of very comprehensive reports in which the autobiographers discussed their difficulties in great detail, fully describing the nature of the trouble, tracing the source of the primary difficulties and their growing ramifications, and outlining the methods of attempted remediation. Most of the reports occupy an intermediate position; they are fairly complete and satisfactory. It should be explained that portions of case histories have already been published elsewhere, and that, therefore, some of the reports appear to be less complete than they actually are. Of course, a true picture of maladjustments should include both ephemeral and lasting ones. To present only those that prove to be persistent and permanently crippling would give a distorted view, for the effects of many maladjustments, fortunately, are transitory. Many right themselves with the passage of time, while others can be corrected. Furthermore, some kinds of personality difficulties are rather rare, while others occur very frequently. Some indications should be given of this fact in the distribution of the selected cases. A cursory reading of the book will disclose the fact that the problems presented in some of the case histories are quite similar. Such similar reports have been included not for the purpose of padding, but for the purpose of conveying some idea regarding the prevalence of certain problems and regarding the importance of the factor of individual differences so far as it concerns the causes and consequences of personality disturbances. Similar causes sometimes produce strikingly different patterns of reaction, while the same reaction patterns are often produced by markedly different causative factors. This fact can be most cogently established by appeal to actual case histories.

Nature of the Author's Editorial Work

Most of the respondents arranged their reports topically, in harmony with the list of topics in the questionnaire. In some cases, however, the problems were so intimately interconnected in the minds of the writers that a single more or less genetic and narrative account was substituted for the topical treatment. In yet other reports the same problem was touched upon more than once in connection with the discussion of different problems.

The reports have been subjected to some editorial treatment. Besides condensation through the elimination of variant, circumlocutory, or superfluous statements, improvements have been introduced into the sentence structure wherever necessary. Sometimes material has been transferred from one rubric to another to which it seemed, from internal evidence, to be causally or logically related. When problems have appeared to be closely interrelated, genetically or causally, the material has usually been arranged by the writer under inclusive headings. Frequently the respondents themselves have discussed a number of problems under a common rubric, evidently because they have believed, rightly or wrongly, that the problems have sprung from a common nexus, or that they are more or less closely connected through a common bond, although genetically distinct. It is obvious that personality difficulties do not develop independently of one another, but constitute a complicated interlocking network that is the resultant of multiple internal and external factors. A problem that apparently has developed independently will often be found, upon closer scrutiny, to be merely one phase of another problem or of a cluster of related problems. Doubtless some respondents failed to realize this, and, accordingly, viewed problems as unrelated entities that should have been treated as aspects of a common, underlying problem.

The captions for the different reports have almost always been supplied by the writer, and not by the respondents. They are intended to give a brief descriptive and explanatory epitome of the contents. The explanations proffered are essentially those suggested by the respondents themselves except that the writer has sometimes offered interpretations which seem to be clearly indicated by the context although at variance with certain statements in the reports. He has also indicated the mental mechanisms involved in some of the behavior symptoms. Otherwise the reports are the independent product of the respondents.

It will be observed that the depth of the different descriptive and interpretative analyses supplied in the case captions differs considerably. The differences are due in part to the difference in the wealth of the factual data contained in the reports themselves. It would be impossible to write adequate introductions to some of the stories because of the paucity of the facts which they reveal. On the other hand, a number of elaborate analyses have been supplied with the expectation that they might set useful patterns for the student to follow in his analytic study of those case reports that have abbreviated captions. It is believed that the captions are satisfactorily complete for most of the reports.

Fundamental Viewpoint in the Presentation of the Case Material in This Book

The writer's primary concern has been to make available a collection of first-hand data from many individuals in classified form. For this reason the topical method of presentation has been followed. Such an inventory of varied experiences should show to what extent maladjustments among normal people are similar or different so far as concerns mode of origin, course of development, and emotional or other characteristics, effects or consequences, and methods of resolution.

Obviously, we are not here concerned with a clinical analysis of the entire psychological or mental hygiene problem presented by each individual. For this purpose it would, of course, be necessary to reproduce the report of each respondent in its entirety, instead of selecting only those aspects that relate to the topic under consideration. As a matter of individual or clinical diagnosis, it is necessary to study synoptically all the problems of each individual, just as a comprehensive examination of a living patient requires a study of many organs and functions before a diagnosis is pronounced. However desirable it would be from other points of view to present all-around clinical diagnoses of the writers of these reports, such an ambitious project does not fall within the purview of this study. The writer's task will have been performed if he succeeds in presenting a variety of factual materials from the experience of capable, normal individuals to illustrate different kinds of mental oddities and difficulties of adjustment and to afford some insight into their genesis as well as into the remedial measures involved.

It is pertinent to emphasize again, however, that the writer has occasionally diverged from the general method of sharply delimited topical treatment, in order not to do violence to the essential unity of related topics. To have split up a highly integrated treatment of related problems into separate fragments would have robbed the reports of much of their unique interest and would have resulted in the substitution of an artificial and misleading simplicity. To illustrate: a child who is afraid of thunder may also evince fears of snakes, ghosts, water, and meeting strangers. These different fears could be treated under five separate topics, although they might be related phases of the same problem. Likewise the victim's fears might assume very different forms, such as obsessions, compulsions, inhibitions, emotional conflicts, anxieties, or worries although they might be etiologically related to a common underlying factor. The desire not to sever too many interconnecting threads that run through some reports will explain why some of the case reports contain material that seems to be irrelevant to the question under discussion. The writer is fully aware of the fact that some elements in some reports may not directly bear on the topic that appears in the heading. On the whole, more will be gained by retaining such apparently extraneous materials than by overfastidiousness in pruning out materials merely because of the fear that, since they do not bear specifically on the problem under consideration, they might create some confusion in the minds of the readers.

From what has been said, it ought to be apparent that the materials in some reports could just as readily have been used to illustrate other topics or problems than the ones under which they are classified. To enter into elaborate explanations of why the reports have been placed under the rubrics where they appear rather than under some other topics would carry the discussion too far afield. There is nothing static about classifications. They differ according to shifting points of interest. When many elements are present it is possible to classify a report in many ways. Many of these case histories could have been classified under some other category just as well, depending upon the point of view, the phase of the report or the type of adjustment problem singled out for emphasis, the character of the basic problems in contrast with the ancillary ones, the nature of the causation, the method of the cure, etc. Many of the categories represent symptomatic classifications; others are based on causal factors. Sometimes a multiplicity of symptoms or causes are present in the same report, making it necessary arbitrarily to select one symptom or causative factor as the point of reference for purposes of classification. The arbitrary nature of the classification in such cases is fully realized. The purpose of the symptomatic classification is to provide varied concrete descriptions of the same or closely related symptoms and of the etiological classification, to show the manifold problems and maladjustments that may ensue from similar or different environmental situations or processes of conditioning. One need not haggle over the conceded fact that certain case histories fit equally well into both of these categories and that certain others do not fit very well into either of them. These reports did not come ready-made to fit into some pet theory or preconception, nor have they been "doctored" to do so.

Although the topical plan of treatment has been largely followed, the reader is able by means of the identifying initials attached to the reports to reunite into a unitary whole, should he so desire, all the fragments from the stories of each individual that have been published in this volume and elsewhere.[4] This will make it possible to reconstruct the entire report of many respondents, although not necessarily in the exact order in which the topics were discussed. Some reports have not been published in their entirety, while many have not been published at all. The material is not submitted for statistical purposes.

Precautions Taken in Editorial Revisions Not to Alter the Writer's Meanings

In making the editorial revisions described above, considerable pains have been taken not to modify the sense of the contributors. The aim has been held constantly in mind to allow the respondents to speak their own thoughts in their own words without any attempt at modification, elaboration, explanation, reconstruction, or critical evaluation. Such changes as have been made in phraseology have been for the sole purpose of correcting obvious grammatical or lexical errors. Ambiguous statements have not been altered except when supplementary elucidative statements have been obtained from the respondents.

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[4] See my *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene* and "The Child—His Morale Development, A Function of the Home and the School," *The Crippled Child*, Oct., 1936, pp. 64-67; Dec., 1936, pp. 103-105; Feb., 1937, pp. 125-127; April, 1937, pp. 157-158.

Therefore each respondent is responsible for the description of his problem, for the explanations he has advanced of its mode of origin, and for his analyses and interpretations. The explanations offered may be correct and adequate or they may be wholly erroneous or inadequate. As is well known, unwarranted significance is often attached to obvious causes or striking occurrences although they may play a wholly negligible or a merely contributory role. The basic cause operative at the time of the initial development of the mental disturbance is often overlooked because it is never recognized in its true relation to the subject's difficulties, or because it has been completely forgotten or suppressed. That the causal explanations offered by the respondents are sometimes incorrect is freely admitted. In many cases no causal interpretation was attempted by the respondents because they were unable to determine the source of their maladjustments, because they were inhibited from revealing the true nature of the cause, or because they chose not to do so. In many cases the author might have suggested explanations quite different from those offered by the respondents. But to have done so would have defeated one of the purposes of this publication, namely, to provide an original source book of case material on the development of personality traits which the student should not only read and assimilate but critically evaluate. After having said all this, the writer has no hesitation in affirming that one of the merits of the book is the demonstration that the sources of many maladjustments and personality traits can be discovered by reasonably intelligent people without the use of any intricate, esoteric diagnostic procedures.

In this connection it may not be amiss to emphasize—in order to disarm the critic—that the author fully realizes that symptoms are not always what they seem to be. Many symptoms are merely conscious or unconscious mechanisms for concealing the true nature of the individual's difficulties and for misleading his fellows. This, of course, presents one of the problems for the critical reader, namely, the interpretation and evaluation of the respondent's symptoms.

Specific Values and Uses of This Investigation of Personality Maladjustments

Perhaps some readers will be satisfied merely to scan the autobiographies as human-interest, true-life stories without making any particular attempt to comprehend their psychological significance. Although there is no objection to reading even case histories for enjoyment—some of the histories doubtless possess unique entertainment appeal—the writer has visualized certain values that should accrue from various recommended uses of the factual case data. Attention may be called to the following specific values:

1. These personal records supply a mine of information on a great variety of mental twists, queernesses, and maladjustments that have actually occurred in the experiences of intellectually normal and superior and practically capable individuals. In many instances the reports supply vital, first-hand records of the various mechanisms by means of which character traits and attitudes have been formed and the processes by which they have become fixed or modified. They sometimes show the profound disturbances such trait formations and habit and attitude acquisitions have produced in the response patterns the individual has adopted in the effort to solve his problems. No amount of abstract exposition will take the place of this mass of factual material in showing the great variety of emotional upsets or inimical attitudinal changes and habit formations that may result in individual cases from all sorts of experiences, even the most banal. No amount of vociferous pronouncement will so impress the reader with the significance of the "individual equation" as will the perusal of well-documented records of vital, pulsating experiences which show how enormously people differ in their reactions to similar situations. The simplicity, naturalness, and realism of these reports tell a far more compelling story than the recital of imaginary cases made to fit a theory.

In many of these case reports the practical implications for mental hygiene workers, parents, and educators are so obvious from the reports themselves that an attempt at elaboration would have seemed superfluous. Nevertheless, as will be emphasized presently, it is intended that the student should attempt a careful critical analysis and evaluation of the treatment procedures employed by the different respondents and relate them to well-recognized remedial procedures.

2. One of the values of these autobiographies of maladjustment is the demonstration that normal, intelligent adolescents and adults often are able, after they have reached the stage of insight and discretion, to reinvisage, describe, and interpret the adjustment problems of their childhood, and that results of unique value can frequently be obtained by this method of self-study. The knowledge that comes with the years in intelligent persons should add increased power of discernment, interpretation, and objectivity. Moreover, many children are unable to give adequate ex-

pression to their thoughts or feelings because of language limitations. Many deliberately conceal their true feelings from the examiners whom they dislike, or whose motives they distrust. Many develop misleading behavior patterns because of fear or resentment. Case data on normal children (and adults as well) have traditionally been based on the analysis of the problems by some psychiatrist, psychologist, counselor, or psychiatric social worker. Such case reports necessarily are more or less subject to the tendency of the "eccentric projection" of the viewpoints and prejudices of the examiners. They reflect the training, insight, and momentary mindset of the clinicians. In spite of the fact that many mental examiners loudly proclaim that their results are based purely on objective, scientific measures, the notoriously discrepant diagnoses and prognoses sometimes offered on the same cases by different examiners[5] suggest strongly that their conclusions are largely colored by their own preconceptions. We shall always need careful studies of abnormal and normal people by experts highly skilled in certain examination techniques. Many problems of physical and mental health can only be handled by competent experts. Self-analyses will not displace this type of case work. But the professional case study cannot assume a monopoly of personality investigations. The patient, like the prisoner at the bar, is entitled to his day in court. This investigation shows that the autobiographic method can play a valuable supplementary role in personality investigations. Many reports show that some intelligent adolescents and adults are capable of analyzing, understanding, and managing their own problems fairly successfully, just as other reports show that the respondents lack the necessary insight and skill to unravel and solve their perplexities. There is need for both types of studies in investigations of mental trait formation.

3. Another value that should accrue from the perusal of these reports is the stimulus to the reader to gain objective insight into his own behavior patterns, problems, and motivations. The case studies should serve as a fruitful starting point for the student's self-study and appraisal of the factors or processes of conditioning that have been operative in the development of his own attitudes, personality trends, and habit responses, of his unique assets and deficits, of the traits he should bring to perfection, of

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[5] This, however, was truer two decades ago than it is today. The question of the difficulty of psychological diagnosis and of diagnostic discrepancies have been discussed by the writer in many articles, most of which are referred to in *The Mental Health of the School Child*, *Problems of Subnormality*, and *Clinical and Abnormal Psychology*.

the weaknesses he should overcome, of liabilities that are irremovable, of handicaps that can be modified, and of successful treatment procedures.

This clarified reinterpretation of the dynamic factors in his experience and deeper insight into the character and motivations of his mental mechanisms will, in many cases, result in valuable emotional release, resynthesis of his energies, and improved health and social adaptation.

A word of caution, however, is apropos in all such self-study. The student must not become excessively introspective or develop tendencies toward morbid, introvert rumination. Before he can undertake fruitful self-analysis free from possible dangers, he must adopt the scientific attitude and study himself as unemotionally as he would dissect an anatomical specimen. If the major result of self-study is brooding, excessive self-consciousness, loss of courage to face the facts of life as they are, pessimism, the arousal of fears, and the like, the practice should be avoided. That the investigation of one's personality characteristics can be prosecuted without untoward results and with much benefit to the individual concerned has been shown in these case studies. After all, one of the first conditions of mastery of oneself is adequate insight and understanding. While this is not a panacea, it is in many cases the important first step. The necessary prerequisite to acquiring such knowledge is the adoption of the attitude essential for all scientific work, the attitude of careful, systematic, unprejudiced, dispassionate, objective observation. Some persons find it very difficult to conform to this requirement in studies based on self-analysis. They cannot free themselves from their emotional fixations and prepossessions.

4. To many instructors the chief value of the work, perhaps, consists in the rich storehouse of pertinent, veridical illustrative material, gathered from normal persons from the period of late adolescence to middle adulthood, of many kinds of hampering habits and personal difficulties and maladjustments. Many illustrations will be found of various kinds of fears, rational and irrational; stage fright; examination phobias; obsessions and compulsions; feelings of inferiority, timidity, lack of self-confidence, frustration, and failure; worries and anxiety neuroses; nightmares; somnambulism; guilt complexes, overscrupulousness and overfastidiousness; behavior maladjustments; and food fads and antipathies.[6]

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[6] Upon consultation it has been deemed advisable not to include in this volume a section on sex practices, problems, and maladjustments. A few of these cases appear in the companion text on *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene* (1935), pp. 298 f., 335-338, 341 f., 367-373.

Instructors offering courses in mental hygiene, minor or major mental maladjustments, clinical and abnormal psychology, educational psychology, psychopathology, sociology, child psychiatry or the development of personality traits should welcome a source book of concrete, factual, illustrative data, which can be used to supplement and vitalize the lecture and textbook presentations. The instructor will be able by means of these case histories to develop in the student a clearer and more realistic conception of the *modus operandi* of various mental mechanisms, of the processes of trait formation, of different reaction patterns to difficulties, and of different kinds of mental abnormalities in normal people than would be possible by means of generalized statements or brief systematic descriptions in textbooks or lectures.

The value of these biographies of maladjustment in rendering the facts and principles of mental health and mental hygiene understandable and vibrant with meaning can be shown from the responses of groups of students, the large majority of whom were normal school or college graduates, who pursued lecture courses in mental hygiene given under the auspices of New York University and the University of Delaware. In these courses extensive use was made of these case histories and others already published. Sometimes from two to three double periods were devoted to the presentation of illustrative case histories, with pertinent comments. The students were asked to state frankly in anonymous written communications whether the case data were sufficiently valuable to justify all the time devoted to their presentation. In view of the fact that condensations had to be made somewhere to make it possible to cover the full scope of the course in the number of periods available, they were asked whether it would be preferable to make eliminations in the case material or in the more theoretical and abstract discussions of generalizations and principles. They were also requested to express their opinions regarding the particular values of the case data.

The replies indicated that the students were unanimous in the opinion that the case material was invaluable in vitalizing the presentation of the theories and principles. In spite of the great amount of time devoted to the histories, the vast majority expressed the view that the time was not excessive, and fully as many favored an increase as recommended a reduction in the amount of illustrative material. The following may be quoted as representative statements of the value of the case data to the beginning student of mental hygiene problems:

Examples always make one see things from different angles. They supply specific instances and leave clear pictures in the mind. One experiences a feeling of comfort when one learns that everyone has his problems or abnormal traits. Knowing that people can overcome their problems is a good lesson to learn.

Concrete illustrations are very worth while. They clinch the thought for me. They show how general maladjustments are. They are an aid to self-analysis and guideposts in indicating what to look for in the children we study.

The case histories make the course vital. Without them I do not think the average student could handle the theory intelligently. With them we can recognize at once traits in oneself or in friends, and can generalize for one's own use and needs.

The histories are interesting and since they are anonymous one feels that they represent real problems. One is led to believe that one's own problems are not insurmountable because others are overcoming theirs. They illustrate a greater variety of problems in a better way than can be done by general descriptions.

The case histories really helped me to see exactly how the lecture applied to my life and to my work with children.

The case histories are as interesting as any book in itself. So many of them are comparable to incidents in my experience.

The publication of this material should be particularly timely in view of the recommendation of one of the education committees of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection that all prospective teachers, principals, and supervisors should be required to pursue an orientation course in mental hygiene before they are certificated to teach. Such a course would be of far greater practical value than many of the theoretical and academic content courses now usually required.[7] The atrocious blunders which teachers often perpetrate with respect to the personality development of their pupils is usually due to ignorance of the problems and objectives of the school mental hygiene program. This ignorance in turn is due to the failure to provide instruction in mental hygiene in the public schools and teachers' colleges. No aspect of the teacher-training work is of more profound significance than the development of wholesome personalities in the teachers and in their charges, and the conservation of the mental health of both. In this field of service, until within recent times, practically all teachers have been sheer empiricists and dilettanti. Efficient training in mental hygiene will largely remove this barrier to one of the most important lines of service that the schools should render. Many of the reports in this volume will convey valuable suggestions to the teacher. Not only to teachers, but to social workers, child-guidance and family relations workers, counselors, psychologists, and others interested in the conservation of the nation's mental health, these factual personality inventories should convey fruitful clues regarding the social and educational treatment of children.

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[7] For evidence on the value teachers place on courses in mental hygiene see my *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, p. 54; and "What Teachers Think About the Value of Mental Hygiene Courses," *Educational Administration and Supervision*, 1939, pp. 675-686.

5. Besides its use as a source book of original autobiographic case histories, the material can serve the purpose of a sort of "work book" in connection with the project- or problem-solving method or the employment of the case method, much as the latter is used in the law schools and medical colleges. It was partly with this in mind that the particular plan followed in presenting the cases was adopted, namely, that of allowing the respondents to tell their own stories in their own way. The assumption was that the material would prove all the more valuable if it would stimulate the student, in connection with classroom or textbook discussion, to independent critical reflection upon the problems involved, and lead him to read the reports not merely as interesting, illustrative material but as challenging problems to be analyzed, interpreted, and solved in the light of recognized facts and theories.

The study of the cases should include an interpretation of the behavior mechanisms or reaction patterns involved, the explanation of the motivations or causative factors, and the description and evaluation of the preventive and remedial techniques.

Are the respondents' explanations of their own maladjustments or difficulties correct or incorrect? Some of the respondents' interpretations and explanations seem to the author to be unmistakably correct; some appear rather dubious or farfetched; others, in his judgment, are unquestionably erroneous. In the light of his reflection and of his acquaintance with the literature bearing on the problems, the student also after a careful analysis of the reports may reach conclusions quite at variance with those reached by some of the respondents.

What light do these case data from the normal population throw on the problems and theories of mental hygiene and maladjustment which have not yet been satisfactorily solved, and upon the practically important questions of causation and cure?

The reader will probably reach the conclusion from the study of these reports that the formation of character traits is often a relatively simple process of conditioning, instead of the obscure, mysterious process posited by some of the metaphysical obscurantists in the field of psychopathology. These reports show that the origin of many attitudes, predilections, aversions, and anomalies can be readily discovered by the ordinary methods of sustained scientific investigation without resort to phantastic theories or mystical formulae. But would we be justified to conclude from this that all processes of trait formation are simple and patent? Is it not probable that some of the respondents' explanations suffer from oversimplification? Do not some of the reports show equally clearly that the psychogenesis of some mental difficulties is exceedingly intricate, complex, and difficult to unravel even by highly technical psychoanalytic techniques?

That many quirks, emotional abnormalities, and personality handicaps can be successfully corrected by simple, sensible procedures and do not necessitate highly technical or occult psychotherapeutic devices is amply demonstrated by some of these case histories. But do not other reports suggest that the difficulties are so obscure and complex that they require skilled analysis and therapy at the hands of the expert?

To compare this autobiographical material from the normal stratum of society with similar case data from the pathological populations should afford a vivid appreciation of the differences and similarities in their mental mechanisms. Many case histories available in the treatises on psychiatry afford illustrations of what appear to be exaggerated forms of the same behavior reactions. The case histories in this book afford instances of the chief causative factors of personality difficulties, like those enumerated on page 21. What is the relative importance of such factors in the production of personality difficulties among normal and abnormal persons? Likewise many of the mechanisms or defense reactions employed for meeting or circumventing personal difficulties are aptly illustrated in some of the case histories. Such are evasion, withdrawal, reaction formation,[8] projection, daydreaming, neurotic manifestations, procrastination, indecision, rationalizations, illnesses, and behavior disorders. How do such defense mechanisms differ among normal individuals and among various pathological classes, such as psychotics, neurotics, and physical defectives?

These autobiographies of maladjustments, which come from sources that are, in the main, unspoiled by too much sophistication or scientific presupposition, will possess unique value if they serve to incite the student to re-examine the theories of the psychogenesis of mental conflicts and maladjustments espoused by various schools of psychology and psychiatry. Assigned as problems to be explained in the light of the numerous current theories of conditioning and of the formation of attitudinal response patterns (e.g., the theories of psychoanalysis, individual psychology, behaviorism, objective psychology, psychobiology, gestaltism, and conditioned response psychology), these reports should challenge the student to independent inquiry and thought. Properly utilized, they should afford a valuable starting point for the investigation of questions relating to the development of normal and abnormal personality traits and of preventive and corrective treatment techniques.

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[8] This refers to the acquired tendency to counteract an undesirable impulse or habit by reversal to the opposite trait. Thus the child severely disciplined because of fibbing may develop exaggerated scrupulosity as a reaction against harsh punishment.

While it is not essential to follow the intensive project- or problem-solving procedure here suggested—a mere perusal of the histories will lead to a more vivid and detailed comprehension of the mechanisms of trait formation and of the practical problems of mental hygiene than can be secured from the exclusive perusal of abstract dissertations—nevertheless, it is our conviction that maximum profit from the study of the case material will probably accrue to the classroom students who prepare written critical analyses of some of the reports in the light of the classroom discussion, the study of the text, collateral readings, guiding questions, and independent reflection.

Students who desire to utilize the data for the purpose of careful case analysis will doubtless achieve the most satisfactory results if they have certain definite questions or problems in mind. A number of guiding questions of a general nature are supplied in this chapter, while specific questions appear in connection with each topic. The lists of questions, which are not intended to be exhaustive, will serve their purpose if they help to guide the students' thoughts into fruitful channels of inquiry. Many other queries will readily suggest themselves to the inquiring student and to the instructor.

In the study of any and all kinds of mental maladjustments, the student should always be concerned with the attempt to answer at least four fundamental questions:

First, what is the nature of the causation of the individual's difficulty? What are the immediate and the remote causes, the primary and the secondary elements, the apparent and the concealed factors?

The student should ever keep in mind that the causation of mental anomalies is usually complex, that multitudinous contributory factors have often been operative although only one factor is of primary importance, that the most important factors sometimes have been forgotten or suppressed, and that the basic process of malconditioning often originated in early life.

The following are some of the specific factors that the student should keep in view in attempting to explain the origin or causation of mental oddities or maladjustments:

Early childhood malconditioning by the physical and social environments.
Persistent nonadjustive responses to baffling situations and excessive demands.
Fear-inspiring aspects of natural phenomena (storms, lightning, thunder, noises, darkness, etc.).
Overstimulation or understimulation.
Behavior patterns of parents, teachers, siblings, and comrades.
Injurious attitudinal sets and beliefs from false or superstitious indoctrination.
The acquisition of injurious habit patterns.
Pampering, overprotection, domination, or spoiling in early life.
Excessive criticism, threats, ridicule, sarcasm, snubs, jeers, or application of epithets or nicknames.
Invidious comparisons with superior siblings or others, unequal competition, failure, lack of social approval, derogation, or humiliating experiences.
Frustration of deeper impulses, drives, cravings, or desires.
Failure to achieve success, realize ambitions, or win recognition.
Clashes of antagonistic motives, mental and emotional conflicts, feelings of shame, condemnation, and worthlessness, repressions, and inhibitions.
Unfortunate emotional conditioning.
Sex difficulties, perversions, or pathologies.
Morbid sensitivity regarding real or assumed physical defects and appearances and mental handicaps.
Feelings of inferiority and insecurity.

Second, what effects have the difficulties and conflicts produced in the subject? What is the nature of his acquired peculiarities and behavior patterns? How have his attitudes, habits, beliefs, and reaction tendencies been modified? What is the meaning of his symptoms? What purposes do his responses, acquired consciously or unconsciously, subserve? How should the response patterns or mental mechanisms be described and classified?

The student should realize that many personality distortions and organic disorders are smoke screens for hidden motives. They are symptoms that have been adopted, consciously or unconsciously, to mislead, to avoid disagreeable duties, to attract attention, or to win recognition. Symptoms frequently are not what they seem to be. They may be clever, clumsy, or bizarre defense or escape devices. Therefore, to understand mental mechanisms one must try not only to unravel the causal nexus but to comprehend their nature and the significance they possess for the individual concerned. A few key questions may prove helpful in guiding the student into fruitful channels of inquiry.

What is the real purpose which the individual is trying to achieve by his conduct?

What are the underlying hidden motives that he is attempting to cover up by drawing the observer's attention away from his real purposes to counterfeit symbolic activities?

Does the victim always understand his own peculiarities?

Have bizarre, meaningless symptoms or disguised reaction patterns been unconsciously adopted to deceive both the victim and others?

Are the individuals' behavior responses of the nature of defense mechanisms? Or escape or avoidance reactions?

> Reaction formations?
>
> Conversion phenomena?
>
> Body protests against thwartings and disappointments?
>
> Compensations for feelings of inadequacy or frustration or guilt?
>
> Rationalizations for feelings of condemnation, or for securing unmerited recognition, or for disguising the real feelings and misleading others (mere excuses)?
>
> Regressions to infantile or childish forms of achieving success without effort or of escaping hardships (childhood survivals), often shown in excessive egocentrism, stubbornness, impatience, intolerance, emotionality, the substitution of imaginary success for success on the reality plane (as in daydreaming)?
>
> Illness dodges to secure sympathy and recognition and to avoid facing the grim facts of life?
>
> A neurosis or psychosis serving as an escape or defense mechanism?
>
> Some species of justification through blame projection?
>
> Attempts to belittle or disparage others in order to magnify the ego feelings?

Devices for developing oblivion of feelings of discouragement, misery, or guilt (such as amnesias due to emotional blocking, dissociations, fugues, and alternating personalities)?
Refusal to acknowledge failure?
Denying or minimizing difficulties?
Negativism?
The Jehova-complex, the fussing-, fastidiousness-, or perfectionism-complexes, the sour-grapes complex, or the procrastination-complex?

Third, how can the handicap or difficulty be most effectively removed or mitigated? What are the important elements in a program of remedial mental hygiene?

Fourth, how can the development of similar difficulties be prevented in other persons? What is involved in a program of preventive mental hygiene and wholesome personality development?

The following questions may prove of value in focusing attention upon preventive and remedial devices, in acquainting the student with numerous therapeutic procedures in vogue, and in helping him to analyze, understand, and appraise the treatment techniques employed by some of the respondents.

Have the respondents correctly conceived or evaluated the essential elements of the treatment employed?
Was the type of treatment used merely contributory to some more basic change of attitude or habit-pattern or process of personality reconstruction of which the respondent may have been unaware?
Was the method designed merely to remove symptoms rather than treat causes?
Was the treatment primarily physical or mental?
Which of the recognized methods of therapy seem to have been employed in individual cases and with what degree of success?
Among such methods may be mentioned:
    Removal of foci of infection and physical defects.
    The gaining of insight into the real psychogenic factors or motivations, the cause and effect relationships of all the elements of the complaint problem, the revealing of hidden or suppressed motives.
    The understanding by the victim of the meaning or purpose which the unusual behavior mechanisms subserve.
    Suggestive therapeutics, direct and indirect.
    Emotional release through the recall and reliving of emotional experiences (method of catharsis).

Emotional unconditioning through frequent repetition in verbal form of the emotion-producing experience, such as talking about the event—a method of emotional release and desensitization by making the episode appear familiar and ordinary and by dulling the emotions through repetition.

Desensitization through the gradual introduction of familiar, reassuring stimuli or association with pleasant responses.

Changing the subject's motivations (illustrated by the effect of the announcement of the armistice on the army neurotics).

Modification of the individual's social and physical environment (re-education of parents, teachers, etc.).

The work and rest cures.

Emotional release of primitive impulses through the play technique (a species of abreaction and sublimation on the symbolic level).

The provision of wholesome emotional, recreational or vocational outlets for thwarted fundamental drives or personal ambitions.

The employment of musical enjoyment, hobbies, avocations, occupations, and social diversions.

The achievement of serenity, fortitude, and optimism through religious faith and practice.

The diversion or sublimation of impulses and desires into higher, socially approved channels.

Attempted resolution through inhibition, suppression, or determination.

Facing objectively and unemotionally the situations and vicissitudes of life as they are, no matter how disagreeable the task may be.

Direct frontal attack on the problem.

Employment of hypnotism, psychoanalysis, dream analysis, release therapy, the direct interview, advice, exhortation, reassurance, encouragement, adjustment through balancing assets and liabilities, and the like.

Illustrative Analysis of Cases

In connection with the above suggestions, analyses of a few case histories may prove profitable, although the analyses must be brief because of limitations of space.

In the following case the respondent appears to possess considerable insight into the cause of a feeling of timidity experienced while eating in public places and into the type of behavior maladjustment to which she is subject (a mild obsession and compulsion neurosis). She does not, however, appear to possess adequate comprehension of the fact that the compulsive movements are probably conversion phenomena or symptoms that serve the purpose of symbolical outlets for the unrecognized emotional conflicts which produced them:

EMBARRASSMENT AND TIMIDITY EXPERIENCED WHILE EATING IN PUBLIC PLACES, ATTRIBUTED TO AN EMOTIONAL UPSET PRODUCED FOURTEEN YEARS EARLIER FROM COMMITTING A SOCIAL BLUNDER, AN INSTANCE OF EARLY EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING WITH CONTINUING SEQUELAE

ANNOYING COMPULSIVE TENDENCIES CONCEALED FOR YEARS, OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN, ALTHOUGH POSSIBLY THE EXPRESSION OF A PERFECTIONIST COMPLEX; ASSOCIATION OF NUMBERS WITH CERTAIN PERSONS; NUMBER PREFERENCES AND DISLIKES; ATTEMPTS AT CURE AND BENEFITS DERIVED FROM MENTAL HYGIENE STUDY

After careful introspection I feel that I must be the world's worst victim of innumerable mental conflicts. I marvel that I have been able to attain my present place in life in view of the many hours I have spent "kowtowing" to certain unrelenting taskmasters for fourteen years or more. It seems incredible that time should have been available for performing my everyday tasks after fulfilling the impelling demands that have been made upon me during practically every hour of the day. Of numerous mental oddities only the two most outstanding ones will be described here.

The first might be called a phobia or fear of eating in public. During my childhood the children in my home were taught the usual courtesies of the table, such as showing respect to elders; we were required to ask the blessing, and we were never permitted to leave the table unless we had been properly excused. But the proper handling of the silverware was never stressed except that we were not allowed to be noisy in the use of any of the "culinary implements." We were considered by our relatives and friends to be model children in our behavior on all occasions and I never experienced any difficulty until I was about fourteen years of age when I went to a neighboring town with a group of friends to spend several days attending a district school meet. The first day during lunch in the hotel I suddenly noticed that I had placed my knife on the plate in a different position from that of the friend next to me. I glanced quickly at the chaperone's plate and saw that hers was placed differently too. Even after these fourteen years I still experience an echo of the feeling of consternation I felt upon discovering that everyone at the table knew the correct position of the knife except me! During the remaining meals at the hotel I lived through long periods of misery due to the fear that I might make another gigantic social blunder. After returning home I discussed the problem with my mother who referred me to various articles and books on table manners. Nevertheless, after I was sure that I knew the correct use of each article of table service, I still continued to experience a painful sense of timidity while eating in public. Even now when I enter a tea room, a cafe, or a hotel dining room, I seek an obscure corner, and if none is available, I am unable to relish even the most delicious viands. This quirk is more prominent when I dine with strangers and especially when I am in the company of the opposite sex. Curiously, I experience no feeling of embarrassment when in my own home, even while giving a formal dinner party. I have often been told by various friends that I make a perfect hostess and that my table is always in good taste for every occasion.

Since I began this study I have resolved to frequent public eating places in the attempt to forget my difficulty by taking a larger part than heretofore in the table conversation and thus taking my mind off myself. But what a tremendous task it will be!

I am also subject to a number compulsion, the origin of which I have not been able to trace. While performing practically any motor activity, such as filling a fountain pen, erasing an error, washing my hands, soaping my bath cloth, combing my hair, brushing my teeth, pressing a dress, or sweeping a corner, I feel compelled to go through the motion six times or, on certain occasions, even twelve times. A greater sense of satisfaction is always experienced when the act is done for the twelfth time, so I usually do it twelve times except when I am in a hurry. (Does this explain my proclivity to wait until the "eleventh hour" to dress when I am going out?) This impulse carries over to the memorizing of a selection and to the reading of my nightly scripture lesson. The numbers two, six, seven, eight, ten, and twelve have a great fascination for me, while three, four, nine, and thirteen exert a decidedly different effect. I resort to all sorts of extreme measures to prevent anything connected with the last two (nine and thirteen) from entering my daily schedule in any way.

For some unknown reason numbers have attached themselves to certain members of my family and to certain acquaintances. Thus two and six are closely associated with my mother, the number five represents my father, four is associated with a very close friend who has not been very successful in her business efforts, while the number nine always brings to mind an older acquaintance who possesses a great amount of intellectual ability but few friends because of lack of tact. My friends among the opposite sex are always closely related to the number seven.

While attempting to analyze my predicament as carefully as possible I recalled that at about the age of thirteen I suddenly developed the idea that I must always put on my right hose and shoe before the left. If the left was unwittingly put on first I immediately removed the hose and started over again.

No other sign of my compulsion can be recalled until the age of eighteen when I was a sophomore in college. For some unaccountable reason I felt that if I read my scripture selection through six times, I would do well on my classwork the next day. At the same time appeared the urge to refill my fountain pen the sixth time in order to have good luck on my examinations or written quizzes that day. If an error was made during the writing, there had to be at least six strokes made with the eraser while correcting the mistake. These number compulsions have continued to increase in variety until my whole system of motor reactions is completely permeated by them.

The nearest I have come to any explanation of my difficulty is the circumstance that my family imbued me with the idea that I must always excel. Moreover, because of my naturally superstitious nature, I may have resorted to this number compulsion at an early age as an assurance of success.

No one of my most intimate friends has ever suspected that I am dominated by such ridiculous quirks. In spite of three undergraduate courses in psychology it had never occurred to me that these compulsions were other than natural impulses. Until a year ago these particular taskmasters had not caused me any great amount of discomfort. Last summer a friend and I were discussing the numerous idiosyncrasies that people exhibit, and in a confidential moment I confessed that I was a victim of a number idiosyncrasy (as I termed it then). The friend suggested that I read the book on Fear by John R. Oliver. Although I read only half of the book, I became firmly convinced of the absurdity of all of my number complexes and resolved to overcome them. With the realization that I had become the victim of a compulsion I determined not to give in to it again. I set myself on a definite course that permitted only one erasure of an error, filling my pen only once when ink was needed, rinsing clothes only three times instead of six times, etc. While some headway was made on the road to recovery, the great need for more aid caused me to enter this class in mental hygiene, in spite of the fact that I had previously avoided courses in abnormal psychology and in criminology. My only reason for entering the course was the hope of securing a solution of my annoyances. It is with a great deal of satisfaction that I can report that the solution has been found in the reading I have done from suggested sources and especially from our text. I am now on the road to a much happier personality adjustment, and I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the new lease on life that this study has given me. My only concern now is that I have become so intensely engrossed with this subject that it may interfere with my other duties which have been sadly neglected. (R.L.; F.; E.S.T.; B.S.; Age 28.)[9]

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[9] Explanations of abbreviations: The first letters are the respondent's initials. F., female. M., male. T., teacher. S., school. E., elementary. H., high. C., college. S. C., special class. P., principal. Supv., supervisor. U. S., undergraduate

What is the cause of the difficulty that this woman has endured all these years? How are the compulsive actions to be explained? Why are they indulged in in spite of their recognized absurdity? Why does giving in to the impulses afford relief?

Here we have a typical case of obsessive ideas and compulsive movements that have dominated the victim for over fourteen years with no attempt made until recently to unravel their meaning or to overcome them. The first thing one should attempt to do in the remediation of a maladjustment like this is to seek the source of the difficulty. Are the senseless movements she has indulged in a defense against, or a symbolism for, the perfectionist complex, as is suggested in the text? Is it possible that she was unable to satisfy the perfectionist demands of her parents and that her disappointments were converted into irrational symptoms which may be symptomatic of a protest against unreasonable demands or which may be a symbolical means of protection against threatened failure? May there be any connection between the obsessions and the embarrassment experienced when dining in public places? Why should such an apparently trivial incident as placing a knife in an improper position on the plate give rise to such a strong continuing dislike to eating in public places? Is it possible that both quirks are symbolical protective mechanisms produced by some early moral lapse or indiscretion, real or imaginary, which produced intense emotional conflicts, with the result that the experience was eventually repressed with subsequent total amnesia of the occurrence? Are her automatic actions attempts of the "submerged complexes" to circumvent the censor? It is not necessary to accept in its entirety the Freudian explanation of compulsion neuroses or of minor neurotic or psychopathic manifestations in terms of his doctrine of the "unconscious mind" and "submerged complexes." One may concede without accepting the doctrine of the unconscious mind that painful experiences can continue to color the individual's life and to exert baleful mental influences a long time after they have been completely forgotten, and that a complete cure cannot be effected without the abrogation of the amnesia and the conscious revival or reliving of the original experience.

This subject avers that she has been benefited by her study of mental

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student. Col., colored. A.B. or B.A., Bachelor of Arts. A.M. or M.A., Master of Arts. M.S., Master of Science. The respondents' ages apply at the time of the report. The complete data cannot always be supplied because they were not furnished by the respondents. Most respondents with the bachelor's degree were candidates for higher degrees. Many had finished most of the required work for the master's degree.

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hygiene, but it is doubtful whether the cure will prove to be complete or permanent unless she has discovered the original or the root cause of her difficulty. In the treatment of compulsions and obsessions, and many other manifestations of the guilt complex, the investigator will not go far astray if he continues to probe until a shame-producing situation has been revealed. In mental hygiene therapy the basic task is to treat causes rather than remove symptoms. While we believe that there is a place for the techniques of hypnosis, hypnoidization,[10] pyschoanalysis, and other refined methods of diagnosis and therapeutics, our extensive case experience has shown conclusively that many mental difficulties can be effectively treated by the simpler and more easily administered psychological and mental hygiene techniques.

In the following case the relation of the reported causal factor to the maladjustment seems to be so unmistakable that the subject's suggested explanation can be accepted as highly plausible. Based on what is known about the processes of adverse emotional conditioning, a strong presumption exists in favor of the explanation offered for the apparently whimsical inability to swallow food at meal time when the electric fan is turned on.

INABILITY TO EAT WHEN AN ELECTRIC FAN IS BLOWING, AN IDIOSYNCRASY APPARENTLY TRACEABLE TO ADVERSE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

One extremely warm summer day our family was distinctly annoyed when my younger sister laid down her fork almost before dinner had begun with the statement that she could not eat in a room where an electric fan was blowing.

Should we humor such a seemingly silly notion on the part of a supposedly normal, seventeen-year-old girl by turning off the fan and all eat in discomfort? Or would it be wiser to teach sister a lesson by allowing her to miss her meal if she persisted in this nonsensical idea?

While we were debating the matter, she added a comment which seemed equally irrational from our viewpoint, but which may offer a valuable clue to the psychologist. She said: "The other day, when I was at the dentist's, he had a fan blowing in his office. Ever since then, when I hear or feel a fan my mouth gets dry, and if I'm trying to eat I find that my mouth is so dry I can't swallow a single bite!" (From B.E.C.; F.; Part-time C.T. and Grad. S.; B.A.; Age 23.)[11]

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[10] In the highly suggestible, half-conscious hypnoidal state, induced by the suggestion of the operator, the subject may be able to free himself from his inhibitions and thus allow his suppressed memories and emotions to become conscious, especially when guided by the therapist. In this condition the subject is susceptible to healing suggestions.

[11] A few case histories are included in this volume which are not autobiographic in character. They bear, however, upon the problems discussed and are, therefore,

It can be assumed that the experience in the dentist's chair aroused a state of fear in the young lady, with inhibition of the salivary secretion, which is one of the results of the emotion of fear. It is in harmony with known facts that the emotional disturbance thus aroused could readily have become associated with the dentist's electric fan, the noise of which could prove annoying to a patient in a condition of emotional or nervous excitement. The process of emotional conditioning to the dentist's fan could subsequently transfer to a fan in another situation (in a dining room) in which the oral cavity again played an important role, with the result, in the words of the subject, that "my mouth is so dry I can't swallow a single bite." The mechanism involved here can probably be explained as a simple case of transfer by association rather than as a "conversion" phenomenon. But since the general run of dental patients is not similarly affected, what is the explanation of the heightened sensitivity of this particular subject? The answer to this question should prove intriguing to the student genuinely interested in the understanding of the dynamics of human behavior. Without an intimate knowledge of the subject, merely a theoretical answer to this question could be ventured.

The following case may be cited of a far more complicated, ramified, and deep-rooted maladjustment, involving deeply ingrained feelings of insecurity, introversion, worthlessness, and guilt, the essential causal elements of which are probably adequately revealed by the self-analysis of the autobiographer:

DEEPLY INGRAINED INFERIORITY FEELINGS, HEALTH DETERIORATION, SHATTERED MORALE, AND TENDENCIES TOWARD SOCIAL WITHDRAWAL, ASCRIBED TO A CENSORIOUS HUSBAND WHO, PERHAPS, WAS COMPENSATING FOR HIS OWN FRUSTRATED YOUTH; FEELINGS OF GUILT AND OSTRACISM ATTRIBUTED TO THE FATHER-IMPLANTED IDEA THAT SECURING A DIVORCE IS A TERRIBLE DISGRACE; METHODS OF REHABILITATION

My problem, a manifold one, has developed within the last three years. The background of my case is as follows:

My parents, good plain people without many advantages, were willing to work hard to get some of the things they had missed in their earlier lives. They were quite successful in doing this and also grew mentally with their three children, myself, the youngest, and two brothers. We children were reared very strictly, but we were never denied any privileges or advantages that our parents considered beneficial.

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published here for the first time. None of the case histories which appear in this volume have been published before.

My oldest brother, happily married ten years ago, is quite successful in the field of music. My other brother, also happily married, is successful in professional work. I have been teaching in one of our city junior high schools for the past eight years. My mother died four years ago, and my father one year later.

Shortly after my father's death when I was twenty-nine, I married a bus driver, age thirty-five, whom I had known for ten years. This event marked the beginning of my problem.

My husband's advantages had been inferior to mine. His home training had been quite different; in fact, he had secured little home training because he left home when he was very young. He was so intent on making money that he did not take the time to learn the art of living with people and getting along with them. Having lived alone for eighteen years, he was unable to give and take in marriage. He did not think it was necessary to make any adjustments. From the beginning everything I did was wrong because it was so different from the way he had lived. To use his own words, "He was perfect, while I was all wrong." Realizing what a problem I had, I began to try to do all the adjusting myself, but this did not help. I still did everything wrong.

My husband insisted on managing the entire household. He told me how much money to spend for groceries, what kind to buy, and when to buy them. He told me how to operate the electric stove which I had been operating for a number of years in the home my mother and father willed to me. He told me how to bake the bread, cook the beans, roast the meat, etc. We never sat down to eat without his asking me why I had cooked it this way rather than some other way. If we had company, he would criticize me in their presence, and if they made any complimentary remarks he would say, "Don't brag on her, it will make her stuck up." All of this completely crushed me, for my mother had taught me to work and I had managed our home for several years after mother's illness and death. Realizing, however, that to retain any degree of happiness I must do everything exactly as he thought it should be done, I tried to comply; but in his estimation I seemed to get worse instead of better.

During all this time I continued teaching. When my checks came, he told me what to do with every penny. If I wanted new clothes, he said I did not need them. He wanted to build a big bank account; therefore, he did not want me to stop teaching, although he was earning a good salary. Even my teaching was criticized, although he had never been in my room and knew nothing about teaching. Although I was considered a good musician, and he apparently enjoyed my music before marriage, after marriage he found so many faults that I finally stopped playing entirely.

My family liked to have company. We enjoyed indulging in discussions among ourselves, and in reading and listening to the radio together. We were taught to do things for each other, and to be polite to one another. But my husband thought all of these attitudes were wrong. Because I wanted to relax a little between teaching and preparing the evening meal, I was called lazy. Teaching "should not tire me anyway."

After one year of this life I began to realize that my health was deteriorating, that my personality was becoming shattered, and that I was becoming convinced that everything I did was wrong.

I had been taught by my parents that once you were married you must stay married and that divorce is a terrible thing. My father told me just before his death (I was planning to be married then) that when I married he did not want me ever to think of a divorce. He said it would bring disgrace upon all of us. But after two years of marriage I was forced to the conclusion that a complete separation was the only method of adjustment. The divorce was granted one year ago.

My problem is this: I cannot forget that I am a divorced woman, that I have committed a wrong, that I have disgraced my two brothers, and that my friends no longer desire me. I have developed a deep feeling of inferiority. I feel that everything I do or say is wrong; therefore, I avoid people. I get tongue-tied in the presence of people. Even my best friends seem like strangers to me. Before this experience I was interested in everybody and everything, but now I cannot retain interest in anything. I have a feeling of complete failure.

I have been trying to overcome my difficulty for almost a year now. Although I have made some improvement, my problem is not solved. These are the things I have been doing:

1. I have tried to improve my physical health by orderly physical habits. As a result of my experience, I lost weight, became extremely nervous, and developed a slight kidney affection.
2. I joined several organizations in order to force myself to mingle with people.
3. I have tried to get more interested in other people than in myself. I have tried to find things to do for others who were in trouble, for I have a tendency to "feel sorry" for myself.
4. I have tried to do more schoolwork, especially extracurricular activities.
5. I have come to this summer school and entered this class in the hope that I will regain some confidence in my mental abilities.

During the coming year I hope to resume my music again and perhaps take a business course at night. Any suggestions that you can offer will be greatly appreciated.

Addendum:

The above account is the statement submitted at the request of the writer when he was consulted by the respondent concerning her difficulties during the first week of summer school. Such was her lack of confidence in herself at that time that she begged to be admitted to the course as an auditor and to be excused from reciting or making any oral reports. This concession was granted, but she was assured that as she began in the class to acquire an understanding of mental hygiene methods she would overcome her timidity. As time passed, she did begin to reestablish her morale and she took all the written tests and the final examination. At the conclusion of the six weeks' course, she handed in the following statement with her examination booklet:

"I want you to know how much personal benefit I have derived from this course. I think I understand myself and my problem better now and that I am on the way to solving my problem. Since talking with you I have found this method (social contacts) has helped me more than anything else. I have made myself associate with others and through these associations I am regaining gradually my self-confidence and self-respect. The method of application to work has failed to yield proper results. I have found that I have been thinking about my problems instead of my work. When I am with people I can keep my mind off myself. The suggestions you gave are working." (H.D.; F.; Jr.H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 32.)

This is clearly a case of the so-called inferiority complex and guilt complex which probably is adequately explained by the intense emotional conflicts and frustrations produced by a carping, insulting, and tyrannical husband and by the feelings of disgrace and ostracism created by the violation of a father's death-bed wish. There may be elements of "repression" and repression-produced "amnesias" in this case, but it is scarcely necessary to leave the field of conscious awareness and resort to abstruse or esoteric principles of explanation to account for the difficulty. In the appraisal of psychogenic factors of maladjustment the student should, so far as possible, adhere to the law of parsimony according to which the fewest, simplest and most natural explanations that will account for all the facts should be preferred to the more involved, hidden, or obscure explanations. The dynamics of many of the mental difficulties described in these pages can be explained in accordance with simple, well-recognized psychological principles. But this does not mean that the respondents have always recognized all the elements involved in their problems or offered the correct explanations. The value of attempting to appraise even the simpler cases is that the student will have to revive his knowledge of mental hygiene principles gathered from the references supplied under each topic or from other readings, from class discussions, and from his own experience and apply it to actual cases, and this should tend to render his knowledge of these principles functional and dynamic. Indirectly this analytic study should be of value in his later contacts with children and adults.

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This volume is peculiarly adapted for use in connection with the author's companion volume, *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, which contains a large number of additional autobiographies of maladjustments from the same elements of the population, discusses the most important types of personality maladjustments found in normal professional people, and offers suggestions for preventive and remedial treatment. Specific citations are made under the different topics to this textbook as well as to a number of the most recent texts in mental hygiene. To supply detailed references to the wealth of technical memoirs and monographs which consider the problems dealt with in this book is not practicable because of necessary space limitations. Some of the books referred to in this volume contain extensive lists of such references, topically arranged. The instructor will doubtless supply a supplementary list of recommended readings.

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CHAPTER II

FEARS AND PHOBIAS

PRIMACY OF FEAR STATES AND EXPERIENCES RELATED THERETO

IT WILL serve our purpose best to begin with the presentation of the data on fears and phobias, together with the problems and difficulties most closely dependent upon or related to the fear complexes.

Fear is one of the first native reactions to appear in ontogenetic development. It is the child's first emotional experience, according to Freud, and appears at birth. Experiment shows that it can be aroused in early infancy by loud noises and the withdrawal of support (J. B. Watson). In some form or degree, it represents an almost universal type of childhood maladjustment, and it is one of the most difficult handicaps to eradicate. So prevalent and pervasive are fear states that many authorities regard fear as the primal, protean form of mental disturbance in both children and adults. Practically all psychoanalytic schools (e.g., those of Freud, Adler, and Jung) emphasize the central role which fear plays in the production of the neuroses. Morbid anxiety is perhaps the most frequent and obstinate symptom in psychotic conditions. "The treatment of fear, one of the great motive forces of conduct, is of fundamental concern in teaching, but its significance is usually unrecognized or misunderstood." In spite of their ubiquitous nature, one's fears often remain unrecognized by others because they are suppressed or appear in misleading disguises. On account of the fact that an admission of fear often brings reproaches, condemnations, or railleries from parents, teachers, or playmates, the child tends to suffer in silence rather than reveal his fears. Or his timidities will be concealed in various disguises, such as compensatory phantasies, egotistic and self-assertive patterns of behavior, foolhardiness, neurotic symptoms, or regressive or pathological activities. The neurotic adult adopts similar types of expression.

In this investigation no other form of mental difficulty was encountered as frequently as some form of fear. Moreover, no other types of maladjustment occurred so frequently in association with other difficulties, such as anxieties, self-consciousness, seclusiveness, introvert reactions to sarcasm, ridicule, ghost stories, and unwise indoctrination, feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, compulsions or obsessions, and nightmares.

Not the least value of the reports that follow is the evidence they supply concerning the great variety of forms of fear which afflict normally endowed children and adults, their multifarious effects, and their varied modes of origin. The reports show that fears may be aroused by almost anything: animals of all kinds, inanimate objects (high places, narrow places, inclosed places, dark places, darkness, thunder, lightning, storms), examinations, tests, people, audiences, thoughts, remarks, and superstitions. The following questions are intended to be suggestive of problems and issues which the student should have in mind in studying the reports on fears and related problems.

QUESTIONS

1. Are fears mainly instinctive or mainly acquired?

2. Do fears originate mainly in past experiences, in present experiences, or in future anticipations?

3. To what extent are fears due to processes of emotional conditioning—from criticisms, taunts, reproofs, threats, sarcasm, unfavorable comparisons, frights, superstitious or unfortunate religious indoctrination; attitudes and personality attributes of parents, teachers, siblings, playmates, and others; inferiority feelings, accidental occurrences, perfervid imagery, and the like? Make a list of the ostensible factors productive of the fears described in these reports. Numerous illustrations of definite, specific emotional conditioning occur throughout this division as well as in other sections of the monograph.

4. Are ideas of fear and attention to the danger aspect of events at the basis of fear? (Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche: "Lost art thou when thou thinkest of danger." W. H. R. Rivers: "Fear arises when centering attention on the danger element but is prevented by concentrating attention on the movements of defense or escape.")

5. Does attention to inferior organs produce anxieties and fear complexes?

6. Are fears "originally nothing but an expression for the fact that they [children] miss the beloved person"? (Sigmund Freud)

7. Is it true that "only such persons are predisposed to fear whose sexual impulse is excessive or prematurely developed"? (Freud)

8. Does the libido (sex urge in the broadest sense) change into fear when the child cannot bring it to gratification? (Freud)

9. Is the paralysis of fear due to the primitive form of reaction to fear by means of immobility? (Rivers)

10. What are the typical accompaniments, or psychological and physiological forms of expression of fear?

11. How explain the destructive effects of fear?

12. Are fears the result or the cause of psychic conflicts and repressions, or both? Is fear "almost the only cause of repression?" (G. F. Morton)

13. Why are fears repressed or disguised?

14. What are the forms of disguise in which fears are concealed?

15. Why may even acute fears remain unrecognized by the child's associates?

16. Do adults have an inadequate appreciation of children's fears because they are repressed from feelings of shame and self-reproach?

17. Is the child ever afraid of nothing?

18. What is the difference between the fears of children and of adults? Between those of neurotic persons and of normal persons?

19. What is the difference between a "real" and a "neurotic" fear?

20. What is the difference between a fear and a phobia?

21. Are neurotic fears explained by pathological attention, frustrated activity, repressed libido, affective conflicts in the unconscious, a guilty conscience, or regressions to infantile character traits?

22. Are the symptoms of fear and inferiority in children and of neuroses in adults explicable as "regressions to a character in infancy"?

23. Are anxieties symptomatic of the individual's lack of confidence in his ability to cope with his problems?

24. Are phobias due to submerged, fear-arousing episodes, the memory of which has been obliterated by processes of repression because of feelings of guilt or shame?

25. Are children afraid of the dark because they "cannot see the beloved person" (Freud), or because of the "father-hatred-fear complex" or because of the "sensation-creating urge" (G. F. Morton), or because they have been scared or threatened in the dark, or because they have been conditioned by the fear responses of parents and others in the dark?

26. Is the child afraid of strangers because he attributes evil intentions to them, or because he does not understand the strange and unfamiliar, or because of his feelings of incompleteness and inadequacy at, or fear of, being alone (W. Trotter), or because he does not meet the anticipated familiar figure of his mother (Freud), or because of emotional manifestations of the mother or siblings on the approach of strangers?

27. May fears of death, disease, or accidents in trains or automobiles be due to harboring death-wishes?

28. Do examination hysterias or fainting spells represent the paralyzing expression of a danger instinct? Or do they symbolize repressed wishes or fears? Or do they represent regressive, primitive escape mechanisms?

29. Is there a "tendency in books to shirk the whole subject of fear, as though it were a thing disgraceful, shameful, almost unmentionable"? (A. C. Benson)

30. Do teachers and parents tend to foster fear in children because they incline to rule them by fear owing to the fact that they themselves are victims of fears and repressions?

31. Do teachers tend to degrade pupils because they themselves feel degraded?

32. What types of defense mechanisms are illustrated in the reports which follow (such as compensations, overcompensations, hyperaggressiveness, boasting, dodging reality, regressions, rationalizations, and the like)?

33. Do you consider the different methods used for overcoming fears or the effects of fears, wholesome and effective? If not, why not? Even though some of the treatment procedures may have obliterated these symptoms, is it not possible that the procedures may have produced other maladjustments, and that some of these maladjustments may have been more disintegrative and annoying than the symptoms which were effaced?

34. What are the relative merits of the theories of fear expounded by Sigmund Freud, C. G. Jung, Alfred Adler, W. H. R. Rivers, and G. F. Morton?

According to Freud, "neurotic fear has its origin in the sexual life, and corresponds to a libido which has been turned away from its object, and has not succeeded in being applied. . . . The content of anxiety dreams is of a sexual nature, the libido belonging to which content has been transformed into fear. Especially phobias, anxieties, and nightmares of the anxiety dreams, and neurotic fears or anxieties represent transformations in the unconscious of frustrated libido. Denied a natural outlet, the libido secures expression in morbid fears and anxieties. Repressed sexuality is always characteristic of neurotic fear." (What is the Freudian libido? How does Jung's conception of the libido differ from Freud's?)

Freud's explanation of real fear or anxiety as distinguished from neurotic anxiety, is different. Real anxiety is a manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation, and not of the libidinous impulse. (Is the distinction between neurotic and real fear tenable so far as concerns children? Can the neurotic form of fear—based on frustrated libido—be divorced and be viewed apart from the instinctive form, which is a response to danger?)

According to Adler, organic defects or organic inferiorities produce lack of self-confidence, lowered self-esteem, feelings of incompleteness and insecurity, and timidities and fears. The feelings of inadequacy accentuate the ego or self-preservative instinct, which seeks power and security (the "will to power," the "masculine protest"), and the danger or fear instinct, which seeks escape from danger and from insecurity. The individual attempts to overcome the conflicts and repressions thus engendered by various compensatory reactions. He may attempt to achieve security by positive compensations through the development of positive, self-assertive traits, or by negative compensations through attempts at dodging the necessity of facing responsibilities. Overaggressive positive compensations enable the individual to conceal or disguise his feelings of fear.

Rivers, on the basis of his study of the war psychoneuroses, rejects Freud's explanation. He found that shell shock and the war neuroses were due to disturbances in the ego instinct (the instinct of self-preservation), and not in the sex instinct. These neuroses were the product of unsolved psychic conflicts and repressions. Conflicts which fail of solution produce painful effects and are repressed. The excitation of the danger instinct arouses fear and a desire for security. Since "from infancy the influence of parents and teachers is directed to bring about the repression of any manifestation of fear," the exhibition of fear is repressed, and an attempt is made to find security in neurotic symptoms, which represent regressions to the infantile or early childhood stage of development. Among such protective symptoms are tactual, visual, or auditory anaesthesias, paralysis of speech; fits of temper, anxiety, or melancholia; tendencies toward withdrawal; and terrifying nightmares. Likewise in civil life the repression of unsolved conflicts and disturbances of the instinct of self-preservation are at the root of many neurotic fears.

Morton rejects Freud's libido theory (at least in its narrow connotation and as applied to children) and reinterprets both Freud's and Adler's theories in terms of failure of adaptation. The "inferiority-fear complex" is produced by unsolved conflicts which are repressed. Such conflicts and repressions represent failures of adaptation. "All conflicts are moral conflicts—even those involving repressed fear, because of the shame and reproach attached to this instinct." "The unsolved conflicts of a child are legion. They develop anxiety and fear . . . the inferiority-fear aspect of the conflict is substantially the only significant one." The unsolved conflict is the cause of both child and neurotic fears. In child life the "reproach of fear is greater than the reproach of sex."

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(1) ANIMAL FEARS (ZOOPHOBIA)

Fear of Dogs

INTENSE FEAR OF DOGS DUE TO VIOLENT EMOTIONAL SHOCK AT AGE OF FIVE WHICH HAS PERSISTED INTO ADULTHOOD

My first conscious fear was of dogs. At the age of five, I saw my dearest playmate bitten and lacerated by a huge mad dog. She died several weeks later. The memory of this event has never left me, and even worse, a miserable fear of the most harmless pup has persisted. During the last few years I have been able to control this somewhat. On several occasions I have even petted a dog at the home of one of my friends, but I don't believe I could ever bring myself to the point of having a dog in my own home. This fear of dogs has not led to a fear of other animals. (R.S.; F.; S.C.T.)

BEING FRIGHTENED BY THE BARKS OF DOGS AND JUMPING TO ONE SIDE EXPLAINED AS A CONDITIONED RESPONSE SET UP BY A SINGLE VIGOROUS EXPERIENCE; GRADUAL DISAPPEARANCE OF THE FEAR

At the age of fifteen I noticed that I had developed a fear of dogs, especially barking ones. Every time I heard a dog bark I would become frightened, and automatically jump to one side, even when I knew the dogs were tied and could not reach me. This condition lasted for over eight years.

Contrary to the principles of psychoanalysis, I know the origin of this fear. A bull dog attacked me at the age of fifteen. He came out of a house I was approaching, barked at me, but I did not notice him. He ran toward me barking all the time, and when near enough he leaped at me, tearing my pants leg. Fortunately, I grabbed him by the collar and threw him away from me, which gave his owner a chance to hold him back. After this I was greatly frightened whenever a dog barked at me. Psychoanalysts might say that that incident was not the origin of my fear of dogs, but would attribute the cause to some other incident unknown to me. Nevertheless, I am convinced that that incident was the origin of my fear because at that time I was living on a farm and had contact with many dogs at home and in the neighborhood and had no fear of them before this happening.

The condition remained the same for four or five years. I then moved to Chicago and came in contact with very few dogs. However, I noticed that when I heard a dog bark I experienced the emotion of fear, but I was able to control the tendency to jump to one side as I had done before. I noticed that the fear was decreasing as time went on. Now I am not afraid of barking dogs at all, and I would say the fear has disappeared altogether. (K.A.S.; M.; T. of subnormal delinquents; Ph.B.; Age 26.)

A FEAR OF DOGS LASTING FROM FIVE TO TWENTY DUE TO BEING JUMPED UPON BY A DOG, CAUSING SUBJECT TO CROSS OVER STREETS TO AVOID DOGS; OVERCOME BY DIRECTLY FACING THE SITUATION THROUGH DOING SOMETHING FOR A DOG

I never knew any fear of dogs before I was five years of age. Then, one day while I was out playing, a large dog came into the yard. It jumped upon me, with its front paws on my chest, and its eyes staring at me. Never before or since have I experienced such a shrinking sensation as I did when that dog jumped. I at once started screaming so loudly that my parents came running and called the dog off. From that time on I have been so afraid of dogs that whenever I see one before it reaches me, I cross to the other side of the street.

This fear of dogs continued until my marriage at twenty. My husband had a dog which was very gentle. At first I shrank from having anything to do with the dog, but I soon realized the necessity for overcoming this fear if I was going to have a dog around. Gradually by forcing myself to do things for this dog, such as feeding and petting him, I overcame this fear and really became very fond of him. I do not fear any dog now, but I do not go out of my way to meet one. (H.C.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 24.)

FEELING OF TERROR AND OF SHOCK WHEN BARKING DOGS RUN TOWARD RESPONDENT, ASCRIBED TO A SEVERE DOG BITE AT THE AGE OF TWELVE; UNCURED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

When I was twelve years old, I was seriously bitten by a large white bird dog. Now I have a perfect horror of dogs that run out and bark at me. When a dog runs after me or at me and barks I am simply terror stricken. If I see a dog on a porch, I cringe, with the result that, ten times to one, the dog will run out and bark at me. When this happens, a feeling similar to an electric shock goes all over me, I am so scared. But I do not fear a pet dog as long as the owner is with it. I have been unable to overcome this terrible feeling of fright, although I have tried all the methods of making friends with dogs and of having one for a pet. (C.S.A.; F.; J.H.S.T. of Math.; A.B.; Age 37.)

PERSISTENT FEAR OF DOGS, ACCOMPANIED BY SINKING FEELING AND PALPITATION, DATING FROM EARLY LIFE, ASCRIBED BY MOTHER TO PRENATAL INFLUENCE

I unconsciously quicken my pace and usually give a dog all of the sidewalk whenever I meet one. The fear is accompanied by a sinking feeling. In order to overcome this, I always say to myself, "Now this dog isn't going to bite me. Why should I be afraid of him? And I'm not going to be either." However, the nearer the dog gets, the faster my heart beats and the farther I get off the sidewalk. The degree of fear differs somewhat according to the size of the dog. I sometimes feel that the dog is mad, even when there are no peculiar actions on the part of the dog to justify this thought. I have started running just after I passed one. I can remember that when I was somewhat younger, on several occasions I ran at least two blocks and didn't dare look around because I knew the dog was after me. I am not able to account for the persistence of this fear. However, there is one explanation that I may suggest, though I do not feel that it is a scientifically justifiable one. My mother has attributed it to a frightful encounter which she had with a dog a few months before my birth. It seems that she was passing a fence and was not aware of a dog which was on the inside. He suddenly barked, sprang upon the fence near her, and gave her such a terrible fright that she fell to the ground in a faint. She has since told me that she was so frightened that she had a feeling of being paralyzed and could not make her feet move. This is the only explanation she can offer for my being afraid of dogs. She says this fear has existed since the very first time a dog even came near me. I have walked many an extra "couple of blocks" to keep from passing a place where I knew I'd meet a dog. [What is the doctrine of prenatal influences? In what sense is it a valid concept, if at all?] (D.C.N.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; B.S.; Age 29.)

Fear of Creeping or Crawling Creatures

PALENESS, CHILLS, AND FEELING OF PARALYSIS PRODUCED BY THE SIGHT OF A CATERPILLAR, OVERCOME WHEN STUDYING SCIENCE IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Whenever I saw a fuzzy, wuzzy caterpillar crawling along, I grew pale, cold chills ran up and down my spine, my muscles became rigid, and I would become completely paralyzed, it seemed. I did not overcome this phobia until I began my science work in high school. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

A DEFINITELY CONDITIONED, CONTINUING FEAR OF CATERPILLARS TRACEABLE TO AN EXPERIENCE AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE; ATTEMPTED METHODS OF CURE WHICH HAVE LARGELY PROVED FUTILE

When about four years old, I was given a sandwich to eat at a picnic. After I had eaten about half of it I suddenly spied a large green caterpillar crawling along the bread. I became frightened and started to scream. Mother took me home and got me calm by comforting me, reading to me, and playing with me. But the next day when I awoke I was covered with a red rash which I thought came from the caterpillar. Mother explained that it was not from this harmless little insect but just a little rash from some fruit that I had eaten and that it would soon go away. Although the rash had disappeared on the second day, this did not calm my fear of caterpillars. Even to this day when I see a caterpillar crawling along the ground I have gooseflesh all over me. Mother tried very hard when I was small to rid me of my fear. She would read about the caterpillar turning into a butterfly and show me beautiful flying butterflies. But this never gave me much relief. To add to my distress, when I was about ten years old I was enjoying apples in a neighbor's apple tree with the rest of the children of the neighborhood. I had picked a small green apple, and as I bit into it, I also bit a black caterpillar in half but I had not swallowed the portion in my mouth. You can imagine just how fast it was ejected and how fast I came out of that tree, never to go back again. Since that experience, nothing can convince me that caterpillars are harmless. I feel shivers go through me every time I see one of those fuzzy insects. Last term one of the children in my class had a large caterpillar crawling on the back of his head. I apparently was the only one who saw it. I could not gather up enough courage to brush it off, but asked a child to please remove it. (K.G.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 20.)

UNCONQUERED CREEPY, COLD, CURDLING SENSATIONS PRODUCED BY SEEING, HEARING ABOUT, OR THINKING ABOUT CREEPING CREATURES

During all my life, the sight of creeping creatures, such as the snake, the scorpion, the caterpillar, and the ant, has created peculiar, creepy, physical and mental sensations in me. Not only the sight of these but hearing about them in conversation has the same emotional effect upon me. Even seeing them in pictures, especially those displaying their anatomy, has the identical tendency of disrupting my mental and physical equilibrium.

The effect is not sudden, but rather a slow, on-creeping composite feeling of coldness and heat, and a creeping, curdling, and rapid flow of blood, a confusion of thought, and, finally, a slow ebbing return to normality.

I recall an educational news picture of ants busy with the building of their hills and the storing of food in them. Their rapid movements in large numbers back and forth caused the same effects mentioned above until it suddenly occurred to me to look elsewhere. Diverting my attention brought restoration to a more comfortable feeling.

I am not sure of the cause of these sensations, unless it is the movements of so many appendages which produce undulating movements of the body. Apparently, it is the writhing motion that produces my reactions.

Sometimes I am led to destroy caterpillars, centipedes, and other creeping things in order to keep them from giving me further annoyance. Any sound accompanying the killing intensifies the sensations.

Up to date I have not been able to overcome these mental and physical fears induced by the thought or sight of creeping things. (T. E.; F.; Col.; T. of Speech Correction.)

HYSTERICS AND CHILLS FROM THOUGHT OF BEING TOUCHED BY CREEPING, CRAWLING ANIMALS, TRANSFERRED TO SOME PEOPLE; A DISLIKE FOR SNAKESKIN SHOES, APPARENTLY TRACEABLE TO THE SAME PROCESS OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

Cold chills go down my back if I see a worm when I am digging in the garden. I cannot bear to have crawling things touch me. Some people affect me the same way. I feel as if I were going to have hysterics if creeping creatures touch me. One day a boy found a dead frog. Knowing I was afraid of anything of the sort, he chased me and as I thought put it down my back. I ran a little distance and then my knees gave way and I sank down. I was very much relieved, and also felt very foolish, when I found that he had substituted an apple core for the frog. I have tried to cure myself of this fear. Last year when snakeskin was the vogue I could not wear shoes made from a creeping, crawling animal, but this spring I bought myself both a bag and shoes, and, although I recoil whenever I think of the animal, I continue to use them. (M.A.; F.; S.C.T.)

UNACCOUNTABLE FEAR OF BLACK ROACHES FROM AGE THREE, STILL PRODUCING A FEELING OF "UNSPEAKABLE TERROR" IN AN ADULT

One day when taking a walk with my nurse we came to a pile of rubbish, and I saw for the first time a black roach. I do not know why I feared it. My nurse was not afraid, and no one had ever frightened me. But I hid my face and begged to be taken away. "Don't let it touch me," I repeated many times. I was three at the time of this first encounter, and I am still just as much afraid of a "black beetle" as I was then. I do not like things that crawl or black June bugs, but they cannot fill me with unspeakable terror as a soft roach does. (B.L.A.; F.; S.C.T.)

HORROR OF WORMS STARTING AS A PLAYFUL PRETENSE, AND DEVELOPING AS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE EFFORT TO JUSTIFY EXPECTATIONS OF CLASSMATES—EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING THROUGH REPETITION OF EXPRESSION

I developed an antipathy for worms and snakes at about the age of fourteen. I handled worms as fishing bait prior to this time without, as

I remember, any unusual sensations. In a zoology book there was a picture of a tapeworm. This probably aroused some disgust but, mainly, it afforded me an opportunity for suppressed excitement in class. So I pointed it out with shivers of horror to classmates and looked for other illustrations of worms. I discovered somewhat later to my surprise that everybody remembered my fear of worms and expected the same reactions on all occasions, so I accommodated them, and in time felt very thoroughly all the horrors that I expressed. Through much scientific experience with worms and the effort to gaze upon them objectively, I can control the emotions they arouse successfully, but the too sudden appearance of one is disastrous to my emotional balance. (H.B.C.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

Fear of Snakes (Ophidiophobia)

FEAR OF SNAKES INDUCED BY THEIR APPEARANCE, AND BY THE SIGHT OF THREE APPROACHING SNAKES

Another of my fears was of snakes. The deceitful look, the wiggly method of locomotion, and knowledge that some were poisonous, probably caused me to fear all snakes. This fear was greatly aggravated one day while I was fishing with my brother. After he had baited my line and I was sitting on the bank holding the fishing rod, I heard a rustling in the leaves behind me. On looking around, I saw three garter snakes coming toward me. I experienced cold chills running up my back, and I let out a loud cry. My brother came and killed the snakes and told me they were harmless. After I learned some of the characteristics of snakes and the signs they make, and how to kill them, the fear subsided somewhat. (C.E.M.; M.; T.; B.A.)

CONTINUING FEAR OF SNAKES CAUSED BY ALMOST JUMPING UPON ONE, AND BY FRIGHTFUL STORIES OF SNAKES

The writer's early fear of snakes still continues more or less. The dread may be traced back to an early childhood experience, as well as to frightful stories of snakes related by parents and others. While playing in the front yard one morning, and running at top speed in a playful mood, I noticed something on the grass that appeared to me to be a carpet rag. Fortunately a long stride was made which brought my bare foot just beyond the perceived object. Just before or simultaneous with the jump, the thought occurred to me that the rag might be a snake. On looking back I saw a large copperhead snake. This scare made me feel very weak and disturbed. In addition to this, the observation of the fright it caused my mother when I revealed the incident to her, and her delineating to me what the result might have been, produced an effect on me that was not soon forgotten. For some time I did not venture far from the house, and when I did leave I carefully looked in front as well as behind to see that nothing was crawling at my heels. This dread of snakes gradually decreased with age and experience, but it is still experienced. (B.G.P.R.; M.; H.S.P.; B.A.)

A SNAKE PHOBIA FROM EARLY TEACHING AND FROM AN EXPERIENCE WITH A SNAKE THAT HAS REMAINED VIVID FOR TWENTY YEARS

Before I was old enough to enter school my sister and I were playing in a grove near the spring. We saw a bird's nest in a tree nearby and decided to climb the tree and see if we could find some little birds. Fortunately for me, the tree wasn't very large and I succeeded in climbing it. Just as I was all set to investigate the contents of the nest, I saw a big snake wrapped around the limb on the opposite side of the nest from me. Mother had often warned us against snakes, for there were plenty of them in the vicinity where we lived. With this dread of snakes already existing, due to mother's previous warnings, I was so frightened that I fell out of the tree and sprained my wrist. We ran to the house and told mother what had happened, and she, being excited, magnified the danger. From that time I have never forgotten that experience which was so vividly impressed upon my mind some twenty years ago. If there is any one thing that I dread most it is a snake, and I believe that this experience had its part in producing this feeling of dread for snakes. (H.A.; M.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

A FEELING OF NAUSEA, ATTENDED BY VOMITING, AT SIGHT OF SNAKES, DUE TO SYMPATHETIC VOMITING SPELL ON BEHOLDING BROTHER VOMIT AFTER TAKING WHISKY FOR A SNAKE BITE, STILL EXPERIENCED AFTER THREE DECADES ON BEHOLDING SNAKES

Another of my early fears difficult to adjust was fear of snakes. Indeed I hardly know whether I have become entirely adjusted yet, for I still experience terrible sickness at the first sight of a snake.

This sickness seems to be in my stomach, producing a sort of nausea which usually results in vomiting if I do not immediately get away from the snake or get my mind on something else.

When I was a child of six my brother, who was then thirteen years of age, and I went on a fishing trip. During this outing my brother was bitten by a copperhead snake. As soon as possible a physician was summoned who immediately had my brother drink all of the whisky that he could drink. Within a few minutes my brother became greatly nauseated and soon was vomiting very profusely. Somehow I immediately became nauseated and vomited even worse, according to witnesses, than my brother. Now when I see a snake, even though I know it is not a poisonous one, and that it is not coming near me or any of my friends, I immediately feel the old nausea or sickness returning to my stomach, and I always turn my sight and mind to something different or something far away. Whether actual vomiting would still occur in case I stayed near and continued to look at a snake, I am unable to say for I have never tried it. I think, however, that I shall try this out just for experimental purposes at some future time. I am interested to know further about this. (L.I.S.; M.; Teachers College T.; M.A.; Age 36.)

Fear of Other Animals

FEAR OF A BLACK BEAR AT BEDTIME FOSTERED IN ORDER TO HASTEN THE ACT OF UNDRESSING, TREATED BY BEING THRASHED AND FORCED TO SEARCH THE ROOM FOR BEARS

One of the early difficulties that I can most definitely recall is the fear of a black bear in the dark.

When I was about seven years old, I had the idea that a big black bear would seize me as I leaped into bed, after extinguishing the lamp. At first I fostered this idea in order to hasten the act of undressing and getting into bed. After a while my fear became so great that I would yell and scream at the top of my voice. Finally, mother made up her mind to end this once and for all. So she proceeded to give me a good, sound thrashing and forced me to search the entire room in order to prove the absurdity of the whole affair. This forced me to see how silly it was to foster such ideas.

After this sad experience I formed the habit of investigating all noises that I would hear after dark. (C.E.; F.; S.C.T.)

AN INTENSE UNCURED FEAR OF CATS OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN, RESULTING IN THE LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS WHEN A CAT JUMPED UPON THE RESPONDENT'S SHOULDER. AGGRAVATED BY LATER HAPPENINGS

In making an inventory of my adjustment difficulties I did not have to look far to find my outstanding maladjustment, the source of much of my trouble, worry, and discomfort. Even thinking of it now as I write produces shivers up and down my spine, and a slight shaking, while my feet get heavy and my knees weak. As far back as I can remember, I have had a dreadful fear of cats. Neither I nor my family have any idea how this fear arose. No one in my family has any fears of cats. As a child I was always picking up insects, frogs, toads, and dogs and playing with them, but cats always scared me. This fear has caused me much embarrassment. Even now when I enter a room where there is a cat, I have to tell the person that I am afraid of that pet, so that she will be prepared if I do anything that appears foolish. I used to try to just sit quietly and keep my attention off the cat, but since a very unpleasant incident happened one night I now prepare the host and hostess.

One evening, in calling upon people who had just moved into the neighborhood, as I turned to say something to the person sitting on my left I felt something suddenly land on my lap. It was a yellow-orange cat. As I tried my best just to put it down on the floor, the cat gave one lunge and landed on my shoulder. For the next half hour I knew nothing. It was even necessary to call the doctor before I regained consciousness.

This maladjustment caused another very unpleasant experience. While I was teaching in a private school in Rhode Island one afternoon at the opening of the session as I pulled out a very large lower drawer in my desk in order to get some penmanship paper, out jumped a dirty white cat. I screamed, and the cat ran wildly around the room trying to find an outlet, but all doors were closed. I wonder now, as the picture flashes again into my mind, who was more afraid, the cat or the writer. A little boy came to the rescue by opening a door. Out went the cat and down from the chair came the scared teacher. The cat had been placed in the drawer by a boy who found it on his way to school. Other boys had been allowed to bring in all kinds of animals and pets such as bull frogs, toads, white mice, rats, eels, and even snakes, which we had used in our nature study work and written language lessons and which had not aroused any fears in me. He said that he had determined to try to find something that would scare me.

Another experience deepened my cat phobia. Last summer a little five-year-old girl visited us at the seashore. One morning she brought a stray kitten into the house which she had found on the sand. Mother looked at me, but I said nothing. I thought perhaps I could utilize the occasion to overcome my fear. After feeding the cat we provided it with a bed and, cat-like, it went to sleep. About a half hour later the kitten came out on the porch and, without warning, jumped on the swing where I was lying reading. Before I could get up it was clawing my face.

I am now twenty-six years old and teaching third grade in an elementary school. I would be more than thankful to anyone who can help me to overcome my fear of cats. (D.E.D.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 26.)

UNEXPLAINED PANICKY FRIGHT PRODUCED BY THE SIGHT OF A COW, CAUSING THE RESPONDENT EVEN NOW AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT TO DETOUR IN ORDER TO AVOID MEETING COWS

I always was and still am afraid of the "friendly cow." The sight of a cow, even at a great distance, caused me to become tense and frightened. When one came toward me I was often thrown into a fit of panic and would run screaming to the nearest place of safety. To pass a truckload of these dumb-looking beasts on the highway causes an uncanny feeling, and I will detour any distance at any time to keep from meeting a herd or even a few of them.

One incident is sufficient to illustrate my great fear. Early one morning as I was returning from work, I heard a sound which I immediately recognized as coming from a cow. Instead of turning around and going in the opposite direction to that from which the sound came, I started running toward it and found myself face to face with a frienzied cow that had escaped from a freight-loading station. Which one of us was the more astonished and frightened, I do not know, but I do know that I started running again with renewed energy and I did not slacken my pace until I had traveled at least ten city blocks. I did not stop to ascertain whether the cow was in pursuit or not, or whether she had gone in the opposite direction, for I was running for my life. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

A TENDENCY AT THIRTY-ONE TO SCREAM WHEN FLYING BUGS APPROACH, ASCRIBED TO AN INCIDENT IN CHILDHOOD WHEN RESPONDENT WAS STUNG BY A BEE

I have never had any fear of darkness. To this day I can go anywhere at night and feel as little fear as when I go in the daytime. But even now if a little flying bug gets on me or flies around me, I'll stiffen up and feel like screaming, as I did in similar circumstances when a child. So long as I think it is near I am very much afraid. As a child I was stung by bees several times, and I have always considered that to be the cause of this phobia. If this is the cause, why is it that the fear continues? My mother has always been afraid of rats and my dad of snakes, but I will readily pick up either one of these. (B.C.V.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 31.)

EXTREME FEAR OF ALL KINDS OF ANIMALS, PRODUCING DISQUIETING DREAMS ABOUT HORSES; FEAR OF DOGS, THOUGHT TO BE DUE TO MOTHER'S THREAT, LARGELY OVERCOME BY THE BITE OF A DOG AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN; THE ROLE OF A WILD IMAGINATION AS A POSSIBLE CAUSE

I was always tormented with an extreme fear of all kinds of animals. Horses, dogs, cows, snakes, and rats were especially annoying. I did not mind watching them as long as they were far enough away from me, but when they came near me I became frightened. The fear of horses was so great that it troubled me in my sleep. Frequently I have had dreams in which I had to go through a barn and pass along the rear of a long row of horses. I could see them hold their ears back and get their hoofs ready. Others would pass ahead of me, and nothing would happen to them. A few times (in my dreams) I ventured too far down the row and when about half way along I would wake up with a start thinking that I was trapped. The horses were beginning to kick, and I could go neither forward nor backward.

When a boy, I spent a great deal of time at the home of my uncle who owned a horse. I was not afraid of "Dolly," who, however, was sold while another horse was bought to take her place. When my uncle first put the harness on this horse I didn't want to be in the barn for fear I would see my uncle kicked away. Gradually I became accustomed to this animal and slowly began to feel at ease near him. Twice he ran away with me. For a few days I was afraid to go out alone with him, but after that all was forgotten. As far as I remember, those were the only two horses with which I dared to have any dealings. In later years

I had occasion to use several horses, but could not force myself to feel free near them.

I never did attempt to get near cows. Whenever I visited people who had cows I always managed to stay near the door of the barn so that I would not have to come near them. I trembled when I would have to go through a pasture in which a cow was grazing. There was always the fear that she was not tied and would chase me.

I did not fear dogs if they were far enough away and if they were chained, but I could never derive any pleasure from the presence of a dog. To me they were nothing more than false brutes. The only explanation I have been able to find for this attitude is that during my preschool years my mother often frightened me into staying near the house by making me believe that dogs would catch me if I ventured out too far. Often I have been filled with jealousy of many other boys who would play with dogs and dare to handle them.

When I was about fourteen years of age I was bitten by a dog. Strange as it may seem, this did not increase my fears, but rather lessened them. For several months afterwards this experience remained quite vivid, but after that a dog was only a dumb creature who couldn't do so very much harm. It is possible that when the dog bit me without doing any great harm I began to realize that he did not have the strength and the brutality that I had expected and that I was after all larger than a dog. It is also possible that my age gave me the confidence required to overcome this fear.

An extremely wild imagination in my younger years may have produced some of my fear. I remember that I used to daydream about things that might come to pass; for example, how we might be passing through a pasture and a cow would come chasing us and catch me. Wild incidents of being kicked by horses passed through my imagination. My dreams about having to pass along behind a long row of horses undoubtedly are inventions of my imagination. Stories about snakes always made a deep impression. I could see them crawl up behind me and try to bite me so that I would begin to swell up. In my imagination I even figured out the possibility of a snake crawling over a tomato and depositing some of its poison on it, so that the person eating it without washing it thoroughly would be poisoned. The first time I heard about rats having a "fighting spirit" my imagination again set to work. A man told me that a rat when "cornered" would go for the person pursuing him. I could imagine very well how this could be done. The rat would be in the corner of our garage, suddenly he would leap up at me and scratch my eyes out. It is possible that this wild imagination has built up in me an antipathy toward the things which have been mentioned. (V.B.A.J.; M.; E.S.P.; Ph.B.; Age 31.)

FEAR OF PANTHERS ENGENDERED BY READING A STORY BY COOPER, FOUND TO HAVE ENTIRELY VANISHED WHEN HUNTING PANTHERS SIX YEARS LATER

I read one of Cooper's stories and became afraid of meeting a panther. Even a pigeon cooing would startle me. Every drooping bough bent toward the earth under the weight of a panther. Every corner in the stable held a crouching beast *à la* Cooper, but there was no Leather Stocking there to do the dramatic stuff, so I was very miserable. It is hard for me to reconstruct my phobia. But less than six years after the height of my fear I hunted the panther, wiggling into caves and dark places with no greater fear than that I had for the wild hogs on which the panther preyed. (H.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 38.)

UNCONQUERED MORTAL FEAR OF SQUIRRELS, DUE TO AN APPARENT ATTACK BY A SQUIRREL AT THE AGE OF TEN—AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE PERSISTENCE OF EARLY EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

I think that the greatest fright I ever had which was caused by an animal occurred when I was about ten years old. I was walking along the street and passing a beautiful home with a large lawn and many trees, when a squirrel ran across the lawn. I expected that it was going to run up a tree, but it came toward me instead. As it came closer to me, I wondered where it was going, and I became frightened. I turned and faced it and kicked at it. But it came back toward me with its mouth open. We fought for about five minutes and nobody came along. Finally, I decided to run and it ran after me. Then I thought how foolish it was to try to outrun a squirrel, so I fought it again. Finally I ran across the street and it did not follow me. The fear of squirrels, instilled in me by that experience, has never left me. I am always deadly afraid of them. Just the other day, one was running around the golf course, and when I started to open my golf bag to take out a ball, he came toward me. I suppose he was expecting something to eat. I became so frightened that one of the men on my foursome noticed it and came to my rescue. He thought it strange that I should be afraid of the squirrel. (M.E.; F.; Counselor; Ph.B.; Age 40.)

A FROG PHOBIA, UNCONQUERED AT FORTY-SIX, DUE TO EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING, POSSIBLY INITIALLY OCCASIONED IN EARLY CHILDHOOD WHILE LISTENING TO GRIMM'S TALE OF "THE FROG PRINCE," AND AGGRAVATED BY A FRIGHT-PROVOKING EPISODE AT EIGHT

My mother, a very ambitious young widow whose only love was for me, her only child, used to read nightly *Grimm's Fairy Tales* to me when I was a youngster.

I was always especially fascinated with the story of "The Frog Prince" and asked that it be read to me every night. I was so affected by it that

I doubt a single day elapsed during my childhood that I did not recall my horror of frogs.

I distinctly recall one upsetting incident about the age of nine when I was standing in the midst of a group of playmates and saw a boy coming down the street with a large bunch of laurel. When I ran from the group and asked him for some of the laurel, he drew his other hand from behind his back and held a large bull-frog by its legs. As it jumped at me and glared at me with its large protruding eyes, I screamed and started running. But the boy, little savage that he was, continued to chase me until I fell on the porch in an hysterical condition. It took days before I recovered from that shock.

This fear remained with me throughout my childhood. In 1928 while standing near the window during the morning recess I saw one of the boys bring a frog into the school. He did not obey when I screamed at him not to come any nearer, and I jumped out of the window, falling a distance of about six feet, luckily unharmed. Last week one of my pupils brought in some tadpoles for our aquarium. When he picked up the largest one, which had developed legs, and held it close to me to see, I almost fainted and was sick all afternoon.

I have been very unhappy in the little home which I have bought because I can hear the bull-frogs croak in a shallow pond across the road.

I know this fear is foolish and I have tried to overcome it, but I tremble every time I see a frog. (K.C.M.; F.; S.C.T.; Age 46.)

(2) Fear of Darkness or Dark Places (Nyctophobia)

AN UNCONQUERED FEELING OF DREAD, SUFFOCATION, AND SICKNESS, WHEN THE RESPONDENT IS LEFT IN PITCH DARKNESS, PROBABLY DUE TO SOME FORGOTTEN PROCESS OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

In the early twenties I began to suffer from a dreadful feeling of suffocation when I was in absolute darkness, without knowing the reason why. My first thought is to get outdoors or reach a window so that I can get some air or see a ray of light. I experienced a little uneasiness in your class as you were lecturing one rainy, windy night when the lights began to act as they sometimes do before they go out. I did not want to create a disturbance but I became worried. I felt I would be unable to raise a window or find my way downstairs in the dark in an unfamiliar building, and I grew warm and sick. Thank goodness, the lights did not go out. The feeling of suffocation is sufficiently intense to make me feel sick. I have tried without success to overcome this feeling of dread and suffocation by convincing myself that I am all right.

I am wondering if you could help me to overcome this difficulty. I should be so grateful if you could. If I know that the lights will come right back when they go out, I do not get frightened and sick. (S.E.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 49.)

FEAR OF DARKNESS AND FEARSOME DREAMS ABOUT MR. HYDE FROM SEEING THE PLAY, "DR. JEKYL AND MR. HYDE"—AN INSTANCE OF EARLY FEAR CONDITIONING WHICH WAS GRADUALLY OVERCOME

I am thankful that my parents did not frighten me with the "boogy man" and dark places when I misbehaved. My fear of darkness did not develop until I was about eight years of age when father took me to see the play, *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.* I loved to go to all the plays, as I intended to become an actress when I grew to be a young lady. I realized I could not be a heroine, as I was not pretty, but I was very much interested in the people who took the parts of maids and old ladies. It did not seem to be necessary that they should be beautiful. *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* made a very lasting impression upon me. I was greatly frightened by the terrible sounds and by the horrible sight of Mr. Hyde. When father noticed that I was covering my eyes so that I might not see, he took me home. I slept very little that night. I lay awake seeing that horrible sight and hearing the horrible sounds. The next night, when mother asked me to bring her a drink from the well, I thought I couldn't. I asked if some one could go with me. They laughed at me for being afraid of the dark. Father understood and went with me. He tried to reason with me, and told me nothing was out there. But that didn't help much. For the first time I was afraid to go to bed in a dark room, and mother had to leave the light on until I went to sleep. She did that for some time. For a long time, it just made me feel sick to go out doors alone in the dark. I dreamed about that Mr. Hyde and would awake in the night frightened. My parents were very patient with me, and their patience, and my growing older, helped me to overcome this terrible fear. I have never been badly frightened since. (R.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

THE FEAR OF DARKNESS TRACED TO A SUDDEN SCARE IN EARLY LIFE; THE FEAR OF SHADOWS OF TREES ON MOONLIGHT NIGHTS

My fear of darkness can be traced to a real surprise scare during early childhood. An older girl frightened me by jumping from behind a tree after dark. I think this fear could be attributed partly to the reading of fairy tales also.

On occasions when it was necessary to be alone outdoors after dark the shadows of the trees on the streets took on forms of other objects, of animals, or of people. This caused me to quiver inwardly and to hurry on, but I would continue to glance back over my shoulder to see who was following me. I'd clench my hands together, set my jaws together and rush into the house exhausted. This fear seemed to be increased on bright moonlight nights. Whenever passing through a dark room into another room I'd rush through and hurriedly sit down by one of my parents. The arrival a couple of years later of a baby sister aided me in the resolution of this fear. This event made it the correct thing for me to appear—outwardly at least—big and strong. The everlasting chiding and ridiculing I received from my four brothers, who were older, may also have helped. (T.M.; F.; T. in Open Air Class.)

FEAR OF THE DARK AND OF BEING GRABBED, CONTINUING AT THIRTY-THREE; POSSIBLY DUE TO HEARING A NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF A GIRL BEING SNATCHED FROM THE PORCH, AND TO BEING SCARED BY A ROBBER

My fear of the dark became pronounced at the age of twelve when I was living on a farm with my parents, brothers, and sisters. Every time I went out in the dark, I expected some one to jump out from behind a tree and grab me. I would sometimes turn around to see if anyone were following me. Perhaps my fear may have been connected with an incident that happened at about this time in a town some distance away. I heard some member of the family read from the newspapers about a young girl being snatched from the porch of her home by someone hiding in the dark near the porch.

The talk and excitement produced by this event continued for weeks and so did my fear. The more the talk continued, the greater became my fear of the dark. I even refused to go into another room of the house or to bed alone. When I happened to venture out in the dark on the back porch where the pump was, I would come bounding back into the house without the water if my brother merely yelled some words in reference to the above incident. I never ventured out unless the kitchen door could be left open; the closing of the door brought me back immediately. For a long time I recalled the incident I had heard talked about and my brother's words in trying to scare me.

My fear of the dark has never entirely left me. When I have to go somewhere alone, I want to go in the daylight or on lighted streets. At times even now I experience a fear when stepping out of the back door while it is dark. All the time I am wondering if someone is waiting to grab me. (S.H.G.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 33.)

FEAR OF BEING TOUCHED WHEN RETURNING HOME IN THE DARK, OF UNDISCOVERED ORIGIN, UNCONQUERED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE IN SPITE OF RESOLUTE DETERMINATION AND SHAMING TECHNIQUE

Among the distinct fears of my childhood is one that has followed me to this day; namely, the fear of someone touching me while I am in the dark. I remember as a child going after dark to friends' houses or down town for some article my mother had forgotten. If I were alone when returning home I would run all the way for fear someone might touch me before I could see him. I don't recall ever having that feeling after leaving home; I experienced the fear only when returning home.

I also recall that when, as a child, I played games, such as "Hide and Go Seek," with other children in the neighborhood at dusk, I would always hide in a corner so I could have a support at my back and see anyone who might approach before they could touch me.

I am now twenty-nine years old and still suffer from that fear just as much as I did when a child. As I walk from home at night I feel perfectly at ease; but when I return home I experience that old dread of something behind me that I cannot see. Before I reach home I am almost running and holding my breath in order to listen for steps from behind.

On a few occasions when I have been touched after going into a dark room before the lights could be turned on, I have almost become frantic, even though I have known who was touching me.

Just after I was married, my husband and I were returning home from a visit with friends. I was the first one in the living room. My husband, close by, in trying to find the floor lamp touched my shoulder. I immediately forgot all thoughts of self-control and screamed at the top of my voice. I have tried so hard to overcome this foolish fear, but I do not seem to succeed.

I have gone into dark rooms with the resolute determination of staying there and trying to overcome this fear by making it seem silly and absurd. To me it is absurd, but this thought has not helped to remove it.

I feel much safer in a dark room when I am alone than when there is someone else with me. When I know there are others in the darkened room, and can touch them in some way so that I positively know where they are, I feel perfectly at ease, but if they are where I cannot touch them I am just frantic until I can turn on the light.

I am sure something happened to me when I was a child, although I cannot recall any incident at present. (R.R.P.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 29.)

DREAD OF DARKNESS OVERCOME BY JUDICIOUS CONDITIONING

As a child I was extremely afraid of darkness. If I were told to go into a dark room, I would cry and experience a shudder. I cannot locate the cause of this fear as I was that way in earliest childhood. To effect a cure, my mother would go into a dark room, turn on the light, and remark that there was nothing in the room to harm me. After this had been repeated any number of times, this fear was overcome. (F.K.; F.; B.A.)

DEVELOPMENT IN ADULTHOOD OF FEAR OF THUGS IN CERTAIN DARK PLACES, THOUGH DARKNESS ITSELF IS ENJOYED

Darkness presents difficulties now that were never present in childhood. In delivering milk and running errands the writer never experienced any fears primarily due to darkness. Nor did he ever want a light in the room while he slept. Yet as an adult he always walks in the middle of a deserted street rather than on the sidewalk, if it is flanked by buildings which contain doorways behind which a man could stand. This is, no doubt, due to his knowledge of the ways of thugs, and an outgrowth of his having been placed in several situations in which robbery and assault could have been relatively simple. There are few emotional concomitants when walking in a dark alley, but there is always a decided alertness for possible lurking thugs. Darkness is rather appealing to the subject when he is out in a large open space or with his back to a wall. He likes very much to walk about at night alone, so long as he can feel reasonably assured that he is in a location not conducive to robbery. Darkness itself is an emotional stimulus and is always productive of reverie. As an adolescent youth he frequently walked with a friend to the community cemetery in the dead of night, where they sat for hours with their pipes going strong, and not a word being spoken. He likes to drive along deserted roads alone at night, but preferably with some means of defense in the car, his only concern being thugs. (B.C.I.; M.; C.T. of Psych.; B.A.)

(3) Fear of Storms, Thunder, and Lightning (Astraphobia)

FEAR OF ELECTRICAL STORMS ATTRIBUTED TO MOTHER'S FRIGHT; OVERCOME BY COMPANIONSHIP AND DISTRACTIONS

Until the last few years, I have been very much afraid of thunder and lightning. I shall never forget my first year of teaching away from home. I roomed alone in a small bungalow with a young married couple. The town was located near Lake Michigan in a region which had severe electrical storms. At night, during a storm, I was always very much frightened, but never would tell them how frightened I was. One night, it seemed to me that the storm was just above my head. I partly sat up in bed, with the pillows back of me, thinking that I would not mind it so much if I sat up. A very severe pain developed in my side, so that I couldn't move, and I hardly was able to get my breath. I was so frightened by the storm and the pain that I thought I surely would die. After a long time I got better. The next morning I told the landlady about it. After that, she would always come up to my room during night storms, and we would get up and play cribbage until the storm stopped. I think that this helped to cure me, because from that time on I seemed to mind the storms less, and now they seldom awaken me. I think my fear of storms was due to the fact that mother used to tell me about how she would get frightened by storms and how she would cover her head so that she could not see. She always told me that it was foolish to be afraid, but she might just as well have left that unsaid. I did not believe it. (M.E.,; F.; Counselor; Ph.B.; Age 40.)

FEAR OF ELECTRICAL STORMS ATTRIBUTED TO MOTHER'S FEAR; OVERCOME APPARENTLY BY FAITH IN BIBLE TEACHING THAT A PROTECTOR WATCHES OVER US

Electrical storms and fires caused by lightning were very prevalent in our part of Ontario. My mother was extremely nervous during such storms, and if they occurred during the night she always dressed and usually came into our rooms. I was always awake during a storm, and my mother permitted me to get up, and I usually stayed close to her. She never appeared particularly afraid, and always spoke calmly and assuringly to us. The fact of her being dressed and allowing me to dress acted as a suggestion that there was danger and my reaction was most unfavorable. In my later childhood I became ashamed of this fear. There is a stage in our childhood development when we are greatly influenced by Bible teachings. I had the habit of reasoning things out for myself and I resolved that to have such fear of electrical storms was in direct conflict with belief that there was One who was watching over me and would protect me. This made such an impression on me that I overcame my intense fear and before leaving Ontario I was able to sit by a window and watch a storm. Such storms are not very prevalent in our part of Western Canada, and I have entirely lost my fear of them. (M.V.J.; F.; E.S.P.; B.A.; Age 32.)

FEAR OF LIGHTNING, POSSIBLY INDUCED BY MOTHER'S FEARSOME REACTIONS AND AGGRAVATED BY LIGHTNING STRIKING THE PIANO DURING PRACTICE; METHOD OF OVERCOMING THE FEAR

When very young, I recall watching my mother walking from one window to another, looking out in a frightened manner during the storms we had. At times, when we had severe electric storms, she would place a feather bed on the floor and have us sit upon it until the storm was over. I gradually became afraid of lightning, after hearing many stories of lightning killing people. Fortunately, an aunt lived with us who was not afraid of storms, and neither was father. He would laugh and say there was nothing to be afraid of. Mother tried to hide her fear from us, but I could feel that she was very nervous during a storm. My aunt often took me away from mother, so I would not see her during the storm. She sometimes took me out on the porch to watch the lightning which she thought was very beautiful. She told me one streak looked like a spear and another like a snake. She would ask me to tell her what each flash resembled. I hated to watch, but she kept on trying in that way to help me overcome the fear. She had nearly succeeded when something happened to bring back all the old fears. As I was taking a piano lesson, it grew fearfully dark and depressing, as is so often the case just before an electric storm. My teacher said that we could wait until the storm was over, if I were afraid. But I felt no fear and we started the lesson. The storm came with a terrible flash of lightning. A ball of fire flew from the telephone across the room and down across the piano keys. It stunned my teacher for a few minutes, and sent a tingling sensation up my left arm which hurt all day. We were both so frightened we did not finish the lesson. When I got home and told about it, my mother said it was a narrow escape. That frightened me more. My aunt tried again to help me overcome the fear, but I have not as yet fully succeeded. If in bed, I cover my head when it is lightning. Not since that day have I touched a piano while it is storming. I do not fear other storms, such as windstorms. (R.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

A FEAR OF WIND ACQUIRED FROM A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A WINDSTORM AT TEN; RESIDUAL OF THE FEAR EXPERIENCED AT THE AGE OF FORTY-ONE WHEN SIGNS OF A STORM APPEARED WHILE MOTORING

One December morning when I was about ten occurred the incident that caused my fear of wind. I was walking along a country road on my way to a rural school in a region of the country in which violent windstorms are unknown. The weather, which looked somewhat unsettled, was moderately warm for the time of the year. As I walked along, I felt a few drops of rain on my face and upon looking into the sky, beheld a dark cloud which I assumed was a rain cloud. I hastened my steps in order to reach a farmhouse nearby before the downpour.

Suddenly, a gust of wind scattered sticks and things along the road. The wind became so violent that I was thrown face downward in the road, while bits of fodder, dead grass, and sticks flew past me. I made an unsuccessful attempt to rise, and almost simultaneously the buildings, which I was bent on reaching, toppled over. When the wind subsided, there was I, a poor bedraggled spectacle, minus a coat, a blouse, and a fur neck-piece. But the temporary damage done to my personal appearance was a trivial matter compared with the injurious effects upon my subsequent development.

Previous to this experience I had been fond of playing in the wind, but never again in my early years would I venture out of the house when the wind was blowing strongly. Even though I remained indoors, I would experience feelings of apprehension and anxiety as long as it continued to blow.

As I grew older, I began to realize that my belief that all windstorms would harm me was very foolish. Therefore, I have tried to overcome this fear by accepting the wind as a natural phenomenon and by convincing myself that my experience will probably happen but once in a lifetime. While I try to assume a feeling of unconcern when a windstorm is approaching, I sometimes have difficulty in doing so. The only way I have been able to succeed is to concentrate my attention on something near at hand.

Nevertheless, I always have a fear of wind storms when riding in a car. No matter how hard I try to direct my attention to other things, I am not able to do so. Last summer while on an automobile tour, signs of an approaching wind storm became apparent. I became immediately alarmed and insisted on stopping at a gas station. My behavior became one of pronounced fear and worry. Although I was the only person who felt any fear, the car was stopped until after the slight wind had ceased and my calm had been restored. (D.S.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 41.)

NERVOUSNESS AND VIOLENT HEADACHES CAUSED BY UNACCOUNTABLE FEAR OF THUNDERSTORMS, APPARENTLY ORIGINATING IN EARLY CHILDHOOD AND REMAINING UNRESOLVED

I have been terrified by thunderstorms since earliest recollection. As a very young child they caused me to hide in a corner and cover my head. I have the same inclinaton now and only refrain from doing so from fear of ridicule. I am very nervous before and after the storm and suffer a violent headache particularly if the storm is a bad one or of long duration. Lightning is the chief cause of the upset.

I have tried to overcome this fear by watching the lightning, telling myself repeatedly that it was silly and childish to be afraid of it. I have been out in several bad storms and come home none the worse for the experience, but still I am downright scared to death when a storm threatens. Being at home brings a slight measure of comfort, however.

I cannot understand this phobia. No other member of the family was so affected. They all had a great amount of patience with me, even when I was the worst kind of a nuisance, insisting upon closing doors and windows regardless of what the temperature might be.

If it is a transfer from some other cause of fear, I cannot determine what that cause was, nor when it happened. Can you suggest a cure? (T.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

FEELINGS OF NUMBNESS AND HEART-STABBING FRIGHT STILL INDUCED AT TWENTY-EIGHT BY LIGHTNING, WIND, AND RAINSTORMS, TRACEABLE TO EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING AT SEVEN

After hearing you read about the many maladjustments that so many people possess, I began to think that I had at least one of each kind. The fear of electrical storms seems to be my predominating fear and the one maladjustment whose origin I can reveal and whose effect upon me still continues.

This fear had its inception at the age of seven when I was living in the country. One Saturday afternoon on a hot summer day a dreadful storm sprang up as if by some magical power. No one was at home but my mother and me. Father was at work in town and my two older brothers had gone to a village nearby to play in a game of baseball.

As the storm came upon us with its cracking peals of lightning and thunder and its terrific wind-dashed torrents of rain, mother and I hastened thither and yon to close all windows and outside doors. At a flash of lightning that seemed to rip the heavens, I caught sight of my mother's countenance. It told me at a glance that she was worried. It was then that I thought of my brothers, wondering where they were, but without exchanging a word I hurried to lower the last window as the climax of the storm was reached. The sky turned an ugly yellow and seemed to open with a horrible cracking noise as I beheld a large tree torn into pieces a short distance from the house. The fright may have stunned me as I can recall nothing after that moment except that neither of us spoke until the storm had passed.

That night after all the family had gathered I went to bed but could not go to sleep. First an itching sensation developed in my feet which soon spread all over my body. It seemed as though the household had been still for hours. When I could stand it no longer, I called for my mother who found that my entire body was a mass of tiny welts. She in turn called my father, and he hastily decided to go for the doctor. By the time my father returned with the doctor, the welts had receded to tiny red spots and I was feeling better, although I was very tired. After taking medicine, I went to bed and slept soundly until late the next morning.

Since this early experience I have never been able to control my fear of storms entirely, although I have improved since I have been living with my mother-in-law. Neither she nor my husband has any fear whatever of storms. They often make joking remarks when I show signs of dread. As I don't want to be unlike them, their influence has helped me greatly.

Now after listening to your lectures I am trying even harder to overcome this fear as I have a five-year-old child. But, in spite of the improvement I have made, I cannot close a window during a storm of lightning, wind, and rain without experiencing a numbness and a heart-stabbing fright. This causes me to lower the window as quickly as possible. When I see a storm approaching I try to lower all the windows before it is upon us. (W.T.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 28.)

FEAR OF LIGHTNING BUT NOT OF THUNDER, LEADING RESPONDENT TO CLOSE ALL OPENINGS AND TO MOVE THE CHAIR OR BED INTO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM, AND PRODUCING A FEELING OF LIMPNESS AND HORROR WHEN THIS CANNOT BE DONE; PROBABLY DUE TO EARLY CONDITIONING

Many people who fear thunder think that the lightning is beautiful. I can stand the loud claps when the storm is far away and the lightning is faint. But when the lightning draws near, I want every door, window, and crevice in the house shut, for what reason I do not know, for surely lightning could strike the house and tear it to pieces. After closing all cracks, I pull my chair or bed into the middle of the room, lower all the shades, and sit still, starting every time a beam finds its way into the room. I have been in assemblies when my family was separated from me, and have been forced to seek them out and go to them during storms. When I am teaching a class, it is indeed horrifying to have an electrical storm come up and know that I must sit through the whole period without being able to shut out the flashes and to close myself up in an airtight room. After such a period I am limp with fatigue, I am all nerves, and usually find some more secluded place. This fear I cannot explain. Perhaps the knowledge that lightning is deadly and that it takes one unawares has something to do with it. (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.S.; Age 26.)

AN INVETERATE FEAR OF THUNDER (BUT NOT OF LIGHTNING), ALTHOUGH WISELY CONDITIONED, PRECIPITATED BY A STROKE WHICH PRODUCED UNCONCIOUSNESS AND SUBSEQUENT HYSTERIA; ATTEMPTS AT CURE BY SEEING BEAUTY IN LIGHTNING, DIVERTING ATTENTION, RESORT TO SHAMING TECHNIQUE, AND FORCED SUPPRESSION OF MANIFESTATIONS OF FRIGHT

My mother taught me very early not to be afraid of thunderstorms because the thunder was the noise produced by the lightning and could not harm me. She asked me to marvel at the beauty of the lightning and to disregard the noise of the thunder.

One hot summer afternoon in my tenth year as I was alone reading in our living room, curled up on the davenport in the corner of the living room next to the front porch, a thunderstorm arose and the rain came in sheets. As I stopped reading to put down the windows through which the rain was beating, I was struck by a horrible clap of thunder, with the result that I screamed and then fainted. According to my sister, who was the only person at home with me, the streak of lightning came in one window and passed out of the room through the window near which I had been sitting. When I regained consciousness I was hysterical. By the time I had regained my composure the storm was over. On looking out of the window we found that a poplar tree forty feet in height had been split open.

After this experience I became dreadfully frightened by all electrical storms, in spite of all of mother's talks. As I grew older I realized that I must conquer this fear. Therefore, whenever a storm came up, I would try to get interested in a book or a game, or anything that would keep my attention off the storm. The lightning didn't seem to frighten me. It was always the thunder that made me flinch. But it seemed impossible to force myself to think of things other than the storm. I found that when I was with a group of people I did not mind it so much, or I also forced myself to watch storms, and again found that I could see beauty in the lightning but the thunder terrified me.

When I went to college, I became ashamed of my fear because of the ridicule I thought would be showered upon me because of my childishness. Therefore during the storms I would force myself to be gay and encouraged the girls to be noisy in the hope that this would drown the noise of the thunder.

After I started to teach school I realized that I must exercise self-control, that the children must never know of my dread, and that I must teach them not to fear storms. I can now assert with confidence that by exerting my will power to the utmost I show no fear of thunder. But I must also confess that I still inwardly flinch at every crash of thunder and I fear that I will continue to do so the rest of my life. (W.H.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 33.)

EMOTIONAL AND MOTOR REACTIONS TO THUNDERSTORMS, BUT NOT TO LIGHTNING; CURE THROUGH RATIONAL RESOLUTION

I am not able to say what caused me to be afraid of thunder, for I had the fear all of my life until about three years ago. The lightning frightened me practically not at all. Every time a thunderstorm approached I would close up the house and sit in fear as far as possible away from chimneys, windows, and the telephone, provided I was not the only one in the house. After my marriage I was generally alone during a storm, for I lived in the country about a quarter of a mile from the nearest neighbor. Rather than stay alone I would hurry to get the chickens housed, windows closed, and the house locked. Then I would go as fast as possible to my nearest neighbor. I finally eliminated this foolish fear by making myself realize how much inconvenience it was causing me. I made up my mind I would stay home regardless of how bad I thought the storm would be. From that time to the present I have not minded staying alone during the storm. (K.C.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

That violent metereological phenomena may become objects of fascination instead of dread is shown by the following report. The student of mental hygiene, mental maladjustments, and mental reactions, must ever bear in mind the significance of the "individual equation." One can never be sure that two individuals, no matter how similar they may appear to be, will ever react in precisely the same manner to the same environmental situations.

LIKING FOR THUNDERSTORMS AND NOISES

I rather like the thunder and storms. I'll admit I prefer the ones in the East to those I have witnessed in Oklahoma and Kansas. I feel exhilarated. Lightning fascinates me. It has always been my desire to see lightning strike a tree or a barn—a safe distance away. I like to drive in storms. I have always had this feeling toward thunder, lightning, and storms ever since I can remember.

Noises used to appeal to me as a child. I liked to hear trains rumbling over trestles, or a wagon rattling over a wooden bridge. Now that has changed, or else the noises are greater now. I do not object to the noises of a crowd, but those of machinery confuse me for a time. (G.D.Q.; M.; H.S.P.; B.S.)

(4) Fear of Fire (Pyrophobia)

OBSESSIONAL THOUGHTS ABOUT FIRES EXPERIENCED IN THEATERS, PRODUCING IDETIC OLFACTORY IMAGES OF SMOKE, WITH THE RESULT THAT THE RESPONDENT REMAINED AWAY FROM THEATERS FOR MONTHS, OFFERING RATIONALIZATIONS IN EXPLANATION; POSSIBLY TRACEABLE TO FASCINATING INTEREST AT ABOUT SIXTEEN IN NEWS ACCOUNTS OF DISASTERS AND FIRES

When I was about sixteen years of age, I became interested in reading sensational newspaper articles concerning accidents, disasters at sea, explosions, and fires in public places. Descriptions of the latter usually contained accounts of the wild and uncontrollable emotions of the crowd. I had been very fond of attending theaters and would go whenever the opportunity presented itself. But before I was eighteen, my visits to the theater became almost a nightmare instead of a pleasure. I became obsessed with such thoughts as these: "Suppose a fire should start here; we would be trapped; there would be a panic." I could visualize the pushing and trampling which would result. "Suppose somebody would shout, 'Fire!' " The horror of such a thought would make me so uneasy that I could not keep my attention fixed on the entertainment. My thoughts were too busy with the fire-panic idea.

On one occasion I went to a less modern theater, a wooden structure with the main show room on the second floor, reached by a long flight of wooden steps. The theater soon became filled, and the show started. Did I enjoy it? I did not. All I could think of was the fact that I was on the second floor of a frame building, and that I could see no exits. I soon imagined that I smelled smoke, and I greatly annoyed the people back of me by continually turning around and looking in the direction of the balcony. Finally, I could stand it no longer. Very sure that I smelled smoke, I got up and left the building. For many months after that, I refused to attend the theater, giving as my reason the fact that I had lost interest in stage or screen. To me, the strange part of the obsession was that I was afraid of fires and fire panics only when I was in theaters. When I was in crowds in other places, I was calm. Perhaps the dimming of the lights and the ensuing quietness gave my imagination free rein.

Later when I began to realize the absurdity of this "craze" that was possessing me and making me miserable, I decided to overcome the difficulty by attending theaters and concentrating on the performance. But I cannot truthfully say that I have entirely overcome this fear. Even now on entering a theater, I always look for an exit, and when possible get a seat near one.

I have had no actual experience with fires or panics, and cannot account for my phobia unless it sprang from the stories I read of disasters caused by fire, which at the time had a certain fascination for me. (N.Q.E.; F.; E.S.P.; Age 31.)

(5) Fear of Closed Spaces (Claustrophobia or Clitrophobia)

Not all of these cases are clear-cut instances of claustrophobia. Some of them may be only akin to, or suggestive of, the condition.

1. What specific phobias can you enumerate other than those to which reference is made in these reports (such as agoraphobia, anthrophobia, erentophobia, monophobia, pathophobia, and phobophobia)?

2. Outline some of the important points in the preventive and curative pedagogy and therapy of the phobias.

A PERSISTENT, UNEXPLAINED GASE OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA

From early childhood I have had a fear of getting into small rooms or going through small openings. If I have what is frequently called a nightmare I seem to be struggling to extricate myself from an opening that is too small to pass through. I cannot recall any early experience which might be the cause of this feeling. Perhaps if I could I should be rid of it. (W.E.; F.; S.C.T.; B.S.)

FEAR OF SMOTHERING OR OF BEING IN CLOSE PLACES, PRODUCED BY A PLAY EXPERIENCE

This fear was brought on by playing with a group of small children a game that necessitated covering our entire bodies from head to foot in blankets. In the game I was knocked down, and all the children piled upon me. Only the timely intervention of my mother prevented my suffocation. This fear is practically eliminated now. (G.W.J.; M.; Col.; Vice P.)

A FEELING OF DREAD WHEN IN SMALL ENCLOSURES OR IN SMALL ROOMS WITH CLOSED WINDOWS; SICK FEELING WHEN PASSING HEAVILY BARRED WINDOWS AT THE THOUGHT OF PERSONS CONFINED IN THE CELLS; DISTRESS EXPERIENCED DURING THE FIRST DAY'S RESIDENCE IN THE WALLED CITY OF YORK, ENGLAND, WITH ITS NARROW STREETS

I sometimes believe that I must have been punished in very early childhood by being shut in a very small clothes closet in our home, or being shut in an old cedar chest in our attic by one of my older brothers or sisters, as I still have a genuine fear of being in enclosed spaces, especially small spaces. I could never hide (hide-and-go-seek) by crawling through a small aperture into a tiny enclosure. In the basement of our two-room school, an excavation had been made for the furnace and woodpiles, but over most of the area there was about a foot of space below the floor. This space was quite dark and made a good hiding place. I crawled in there once but lived through a "never-to-be-forgotten" experience. I was sure I was going to smother and that the floor of the room above was going to descend upon me, and I imagined a thousand things that might happen. When I was a stenographer in a law office at the age of sixteen I always entered the vault by walking backwards, for if I walked naturally I was sure someone was behind me and would shut those heavy steel doors. I experience this fear in a telephone booth (I very seldom shut the door) and in a dressing room, particularly the lavatory of a Pullman sleeper. Porters are sometimes annoyed when I demand an open window in the berth when the thermometer registers many degrees below zero. The open window helps to lessen the fear.

My most direct route to high school led past a jail, but I usually went in a more indirect way and avoided it. I had and still have a sick feeling when I see heavily barred windows and think of human beings being shut in small cells. I disliked to see any of my chums shut birds and animals in boxes or cages. Probably this great dislike and fear of enclosed spaces is responsible for my love of the prairies—the wide open spaces. I spent a year as an exchange teacher in York, England, a very ancient walled city with very narrow streets. During the first few days I felt that I simply couldn't stay; my breathing seemed restricted and generally I was most unhappy. Fortunately my school was located on the outskirts of the newer part of the city, and this provided an outlet for my "restricted feelings." I can't give any definite clue as to the origin of this claustrophobia. The old chest is the only thing I remember of many things stored in our attic, and I seem to have some very definite associations with it. (M.V.J.; F.; E.S.P.; Age 42.)

A MINOR CASE OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA DUE TO BEING WEDGED IN IN A HAYSTACK, TRANSFERRED TO THOUGHTS ABOUT DEATH

When I was about seven years of age a minor accident occurred to me which appears to have left a permanent mental hangover. While playing with other boys of my own age, I tunneled under the bottom of a haystack. Movement of my playmates on top of the stack caused such a shifting of the hay as to wedge me firmly in my own tunnel. I suffered considerable pressure and had difficulty in breathing. Child-like, I thought that my end had come. But I was extricated with no physical ill effects.

Since that time, however, I have had an unreasoning horror of being confined in any constricted space. I did not connect this feeling with my earlier experience until a few years ago when the death of Floyd Collins in the subterranean passage was given so much morbid publicity. Even the headlines of these stories caused a revulsion of feeling. I could not bring myself to read any of these accounts. In analyzing my feelings, I was led back to the experience of childhood which I have mentioned.

This feeling does not operate unless a situation of actual physical repression is concerned. Entering rooms of any size causes no feeling whatever. A shadow of the feeling is evident in connection with using a Pullman berth. About fifteen years ago I was accidentally locked in a small hotel washroom. The space was quite constricted. I was in agony until released, and my nerves were shaky for several hours afterwards. I have been down in the shaft of a coal mine, but do not care at all to traverse the laterals. I experience no difficulty in going through a narrow passage if there is plenty of light. I would avoid, however, going through a constricted space in the dark.

I find that unpleasant thoughts of death are apt to revolve more about the constricted, hemmed-in space in which bodies are usually placed than about any other fact.

This feeling is, I think, vestigial. It is deep-rooted. Yet it would be possible for me to preserve a seemingly normal outward reaction while subjecting myself to bodily constriction—if my reason were convinced that duty lay in that direction. At the same time I realize that such a prediction may be an attempt to convince myself of my own desired normality. (B.L.J.; M.; S. Supt.; M.A.)

(6) Fear of High Places (Acrophobia) and Similar Fears

FEAR OF HIGH PLACES APPARENTLY OVERCOME WHEN FOLLOWING CARPENTER'S TRADE, BUT STILL EXPERIENCED AT THIRTY-ONE

When new homes were being built in our neighborhood the boys would climb to the highest peaks. I was afraid even to watch them, and often felt cowardly because they were so brave and I so fearful. Later, when I worked at the carpenter trade, the fear soon left me. There was no choice in the matter; I had to climb and work several feet up from the ground with but a narrow board to walk on. Daily practice helped me to forget my fears, but apparently I did not succeed in overcoming them. Lately I had occasion to test my nerve again. I went to the roof of our school building. When I reached the roof and got near the edge, I was convinced that my fear for high places had not left me. A few trials convinced me more strongly, for the oftener I climbed to the roof, the more intense the fear became. This is perhaps the reason why I do not dare to go up in an airplane. The thought of such a trip makes me tremble, even though I think that a boat ride is just as dangerous as an airplane ride.

It is extremely difficult to determine the cause of this fear as well as of my other fears. When I think of my brothers who laughed at my fears, I am inclined to minimize the influence of training. My oldest brother with whom I played a great deal, since he is only two years older than I, derived great pleasure from teasing me by climbing to high places, catching snakes, running through pastures, and so on. He never was afraid of horses, which he had to handle (see pp. 47-52).

For a long time I tried to make myself believe that I was cowardly for being afraid of all these things, but my fears if due to cowardice, ought to be more general. But they are confined to animals, high places, and lightning. (V.B.A.J.; M.; E.S.P.; Ph.B.; Age 31.)

FEAR OF HIGH PLACES, APPARENTLY INDUCED BY CROSSING A HIGH RAILROAD BRIDGE IN CHILDHOOD. METHOD OF ATTEMPTED CURE

In my childhood days I remember distinctly the fear which I had of high places. Out of the past comes a faint memory of the time I went visiting with my father and grandmother. We had to walk across a high railroad bridge. I remember that they had to hold to my hands before I would attempt to cross. Even now in walking across such a bridge it seems as if the ties move away from me and that I just cannot help missing them and going through. Another time my father was swinging me rather high in a swing. The fear again so possessed me that while up in the air I jumped out. The only thing that I have ever done to overcome this fear is to take a little girl in similar situations and try to keep her from having the same fear. I don't dare to show my own fear because of her. This was true when I took one on the ferris wheel at the state fair. When I stopped right on top I was afraid, but I couldn't show it. I talked in a playful way all of the time to keep the child free from fear. (R.D.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

(7) Fear of the Dead or of Death and Other Emotional Upsets Produced by Contemplation of Death

Occasional references to death also occur in other parts of the monograph.

FEAR OF DEATH DUE TO UNWILLINGNESS TO FACE THE DISAGREEABLE; FEAR OF BEING BURIED ALIVE OR OF BEING CLOSED UP—A FEAR THAT APPARENTLY DEVELOPED INTO A CLAUSTROPHOBIA

Another thing of which I had a great fear was death, not so much for myself as for some of my people. I used to lie awake at night and pray that none of them would die until I grew up, and then I could stand it better. This was simply my unwillingness to face disagreeable circumstances. The only horror I had of death for myself was of being buried alive. This was a source of constant worry and I think was caused by hearing Negroes on the place tell us tales of people being buried alive. This fear of being closed up went "beyond the grave"; it frightened me nearly to death to be closed up in a dark closet or to have a pillow held over my head. (N.M.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

CONTINUING FEAR OF DEAD PEOPLE, ASCRIBED TO EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING AT THE AGE OF FOUR WHEN HER GRANDFATHER DIED AND SHE SAW HER MOTHER WEEPING

Until I took this course it never occurred to me that there might be a cause for my being afraid of dead people.

I have the most uncomfortable feeling if I know there is a corpse anywhere near me. If anyone dies in my neighborhood, I will not sleep alone for several nights. If I awake during the night and start to think about dead people I am unable to go back to sleep. As a child I would go to my older sister's rooms, but now I lie awake and am miserable.

The fear of the dead is the only real fear that I have. I believe my trouble may have started in connection with my grandfather's death when I was four years old. He is the first dead person I can remember. I remember less about him than about my mother's weeping and my desire to be with her all the time, while the rest of the family tried to keep me away. I screamed and cried when they would not let me stay with mother. They doubtless felt that my crying was just stubbornness and that my mother should not be worried with me. However, I believe that the atmosphere of our home at that time is the cause of my being afraid of dead people. (L.E.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 26.)

FEAR OF THE DEAD, CAUSING VIOLENT CHILLS, FIRST EXPERIENCED AT THE AGE OF TEN

Up to the age of ten there had never been a death in the family, and therefore I had never seen anyone dead. At the age of ten my small cousin, three years old, died of diphtheria. I was made to go and see him against my wishes. I was sick with chills and fever for two weeks. I still have a great fear of death or of anyone dead. I have tried several times to view someone dead, but have suffered violent chills every time and have given up the idea of overcoming this. (B.B.; F.; S.C.T.)

DREAD OF EARLY DEATH, POSSIBLY DUE TO CONSTANT ATTACKS OF INDIGESTION AND TO GRANDMOTHER'S FREQUENT REFERENCES TO DEATH OF FRIENDS

From early childhood until late adolescence I was obsessed with the idea that I would die before reaching the age of twenty-one. I cannot explain the obsession unless it was due to the fact that I was frail and subject to frequent attacks of indigestion, and that my grandmother constantly complained of pains and talked always about the illness and death of friends and relatives. I would cry over the least pain, and worry for fear it would develop into something which would cause my death. On one occasion I remember being at prayer meeting in our church and praying that I might live just one more year so that I could go to college. I was then a senior in high school and had been hoping to enter the university in the fall. This obsession remained with me until I entered the service in 1918, and since that time it has disappeared entirely.

The solution to this difficulty probably came through the study of my ancestral line which I made during the Christmas holidays in 1918. I discovered that none of my predecessors had died before the age of sixty-two, although many of them had been ill practically all of their lives. (T.C.R.; M.; State Director of Spec. Ed.; M.A.)

HORROR OF DEATH OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN. DISINCLINATION TO VISIT THE PARENTAL HOME, AND INABILITY TO EAT AT ITS TABLE OR TO SLEEP IN IT, TRACEABLE TO THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER AND FATHER

I cannot remember the time when I did not fear death nor can I recall when or how this horror originated. I was taken to only a few funerals. My mother always taught me that death was beautiful. "Beautiful!" I would exclaim, "Beautiful! I fail to see it. How can you say such a thing?"

My horror was intensified by my sister's death at seventeen. An invalid since babyhood, she was almost a part of me. Though an invalid, she was so gentle and kind to all that we worshipped her. I well remember how she died from uremic poisoning and how I helped mother carry her dead body into the parlor. It seemed that I could touch her because I loved her so much, but father could not help because of his grief. For months after the funeral I never went back home. Eventually my younger sister grew to womanhood and married and occupied one house on the farm, while father and mother remained in the other house about a square away. Three years ago my sister developed pneumonia. My husband brought me to my parental home from the school where I was teaching, racing sixty miles an hour, while I sat like a statue. My sister died that night; the death scene is too sad to describe. My mother sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" to her, while I almost tore my hair out and exclaimed, "Why will God permit such death scenes?" Something must have snapped in my brain, because I am a Christian woman.

Ten months later while I was away teaching, my father died in the hospital. After his funeral I returned to my home, but sometime thereafter I managed to visit my mother's home. Father had been my pal, and I had always sat next to him at the table. For a long while I could not sit down at the table. Finally, when I forced myself to do so, the food choked me, and I had to leave the table. To obtain relief, I went to my brother-in-law's home, but this made matters worse. Therefore, to avoid making others miserable, I stopped visiting my parental home at mealtime. Three years have now passed, and I have never been able to sleep in either house since the two deaths, although I have tried to do so. But I do not think I feel very guilty, because of this. My mother is now seventy-one, and I only get down to see her for an hour or two. I do not think I am a weakling; I have conquered many hard situations in life, but this one seems to be conquering me.

I cannot determine what is wrong with me. I know that I have suffered some awful shocks and I am emotionally high strung at times. My feelings may be caused by living too much in the past. People have tried to console me by telling me what a lovely family I had, but I can only answer, "I am alone." I put great value on family ties, but the homes have been broken up. I always thought that I would have my sister. Whatever it is, a serious mental conflict has been created between duty and following my own desires.

My relatives remonstrate with me, saying that I ought to be interested in the old colonial house with its lovely shrubbery as a nice place to live in. I can only reply, "I do not want a foot of it. I would not live there if the place were given to me." (H.B.L.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 50.)

AN INTENSE, PERSISTENT FEAR OF DEATH INSTILLED BY THE THREATS OF IGNORANT SERVANTS, LEADING TO A PHYSICAL BREAKDOWN AT EIGHT, LASTING UNTIL ABOUT ELEVEN, AND THE OBSESSION OF BEING DISLIKED AND UNWANTED; OVERCOME IN THE LATE TEENS, ALTHOUGH FOLLOWED, PERHAPS, BY AN UNCURED FEAR OF RIDICULE, SENSITIVENESS, AND BY STUBBORNNESS AS A COMPENSATORY ANTIDOTE

My mother died of tuberculosis when I was five and my brother one year of age. Since my father was extremely poor and had to devote all his time to earning our livelihood and making payments on a newly purchased farm, my rearing was left to incompetent or reckless girls or women of varying natures who did not remain long because of the low remuneration. I was of a nervous, restless disposition, very naughty and curious about everything, and soon acquired the bad language and manners of the different helpers.

My mother's departure had already filled me with the fear of death, and one of our helpers, because of her lack of intelligence rather than viciousness, soon learned how to suppress my excessive activity by threats of death. Her constant threats produced in me my dominant emotions of dread and fear. "If you don't stop that you will die and when you die the bad man is waiting to pick you up on his fork, put you in his sack, and throw you in his red hot fire, and then you will burn and cry and burn. He is watching you all the time, and some day he may pick you up alive because you are so bad." She also indulged in all sorts of threats about darkness, worms, snakes, insects, etc. All this evoked frequent crying spells, and I would often sob myself to sleep. I became afraid of almost everything and distrustful of all persons because of these threats to tell the bad man everything I did or said. When questioned about my crying, my answer was always, "I'm afraid I'll die." My brother, who was too small to move about and interfere, and who had a more lovable disposition and was very attractive, fortunately did not have to live through my ordeal. Eventually I became thin, nervous, fearful, and distrustful of everyone. The only peace I experienced was out of doors or in the fields by myself; but I was afraid to stay alone in the fields.

When I was six my father married an eighteen-year-old girl from the neighborhood, who was possessed of a good fund of practical sense. When she caught me in my spasms of sobbing she usually managed in some way to bring my attention back to earthly affairs. When she learned about the bad-man threats she laughed about them and scorned the ideas as nonsense. Whenever I became especially obnoxious because of the bad language and manners I had acquired, she slapped me or spanked me, but never emphasized the devil scare as a means of discipline. My difficulties, however, had grown so serious that my physical health broke when I was about eight. I had several nervous spells when I became bed-fast and suffered fearful nightmares. I was obsessed with the idea that everyone disliked me and wanted me out of the way. These spells continued until I was ten or eleven. As a matter of fact, I almost did die. Fortunately by the time I had reached my late teens I had overcome my foolish physical fears, partly from seeing my stepmother going unafraid into the dark and practicing what she had told me about fear being nonsense, and partly, I suppose, because of increasing maturity. I am grateful to her for this aid. But I have never been able to overcome my deep fear of ridicule, and I am very sensitive and touchy about my ideas. My condition is chiefly manifest to others, I think, in my foolish and excessive blushing, and trembling fingers. I have constantly tried to overcome this condition but without success.

I have been able, because of an inherited or acquired stubbornness or tenacity of purpose, to hold to my ideals in many situations in which I have been inclined to follow the path of least resistance. (B.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 43.)

(8) Fear of Examinations or Tests

HYSTERIA, CHILLS, PERSPIRATION, DRYNESS OF MOUTH, TACHYCARDIA, AND TENDENCY TO FAINT BECAUSE OF AN ENGLISH EXAMINATION IN HIGH SCHOOL

I have always experienced anxiety over examinations both prior to and immediately following the time of "reckoning." I always felt that the teacher would ask me something that I had overlooked or forgotten. I was always conscientious about preparing my lessons and had never failed, so I had no reason for this morbid fear.

I was so afflicted by dread that I was incapable of entertaining any clear idea or coherent thought. My mind seemed a void. During the examination period, I would sit for possibly two thirds of the time concentrating and trying to collect my roaming thoughts, and then attempt to do the test in the remaining third of the allotted time.

This fear reached its climax when I was in the eighth grade. I went into my eighth-grade English examination prepared for the worst. I had been reassured by both my teacher and mother that I had done "credited" work during the semester, and that taking the examination was a mere matter of form. Nothing important was dependent on the result of the test. However, after reaching school I was so restless and excited that I could scarcely await the hour of the examination. When the time came to write the questions on the blackboard, I was aware of the fact that I was genuinely scared. I felt chilly all over, my forehead was covered with a cold perspiration, my mouth was dry, and my heart seemed to beat at the rate of a thousand beats a second. I took just one glance at the blackboard, and my pains grew worse. I felt as if I would faint. The room began to swirl and seemed insufferably hot. Without one word of explanation to my astonished teacher, I arose abruptly, burst into tears, rushed out of the room, and went home.

This, however, was the last time I acted so foolishly. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

FEAR OF EXAMINATIONS, PRODUCING COLDNESS AND LOSS OF MEMORY, ASCRIBED TO FATHER'S SILENT ATTITUDE OF DISAPPOINTMENT

I developed a fear of examinations in the upper grades. I do not know what caused this, unless it was the fear of causing disappointment to father. He was so proud of any good school report. I never knew him to scold or say anything to discourage me when I had done my best, but it was easy to see his disappointment. I worked hard but could never get ahead of my best friend, who was a brilliant girl. I always did very well on classwork, but not so well on examinations. Beforehand we would talk about them, about what we knew, what we were not so sure of, what the teachers would ask. In this way I would work myself up to a nervous headache. On returning home I would go over all the points I had tried to remember. When the examination started I was cold and all memory was gone. By the end of the hour I could begin to think logically. I still have that fear to some extent. (R.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

A DREAD OF EXAMINATIONS, OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN, BUT AGGRAVATED BY LOW GRADE RECEIVED IN A SUMMER SCHOOL COURSE, POSSIBLY COMPLICATED BY LOWERED PHYSICAL VITALITY, CAUSING THE RESPONDENT TO BECOME A PHYSICAL WRECK AFTER THE ORDEAL IS OVER

I have dreaded examinations for many years. Possibly this may be due to the fact that I was never required to take any in the one-room country school that I attended and was not required to take the finals in high school. Or perhaps it is due to the fact that I was oversaturated with teachers' examinations. I have received all my teaching certificates by examinations. What the original cause may be I do not know, but I do know what has intensified my dread of examinations.

Until last summer I had never in all my existence received a very low grade. I attended the summer school sessions against my physician's advice. Although excused two days before the closing of the term, I insisted on taking my examination on the French Revolution. I received a low grade in the examination, and the final grade depended on the examination alone. This grade in my favorite subject was placed on my record beside my excellent grades. I have never forgotten that grade and have lost what little confidence I had in taking examinations. I begin to shake the moment I see the test paper. My brain becomes a blank, and I am a wreck after the examination is over. I am not offering this as a defense mechanism. I know that I must remedy the situation, if I am ever to finish my remaining years in college.

It is, of course, possible that my physical condition contributes to my examination phobia. My physician has explained to me how the dysfunctioning of one ductless gland may throw all the rest out of order, like a missing cog in a wheel. My physical condition may explain my difficulty to memorize or concentrate as I once did. I used to have a wonderful memory. My physical condition has made me dread examinations all the more. But the fighting spirit within me says, "Do your best, keep on; you will at last win and never have to take another examination." Perhaps the latter wish is merely a flight type of reaction from a dreaded experience. (H.B.L.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 50.)

LIFE-LONG FEAR OF EXAMINATIONS, WITH ANALYSIS OF CAUSES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR PREVENTING EXAMINATION ANXIETIES IN CHILDREN

The fear of examinations has never left me. I do not do well on an examination. I often pity the grader of my tests and wonder if the examination is after all a real test of ability. I have tried to analyze and resolve this weakness. I have watched with admiration the German and Swedish children in my high schools take and pass their examinations with much deliberation, calmness, and thoroughness. I am not afraid that I do not understand the subject matter of the examination, for I am always able to grasp that fairly well. Nor do I anticipate an unfair examination, for I reason that the instructor is both fair and anxious that his students pass the test. There are several possible explanations of my difficulty. I may not so organize the subject matter in my daily preparation that it will stand out in my mind. I may not, as I study, distinguish between the essentials and the nonessentials. Or it may be due to the "blunder buss" topical examinations which have been given so long, on which I may want to say too much. Perhaps I start to write before I have thought out clearly just how to state my answers. Perhaps my trouble is due to the unusual importance which has been placed upon examinations in the past. It may be due to the old type of "preachment" which so many teachers use to frighten people out of their wits. It may be due to fatigue or a poor pen. Or it may be due to a failure to understand the question.

I have neither solved nor resolved my difficulty. I have gleaned a few things from a study of examinations. For many years I gave State Board questions. Before examination day I would warn the pupils to get a good night's sleep and not to worry. I would appear that day well dressed and in a cheerful attitude. I would start the test without any "preaching" or explaining. I would then get a book and go to the back of the room and read. This all created a pleasant atmosphere in the room. In the ten days' review prior to the examination I would anticipate what might be asked and drill the pupils in the manner of preparing papers. Recently children report to me that they like the simplified tests very much. These simplified tests may help to solve the examination bugbear for both teacher and student. I am sure much of my trouble comes from a long history of stress on the examination, and much "preaching" before and after the examination. I know the questions I raise here are very commonplace, but they affect many children and adults. I have not resolved my examination "bugbear" yet. I have just analyzed some of the possible causes. (M.C.L.; M.; S. Supt.; Ph.B.; Age 55.)

UNABATED AVERSION TO EXAMINATIONS ATTRIBUTED TO POOR MEMORY

During an examination my mind suddenly goes blank, and I can't think of one thing, even when I know that I know the answer to the question. Invariably I must go through a certain amount of nervous adjustment before I can take an examination. My heart beats very fast, and I experience a feeling of fright. Then the struggle begins for the necessary recalls. After a few minutes I usually succeed but it is always necessary for me to make this adjustment. I can, however, remember several occasions when I failed absolutely to make the recalls, but I attribute that to the fear I had of the instructor.

This is a very unpleasant experience; consequently, I dread tests and examinations. I've tried very hard to overcome this, for I know that the most tangible and usually the quickest means instructors have of finding out what students know is by examination. It is strange that the fact that I've taken so many tests from time to time doesn't seem to lessen this dread to any extent. Already I am dreading the fact that I must take examinations (oral) in all the subjects I offer as the major requirements for my master's degree. In all probability this will not occur for two years, but I become terribly frightened when I think of it, and I say to myself, "Oh, I'll never pass it."

I've tried to analyze the cause of this, and have about decided that it is an indication of a complex, an inferior memory complex, if I may call it such. Therefore I am always trying to avoid situations in which I will be called upon to rely upon my memory entirely. I always fear that I won't be able to recall whatever is necessary, and I therefore do not care about trying. I do think this is in some measure the cause of this examination dread. I am led to believe this also because I have compared the feeling I usually have when I'm confronted by examinations of different types. In an examination of the essay type, where I must depend solely on my memory, I am usually more afraid than I am if the examination is of the new type. However, it doesn't appear that there is much difference between the two types in the amount I am able to finally recall; it is the feeling that accompanies the examination that is different. (D.C.N.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; B.S.)

AN EXAMINATION PHOBIA DUE TO OLDER CHILDREN'S REPORTS, RESULTING IN A HYSTERICAL OUTBREAK DURING AN ENGLISH EXAMINATION

When I was a child I liked school but was always intensely nervous about examinations. I think the reason is I had heard older children discuss them too much before I entered school. (I was taught at home up to the fifth grade; then when I became eight years old, I had to go to public school on account of the compulsory education law.)

I remember an instance in the seventh grade when I had finished my whole English paper except a composition. I left that until the last, as it was my bugbear. After trying several times, I became hysterical, crumpled up my whole paper, and threw it on the floor. The principal saw me, came down the aisle, sat in the seat with me, put his arm around me and talked soothingly. I stopped crying, became calmer, smoothed out my paper, copied it, finished it, and passed the examination. Had he reprimanded or punished me, as I seemingly deserved, I should have been a nervous wreck.

I have not yet been permanently cured. Sometimes I still have those seizures, especially when I have been under mental or physical strain. (V.V.G.C.; F.; T. in Preventorium.)

MILD ATTACKS OF WRITER'S CRAMP OR DIFFICULTY IN WRITING AT THE BEGINNING OF WRITTEN TESTS, UNSOLVED AND UNEXPLAINED

I have suffered more or less from writer's cramp. I cannot recall that I was ever very much agitated or worried about answering questions orally in a class, but I have always had a dread of the first few minutes of a written test. Very seldom have I gone into a classroom unprepared, and therefore the cause of the writer's cramp lies elsewhere. Just as soon as the examiner distributes the question paper, or uncovers the blackboard where questions are written, or dictates the questions, I am in the grip of a paroxysm of fear. I remember very distinctly my first departmental examination at the age of eleven. During the first few minutes of each examination I was almost numb, even though I knew I had no cause for alarm. The condition showed then, as it does now, in my writing and in a lack of continuity of thought. Sometimes I fully recovered before I had written many sentences. A short written test always bothered me the most. Sharp limitation of time on one or two questions would cause me to become "fussed," although I could have answered the questions orally with ease. During my undergraduate days I remember very distinctly being given a short biology test for which we were allowed about twenty minutes. We had to write our paper on a small arm of a desk, and I suffered from writer's cramp on that occasion more than on any preceding or subsequent occasion. I knew the work but had difficulty in writing the answers. The professor thought my standing in this test deviated too much from his grading of my class work and casually asked me what was the trouble. I have experienced a little of the same trouble in this class (in which a written quiz on one question was given daily). The strange thing is that I should experience this writing difficulty in connection with a question or questions with which I am very familiar. Fortunately the complex doesn't interfere with the answers, unless the examiner walks up and down the aisle and frequently announces "just —— minutes left," or unless I have to write in an uncomfortable place. (M.V.J.; F.; E.S.P.; B.A.)

PARALYSIS OF THOUGHT AND ALTERATION OF HANDWRITING FROM FEAR OF EXAMINATIONS, ASCRIBED TO DREAD OF DOING LESS WELL THAN OLDER CLASSMATES AND TO TIMIDITY; RECURRENCE AFTER PARTIAL RESOLUTION

My first recollection of being afraid of an examination began when I was sent to a consolidated high school. When the first series of examinations was scheduled I experienced an awful fear of them. I had led my class in a small ungraded school and now I found myself the youngest member of a very large class. I think perhaps my consternation was due to the fear of falling below the other members of the class, and to the fact that I was a very timid and sensitive child. During the first examination I was paralyzed mentally for five or ten minutes, and this state of mind returned with succeeding examinations. I held my pen for five or ten minutes without any flow of ideas except that I was conscious of the scratching of the pens of others, which confused me still more. When I did start writing, the penmanship was so different from my normal style that I hardly recognized it as my own. I always recover from this condition by beginning with a question that required no reasoning or judgment—one which can be answered verbatim—and gradually I became normal. I did overcome this condition somewhat in high school by trying to keep my mind on something else before the examination, by never preparing on the day of the examination, and by never discussing the examination just before it was held. All these things helped to keep me from working myself into a high emotional state. However, when I entered the Civil Service Examination and the Baltimore Professional Examinations, I lived through the same experience. I have mastered this difficulty somewhat but not entirely to my satisfaction. (W.M.; F.; T. of cripples.)

ORGANIC DISTURBANCES FROM FEAR OF EXAMINATIONS

Examinations have caused me a great deal of fear, and they still do. I have feared them all my life, and am not able to tell why. Just before an examination I really feel sick. My stomach feels as if it were churning around and around; even my heart seems to have an irregular beat. After I know what the questions are, my fear gradually disappears and I feel at ease again. It would be a great relief to me to find some way to conquer this fear. (K.C.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

(9) Stage Fright, or Fear of Appearing Before Audiences

In connection with this topic consult also the reports on bashfulness and timidity.

1. Summarize the respondents' deductions regarding the causes of stage fright and their suggestions for preventing or overcoming it.
2. Give other important considerations.

FEAR OF AUDIENCES, UNEXPLAINED AND UNCURED, BEGINNING AT THE AGE OF FIVE

My first fear of an audience came when I was five years of age, when my sister and I sang together. That is my first appearance before an audience that I can remember, although we had been singing together since we learned to talk. We were with our parents in a lodge hall. Two men lifted us upon a high platform to sing. A terrible trembling started in my knees. We were perched so high and people looked all eyes to me. I whispered to sister that I was afraid. She held my hand and that helped. My knees continued to shake, but no one knew I was frightened. I have been singing in public ever since, and although I have had much voice training, a terrible feeling of fright still comes over me and my knees shake when I first look at an audience. I always feel certain the audience can hear my heart beating. It is much worse in church, where all is so quiet. This is an instance in which practice has seemed to be of no help. Friends have assured me without avail that there is nothing of which to be afraid. I am not afraid of anything in particular; so perhaps fear is not the correct term. In speaking before an audience I have the same sensation. I haven't had training in public speaking, and can't feel sure of myself. People have told me that my fear is quite noticeable when speaking, but it is difficult to detect when I am singing.

The most difficult piece of work I was ever asked to do was to demonstrate the teaching of reading to eight primary teachers. I felt inferior, but the supervisor said I must help her. For days I could not eat. When I did eat I suffered from nervous indigestion. Neither could I sleep well. When the day came I was so busy taking care of the children and holding their attention in this unusual situation that I forgot to be afraid. That was the first time I felt at ease before an audience. (R.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

INTENSE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL UPSET PRODUCED BY STAGE FRIGHT, OF UNEXPLAINED ORIGIN

A third and last fear which I shall mention is that of audiences. I consider this one of my greatest early fears as well as one that was especially difficult for me to adjust myself to in later life.

I found myself at about the age of nine to be quite fearful of audiences of any size or kind. I cannot trace its cause to any particular occurrence which may have established a conditioned reflex as in the case of the two other fears. I well remember a number of particular instances when this fear strongly manifested itself.

One of them occurred when I was in the grades. At a special entertainment I was to recite "Jim McPhee of Tennessee." Although it is quite a long recitation I experienced little or no difficulty in memorizing it, but when I appeared before the audience it seemed as if almost everything that I possessed in physique or intellect became utterly useless or helpless. My salivary glands ceased to function, my tongue became all but paralyzed, my breathing was very hard and unnatural, my heart beat with sledge hammer blows, my legs became heavy and unwieldly and almost useless, and my speech became very unnatural and almost uncontrollable. However, I kept going and finally managed to get through with it, but only after I had exerted a very great amount of volition and had undergone one of the most strenuous experiences of my life. Some of my friends thought I was just trying to "show off," as they expressed it, while others said it was a case of fear or fright. Those who knew me best said the latter. As soon as I had finished and left the stage I began to feel exceedingly tired. I sat down on a sofa by my mother a short time afterwards and complained of being sleepy. She told me to lie down and go to sleep, so I lay down and slept for an hour. When I awoke I was apparently in as good a condition as ever.

Another fear of audiences which I recall quite well began when I entered the high school. We were, on this particular occasion, having our first practice for a forthcoming public entertainment. My part was the rendition of the oration of Webster Davis on "Liberty and Equality." The crowd was very small, since only those on the program were in attendance. I well recall that I felt especially good just before going on the stage. However, as soon as I walked out into the middle of the stage and took a look or two at those present, I felt horrified. I began to give my offering anyway and I got on fairly well at the outset, but about the time I got half way through with the selection, something went wrong with my tongue and breathing and I all but lost my voice. In fact, I did lose it to the extent that everybody noted the change, and looked at me more intently than ever. This seemed to furnish the last straw, for I soon became utterly speechless and had to leave the stage immediately. (L.I.S.; M.; T. in T.C.; M.A.; Age 36.)

PRECIPITATE ONSET OF A TRANSITORY SPEECH INHIBITION WHILE FACING AN AUDIENCE, CONTINUING FOR SEVEN YEARS AS AN INTENSE AVERSION TO READING IN PUBLIC, BUT NOT AFFECTING SPEAKING BEFORE AUDIENCES; METHODS OF RECONDITIONING BY COMBINING READING WITH SPEAKING

Had I begun my teaching career within the past few years, there would be no need of relating my experience. Today our schools are more pupil-centered. As it was, during my first year of teaching, I happened to be located in a small township high school where everything revolved about the teacher. It was customary for teachers to conduct the morning assembly in the main auditorium each morning.

Teachers would take their turn at reading the Bible at each of these functions. When my turn came I began vigorously and succeeded quite well during the first few days. As the pupils filed into the room, I stood daily on the platform with the Bible in my hands ready to begin the reading when they became quiet. On the fourth morning, however, it seemed as though the pupils were a little slow in assuming their positions. I kept my place, standing rigidly at attention, and the pupils at last were quiet. My time had arrived, but as I tried to read, I found that I could not utter a word.

Naturally, I was horrified, and the harder I tried to say a word, the more difficult it appeared for me to get control of myself. Finally, at the end of a period which seemed an eternity I looked about the room. Everything was perfectly still, so still that one could hear the ticking of the clock.

With one desperate effort I pulled myself together, looked at my text, and to my great surprise and delight found I was able to read. One could not exaggerate my embarrassment. It seemed as though an hour had passed during those brief seconds. When I finally concluded the assembly, my poise and self-confidence had disappeared. I appealed to another teacher to take my place the following day. During the remaining two years that I spent in that school I could not be prevailed upon to read again before an audience.

After a few years I realized what a serious predicament this was for a teacher, and I resolved to break myself of the fear. Accordingly, I would read brief problems to my class, and found that when I attempted to read during a conversation or lecture everything went well. I practiced reading announcements or problems to the class at various intervals. I soon found that my fear was decreasing, and after a time I became bolder and more self-reliant. But to know that I would have to read at a specified time was distasteful, and I never attempted to do this. Nevertheless, during the last few years I have had occasions to read before other groups in another school and have found that by forcing myself to strict discipline and courage I have been able to read and act quite naturally.

Public speaking of any nature, it is strange to say, has never caused me any trouble of any sort. So the means by which I broke away from my fear seems to have been to combine reading with speaking. Today I find no tendency for the fear to recur. This incident happened about eight years ago; it was only about a year or so ago that I felt able to read before an audience with any amount of ease and self-assurance. (R.K.C.; M.; H.S.T.; M.S.; Age 31.)

RECENTLY ACQUIRED DREAD OF SPEAKING BEFORE AUDIENCES OTHER THAN CLASSES, ASCRIBED TO THE TAUNTS AND CRITICISMS OF ENVIOUS HIGH-SCHOOL CLASSMATES BECAUSE OF THE RESPONDENT'S FREQUENT APPEARANCE BEFORE AUDIENCES DURING CHILDHOOD

As a child I was ever in the forefront, appearing in plays, debates, orchestra and glee club concerts, piano recitals, and the like. I could always talk to and entertain older individuals. But recently I have grown to dread and hate the idea of appearing before an audience as a speaker. Appearing with a group or at the piano does not affect me, but the idea of standing before an audience of five hundred or even fifty or thirty-five people arouses within me all kinds of emotions—awe, dread, self-consciousness, fear. Strange to say, the teaching of college classes does not worry me. One summer I had a class composed of 146 individuals, but I did not experience the slightest inhibition or trepidation. The same pupils who attend my classes make a large portion of the audience at chapel exercises, but I have never felt completely at ease about saying the few words I am forced to utter in chapel. I can remember when some of my high-school mates called me nosey and dubbed me an individual who always wanted to be seen, because of my appearances on school programs. Coming during the very sensitive period of adolescence, perhaps these remarks struck deep and may be the cause of my present retiring disposition. The emotions which are evoked by the audience situation usually precede my appearance. I dread and dread and think and wonder until I arise. During the speaking I forget my preliminary awe, and when I am seated I literally whistle with joy at having the dreaded ordeal over with. (A.H.T.; F.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.S.; Age 26.)

UNRELIEVED EMOTIONAL UPSETS WHEN RECITING OR SPEAKING IN CLASSES OR BEFORE AUDIENCES, ASCRIBED TO FEELING OF INFERIORITY ENGENDERED BY RIDICULE AND BEING NICKNAMED "NIGGER," AND POSSIBLY BECAUSE OF SEX CONSCIOUSNESS; COMPENSATION THROUGH DEMONSTRATION OF SUPERIORITY IN ACADEMIC CAREER

At the age of six I was considered a bold child. I was not self-conscious. I was able to speak and sing in public and at home before strangers. I continued this way for some time. After I began school I was considered a good entertainer because I was able to recite poems at various recitals. My self-consciousness began at about twelve, at the age of puberty. At the age of thirteen a large boy at school showed me how he masturbated and told me to try. I had never tried before, nor did I try in the presence of this boy, but a few days later I tried and found out that I could have an orgasm. This troubled me a great deal. I heard from other boys that this large boy was a "goof" because he masturbated, so I became frightened and worried over the fact that I might become a "goof" also. Discussion of sex or girl problems was taboo in our family.

My interest in girls began at this time, and I tried to "make a hit" with them, but did not succeed.

At the age of fourteen I entered the ninth grade in another school in a small town near our farm in Canada. I felt very inferior to these town boys. The teacher used to have us sit in the front of the room and read. At one time near the beginning of the school year my voice trembled when I read. As a matter of fact, it quivered so noticeably once that I had to stop reading for a short while, not knowing what to do. Incidentally, there were four girls in the class besides myself. Two years earlier I had been placed at the head of the class the whole year because of my fluency in reading, but now I could hardly read at all. However, I became accustomed to the situation and toward the end of the school year I had developed a slight feeling of superiority and could read without stopping or stuttering, or experiencing any emotional disturbance.

The following year I did not attend school but remained on the farm. The year after that I went with my uncle to North Dakota and attended high school. In this new situation I again experienced this feeling of inferiority, but it did not last long in the common situations of high-school life. I had no opportunity to recite or appear before an audience until the second semester. I had become acquainted with the school, and in the geometry class I was able to go to the board and prove a geometrical proposition without fear. It so happened that I was very proficient in geometry, and that gave me a chance to show my superiority. In one class I was asked to read a paper I had written. This I did, but was unable to raise my eyes from my paper for fear I would have to stop.

My senior year of high school was spent in a smaller school. There I felt superior as a senior and toward the end of the school year I was able to speak before the class or the whole school without experiencing any emotion of fear.

But when I began college fear of audiences again came back. I could not recite in class normally. My voice was not natural, and I stuttered through my recitation, at the same time experiencing a great emotional upheaval. This condition continued throughout my university career. In some classes I was able to recite without inhibitions or without suffering stage fright, but in other classes, especially in classes in which I was inferior to other students, my recitations were inhibited by the emotions I experienced.

When I took a course in public speaking I was surprised to find that most people were in the "same boat." At the beginning of the course I was in dread that the instructor was going to call on me to speak. But after speaking several times I noticed that the fear was experienced at the beginning of the speech and gradually disappeared, especially if I knew what I wanted to say next.

Now, at the age of twenty-six as a graduate student, I still go through an emotional experience when I am about to recite in class or when I am to make a speech.

I do not know that I can trace the exact cause of my difficulty. I was brought up on a farm and when exposed to a different environment I felt inferior to the group. I was brought up in Western Canada in a neighborhood consisting of Swedes and Norwegians. I was practically the only dark-complexioned boy in the whole school and the boys at times, ridiculed me and called me "nigger." At the age of puberty the girls did not like me because of my complexion. This made me feel different, and I often wished I had been born with a lighter complexion. Although I was the recognized leader in the country school I attended up to the age of twelve, I felt very inferior in the town school because my complexion was different. I was superior in academic work and was captain of the baseball team; but I was recognized only in these two fields. My feeling of inferiority, I think, is the cause of my "stage fright," and my feeling of inferiority may be partially traced to my complexion. It is interesting to note that, although my folks still live in the same district, I left at seventeen and have not gone back there except for a vacation. My feeling of inferiority is probably responsible for my life ambition also. I have worked my way through the University of C. to show the people that I am not as inferior as they imagined. I think this was a big factor in beginning my drive for achievement, because I was very sensitive about my dark complexion. I read that lemons would remove the tan, so I rubbed my skin with lemon to lighten my complexion. My inferiority complex I apparently developed because of the attitude of the group toward me. This made me want to withdraw and to play an inconspicuous role in the group, and when I was exposed to an audience in reading or in reciting I experienced a deep emotional perturbation.

My mother seems to have the same nature as myself, but my father does not feel inferior. Possibly some incident in early childhood may be at the base of my sensitiveness, but I am unable to recall anything. (K.A.S.; M.; T. Subn. Delinquents; Ph.B.; Age 26.)

STAGE FRIGHT INAUGURATED AT THE AGE OF FOUR BY A COUSIN LAUGHING AT THE RESPONDENT AS SHE APPEARED TO DECLAIM, RESULTING IN A DISLIKE FOR THE COUSIN AND A FEAR OF PUBLIC PERFORMANCE; ATTEMPTED CURE BY FACING PROBLEM SQUARELY AND BY THOROUGH PREPARATION; REASSURANCE FROM HEARING HER VOICE

The preparation of a speech or the organization of material on the subject is a pleasure to me, even though I know I will suffer acutely with stage fright when I am to appear. Just about the time I am to present my part of a program I experience a feeling of nausea and trembling of the hands and knees. Although thoroughly prepared, I never know just what my opening sentence will be nor have I any idea of how my voice will sound. The sound of my voice, however, always reassures me and carries me through.

When I was four years old I made my first public appearance at a church entertainment and I knew very well the few lines I was to recite. When I appeared upon the platform I saw a lady who was my cousin on the front seat, laughing at me. For the life of me, I could not recall a word of my recitation nor could I leave the stage. I called to my father to "come and get me." This he did, while the audience laughed heartily. It seemed to me that the face of my cousin was a picture of unfriendly mirth.

The associations then established carried over to my high-school commencement. I was seated on the stage. My first glance over the audience gave me the impression that this particular cousin was seated very near the front of the auditorium, and I was seized with an attack of stage fright. When my turn came, however, I arose with confidence and delivered my essay without a hitch.

The original experience created two problems for me: a dislike for my cousin and a fear of public performance. The first I have so nearly overcome that I do not have any feeling of dislike for her except when I meet her, which is seldom. The second problem I have faced squarely by doing to the best of my ability whatever is required, always making it a point to be thoroughly prepared. Nevertheless, I still dread public performances before adults. (B.E.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 32.)

UNRESOLVED FEAR OF APPEARING BEFORE AUDIENCES AND OF TEACHING IN THE PRESENCE OF SUPERVISORS, ATTRIBUTED TO THE ACUTE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING PRODUCED AT THE AGE OF TEN OR ELEVEN BY A MOMENTARY MEMORY LAPSE WHILE WALKING TO THE PLATFORM TO RECITE

Of my many maladjustments the one which causes me deepest concern is my fear of audiences. I have little difficulty in speaking while seated—because, I suppose, I am then less an object of attention. But to face an audience, large or small, with any degree of composure, still seems impossible of accomplishment.

As a rule, the entrance of my supervisors is without warning. But the presence of either of them is sufficient to produce a panicky feeling that makes it difficult for me to proceed with my work in a manner at all natural. My consciousness of paleness and other outward evidences of fear only tends to increase the difficulty. Gradually, however, I regain control of myself, and if the visit is long enough, I am able to proceed with my work and can, in a sense, forget that I have an audience. But if the visit is short, I cannot make a creditable showing.

I think my fear goes back to an experience that occurred when I was perhaps nine or ten. As a small child, I was called upon to sing and recite in all school and church activities. I had no fear of audiences then, and must have actually enjoyed my appearances since I was conscious of being looked upon as the most talented of my group.

On one program I had several numbers, including a long, difficult recitation which I had had only a short time to prepare. I can recall as vividly now as if it had happened yesterday my feelings while I walked up the steps to my place on the platform. Not a single word of my declamation came to my mind. Such a feeling of fright and panic I have never experienced at any other time. I felt that all eyes were upon me and knew my prized reputation was at stake. Although my memory returned by the time I had reached my place on the platform and I recited the piece without an error, never again did I have entire confidence in myself, no matter how well prepared I was, nor how short the recitation might be. "What if memory should fail me again?" This query always was uppermost in my mind.

From that time on I have avoided appearing before an audience whenever possible. Although I do not think I shall ever entirely overcome this difficulty, I shall follow your suggestions as faithfully as I can, and hope at least to mitigate the fear. (T.S.H.; F.; E.T.; Age 47.)

STAGE FRIGHT TRACEABLE TO PARTICIPATION IN A HIGH-SCHOOL DEBATE WHEN RESPONDENT WAS REQUIRED TO DEFEND THE NEGATIVE AFTER HAVING PREPARED TO DEFEND THE AFFIRMATIVE

I was never a timid or reticent child. I could always talk to everyone including strangers on the streets or at home. I reached my Waterloo in connection with a debate in my senior year in the high school. I had made preparations to defend the affirmative side of the question. But it was finally decided that I should defend the negative, and I was handed a paper to memorize. I did. The night for the debate arrived. The hall of the small high school was crowded. The four members of the debating team sat on a high platform. When the first affirmative speaker arose I sat and trembled, my heart was pounding, and I could scarcely breathe. I felt as though I had been running. At last my turn arrived. I started to speak, not knowing whether my legs would have strength enough to support me. Although I ordinarily speak in loud tones, my voice could scarcely be heard. At last when my knees seemed ready to give way, I was able to sink to my chair. I felt as though everyone was saying "rotten." The debate was a losing fight, so far as I was concerned, before I started.

In normal school I managed to avoid public speaking until I had to begin practice teaching. The first time I got up before the class the floor seemed to rise and fall like the waves of a stormy ocean. I felt ill, my breath came in pants, and my tongue seemed glued to a dry mouth. The little group of fourth graders perceived my discomfiture, and raised the roof during the whole period. But then and there I made up my mind that I knew as much as they did. The next day settled that crowd, and from that time the ordeal of facing a class of children was merely another experience.

But even now, I find it well-nigh impossible to stand before a group of adults and try to talk. My breath seems cut off, I cannot control my voice, and I simply race through at break-neck speed in a very low tone. I believe the reason for my conduct is that I am afraid of criticism from a group that might be superior to me. I feel that the group is laughing at me because I know so little. I believe the fright is produced by the fear of lack of knowledge and that it is not due to the fact that I am afraid to talk. I can sit in a group of adults and join in ordinary conversation without being bothered. Anyone who knows me would laugh at the idea that I suffer from inferiority feelings, but I do.

I do not know how to overcome this liability except to continue to talk, and in the meanwhile study and read so that I will have a background of information equal to most people. This might enable me not to feel so inferior when I am called upon to talk to a group of adults. (G.G.S.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 28.)

STAGE FRIGHT ASCRIBED TO AN INCIDENT IN WHICH THE SPEAKER'S ATTENTION BECAME IRRESISTIBLY FIXATED UPON THE PIERCING BLACK EYES OF A GIRL; PARTLY OVERCOME BY HAVING SOMETHING IN THE HAND WITH WHICH TO DEMONSTRATE TALKS AND BY GRASPING OPPORTUNITIES TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC

One of my difficulties of adjustment is a form of stage fright that seems to be restricted to small audiences, to talks that require memorizing, and to readings.

I cannot recall any dread of appearing before an audience when I was a small boy. My first recollection of the difficulty goes back to an incident when I was a sophomore in college and was giving a talk in church one Sunday evening. When I began to talk I noticed a black-eyed girl in the middle of the room from whom I did not seem to be able to move my eyes. Her eyes were so piercing that she seemed to be looking right through me. I became very nervous and was glad to finish my talk as soon as possible. Since that event whenever I am placed in a situation where the attention of the audience is focused directly upon me I become very nervous.

Realizing that my position requires me to talk before audiences on many occasions, I have tried to find some way to steady my nerves, and have discovered that I do not have any difficulty if I can have something in my hands with which to demonstrate my talk. Possibly this is due to the fact that my attention is focused on the object in my hand rather than on my audience or upon myself. I have also found that I can talk to a large audience easier than to a small group possibly because the attention of a large group is more scattered and I am not so conscious of their staring at me. Believing that I would be able to overcome this hampering timidity only by continued effort, I have never declined an opportunity to get upon my feet and talk. I am not now so nervous as I used to be. (W.T.F.; M.; Agr. Demonstrator; Age 30.)

AN ATTACK OF STAGE FRIGHT WHILE ATTEMPTING TO RENDER A VOCAL SOLO, WHICH PRODUCED TEMPORARY VOICELESSNESS BUT NOT INABILITY TO MOVE THE JAWS, OVERCOME BY FOLLOWING THE ORGANIST'S SUGGESTION THAT RESPONDENT IS REHEARSING TO HIM IN AN EMPTY CHURCH

The words *stage fright* vividly recall to mind an incident in my life when I was about twenty years of age and was requested to sing a solo in church. Theretofore I had participated only as a member of the choir in anthem selections. This particular selection had been rehearsed until they thought I was prepared to render it. Sunday came, the organist pealed forth in the prelude, and then gave me my cue. There I stood, transfixed, jaws automatically working but unable to emit a single sound. Ironically the title of the selection was, "God, Be Merciful to Me." The organist turned in consternation, saw my predicament, and said, *sotto voce*, "Sit down! Sit down!" I sat down, very much discomfited and humiliated while the organist continued playing as if nothing had happened.

Those of the congregation who questioned me, did not realize that my actions were due to an attack of stage fright, causing temporary vocal paralysis, but thought they were due to other causes.

It was very difficult for me to overcome this experience because I feared a possible recurrence. The organist, however, gave me an excellent suggestion in saying, "You are rehearsing to me in this empty church." When I tried again, I did not see a mass of faces rising up to smother me, but empty pews, and I rendered the selection very creditably.

Since that time, I have been able to make impromptu speeches or recite without the fear of losing my poise. (K.C.M.; F.; S.C.T.; Age 45.)

FEAR OF AUDIENCES OF ADULTS IN OTHER THAN THE CLASSROOM SITUATION

I am like the teacher you spoke of in class. I feel composed enough when I am before my pupils, but when I am compelled to talk before my colleagues I am certainly disturbed. I attribute this timidity to the fact that I did not have the opportunity while in elementary school, high school, or even normal school to experience the audience situations; that is, to come to the front of the room to do things, as is done extensively in school today.

My experience consists of a feeling of embarrassment, difficulty in choosing the words I want to use, and lack of ability to talk smoothly without my voice trembling. Even my hands and my limbs beneath me tremble. I tend to hurry through what I must say to get it over with.

Then I am thoroughly provoked with myself to think I could not control myself any better.

During the last ten years I have been thrown into situations in various clubs, teachers' meetings, and demonstration lessons in which I have been forced to face audiences. One odd thing is that a room containing forty children and as many as twenty-five adults, including a superintendent, supervisor, and twenty-three or twenty-four teachers does not bother me at all after the first three minutes. A demonstration lesson with that number of people in a room does not cause me any nervousness; but to talk directly to that many grown-ups would scare me nearly to death. I think facing audiences now is a little easier, but I am far from having reached a solution for this personal adjustment problem. (K.C.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

THE LOSS OF ABILITY IN INTERPRETATIVE DANCING, AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AUDIENCE FEAR, THE FEAR OF SINGING SOLO ROLES

When I was a child of about six or seven, I loved to perform in public. With a sweet, clear voice I partook in many little operettas at school. Especially did I love to dance. I remember putting records on our victrola and interpreting the music in little story plays accompanied by rhythmic movements. One of my favorite dances was done to a record called "The Jewels of the Madonna." I used a porcupine quill box as the jewel case. I danced around it, hugged it to me, and pretended to open it and examine my jewels. This play was my own creative achievement.

Once when visiting on Long Island in the presence of many relatives and friends and especially a very handsome boy to whom I had taken a fancy, I put a red rose in my hair and danced. It was an inspired performance, and I was much spoiled as a result.

At the age of twelve this activity stopped suddenly when I was stricken with a two weeks' illness which the doctor called sleeping sickness. I slept nearly all the time, and was troubled with the inability to express my thoughts in words. At the end of this period when I began to regain my strength and began to walk, I found that I was lame. A specialist in Philadelphia pronounced it a slight case of infantile paralysis. I stayed out of school for a year, losing many social contacts.

When at fourteen I went to camp in Massachusetts, I discovered that I now liked singing but disliked dancing intensely. Our singing instructor, a splendid musician, now the head of a fine boys' Cathedral Choir in New York, wanted to train my voice, but mother thought me too young at the time. But his confidence in me and in my voice has helped me greatly.

On the other hand, the dancing teacher was as discouraging as the music teacher was encouraging. I tried hard to please her and to recover my old enthusiasm for dancing. My leg did not bother me except when I was especially tired. But one criticism that she made—"E., you are scooping up clouds, not grabbing rocks; for Heaven's sake, don't be so self-conscious!"—spelled the end of all my interpretative dancing. My love of music and feeling for rhythm have largely waned. I can clog dance, folk dance, or do any steps which are taught me and I am a passable social dancer, but the old spontaneous, creative ability is gone. Perhaps I merely outgrew it and am blaming this woman too much. One thing she certainly is responsible for is my fear of appearing in public. I did a little dramatic work in high school, but the audience consisted of old friends and known faces. But in college, where all was new, a different situation confronted me.

I knew my voice was good; it had not changed since camping days, and I still loved music. So I joined a mixed chorus during my freshman year. I had no trouble when singing in the group, but when I sang alone, my voice behaved badly, I lost my breath, my knees trembled, the muscles about my lips twitched, and I was utterly miserable. I certainly was self-conscious.

Later I tried out for the opera "Hugh, the Drover," fearing and yet hoping to get a part. When I got the main soprano role my heart sank. Knowing how my voice and knees would behave, I explained to my director, but he said he needed me for the part, and that I would know it so well and become so used to it when we put it on that I would not think of being afraid. His assurance, my early training in operettas at school, the fact that it was a combination of a play and music, and the fact that I only had to play a part and did not have to be myself, helped me to go through with it.

I now sing solos in church without any fear, but I still do not like to know my family is present because I am afraid of seeing a smile if I put on the least airs to get myself over the tough spots. I have achieved my adjustment by soliloquizing as follows: "You know your song; you can sing it well; give them the best you've got. They are not here to ridicule, but to hear you. They might not even come if they did not want you, and they will feel worse than you if you falter. They do not want you to fail; they want you to succeed!"

I try to convey my love of dancing and rhythm to my children in the school room. How much must not young children require faith, understanding, and encouragement when I was so much dependent upon them even after the age of twelve! (S.E.; F.; E.T. in Private S.; Age 25.)

(10) Miscellaneous Fears

This section contains: (I) instances of fears not readily classifiable in any of the other groupings; and (II) collections of fears from the same individuals, most or all of which could have been included under one or more of the earlier rubrics. It seemed inadvisable to split up all of the reports because of the desirability of showing the multiplicity or variety of fears which have affected some of the respondents.

I

A BOY OF SIX RENDERED "COLD WITH FRIGHT" BY NOISE OF DRIPPING RAIN DROPS

When I was about six or seven years old I used to be terribly afraid of the noise made by the dripping of excess rain water after a shower. This, I believe, was indirectly caused by an inordinate fondness for the comic strip Hawkshaw the Detective, then very popular, plus an extremely active imagination. One night, it seems, I had gone to bed while a heavy rainstorm was in progress. The rain subsided, but the sound of the rain water dripping upon a tin roof from a clogged gutter became more noticeable amid the howling of the wind. Slowly the impression began to form within my mind of the villain Pete and his evil comrades outside my window trying to bore their way through into my room. I was cold with fright, too terrified even to call aloud to my parents downstairs. It was an utterly wretched night for me, and it seemed as though daylight would never come. This fear continued until I grew older and gained a little common sense which helped me dismiss this as a fancy of an excited mind. (N.H.W.; M.; U.S.)

TERROR ASSOCIATED WITH THE ODOR OF ETHER, RESULTING IN ILLNESS AND NIGHTMARES. STILL UNCONQUERED

One fear that I have never overcome is that of ether, the anaesthetic. My first experience with it occurred when I was about four or five years old. I was taken to the operating room, allowed to look out of the window down at the guinea pigs in a pen in the yard for a while until the attendants were ready, and finally placed upon the table where I was told to "smell some nice cologne." I went through a terrible experience in going under the anaesthetic. What made it so bad I have never been able to decide. There was no suffocation or nausea, but only a terrible "odor fear," which is as close as I can come to describing it. Two years later when I had to undergo another operation, I was positively sick with dread, and had to be carried to the operating room in a nurse's arms. Here I put up a feeble resistance, and was suffocated by the anaesthetist—this time a large powerful man—until I submitted to taking the anaesthetic. I again went through a period of terror. After this, in my dreams I would see myself led into a large room where scores of people were being administered ether for no ostensible reason at all; and just as the anaesthetists were coming to me I would wake up in a cold perspiration. The climax came when a few years later I was taken to a large hospital in Baltimore to undergo an operation. My parents, knowing of my dread of ether, wrote a letter to the doctor, requesting that if possible some other anaesthetic be used. When I was taken to the operating room and discovered that they intended to use ether, something seemed to snap in my brain. I tore the greased tissue from my eyes and fought blindly anyone who was near. They were astounded and highly indignant at my display, and after threatening me with gas to make me subside, administered chloroform, which I had no difficulty in taking. Even to this day I still harbor this dread of the odor of ether, and as I work in the laboratory and catch a whiff of the fumes from the ether I am using, I have to fight for a minute an almost overwhelming desire to drop everything and get away. (N.W.H.; M.; U.S.)

FEAR OF TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS, WITH SENSATIONS OF INJURY APPARENTLY LEADING TO A TENDENCY TO AVOID GOING OUT; POSSIBLY DUE TO PROPHECY OF FORTUNE TELLER AND VIVID IMAGINATION

My power of imagination is very highly developed, and at times an imaginary circumstance seems almost real. Sometimes when crossing a street, I have looked in all directions to see if any vehicle is approaching and have seen nothing in sight, yet I'll suddenly become very much frightened, jump to one side, and run across hurriedly. The feeling I experience in those few moments is a peculiar one. I imagine a car almost on me, having come from a direction in which I evidently hadn't looked (and that must have been up). I experience a feeling of having been hit, feel the pain of the bruises, and shudder to think how it all happened so quickly.

At other times I am afraid to walk down the street for fear of passing places where stray bullets will hit me. This feeling does not occur because of the type of place. It may be in front of a church, hospital, library, or in any reputable residential district.

On the day of our visit to Dixon I had such wild notions about the bus overturning or crashing into a train that I started at the last moment to remain at home.

I've never been in a serious automobile accident, so that will not explain the situation. I do remember, however, when I was about ten years of age, an old lady purporting to be a fortune teller told me that I would not have a lingering illness before my death, that I should meet death by accident and would not live to be thirty years of age. These things did not appear to impress me very much, and I just casually remember the occasion when they were told to me. Every now and then, however, they flash across my mind. I am quite sure that I do not believe in fortune telling, at least that is what I try to have myself believe, but I am wondering if this superstition does not unconsciously contribute to this fear of accidents.

I also am unable to say just how far this very idea unconsciously leads to my staying at home when I really would prefer to go out. I usually give other excuses for staying at home, but are they the real reasons? However, it is with no degree of regularity that I have these notions. (D.C.N.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; B.S.; Age 29.)

AN OVERMASTERING AVERSION TO RIDING IN AUTOMOBILES DRIVEN BY OTHER OPERATORS, ATTRIBUTED TO A HAIR'S-BREADTH ESCAPE AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN AND TO A BUS WRECK AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE, IN WHICH THE OCCUPANT OF THE SAME SEAT WAS KILLED; PRODUCTION OF PHYSICAL WEAKNESS AND NERVOUS INDIGESTION WHEN RIDING WITH OTHER OPERATORS; ATTEMPTED CURE

Of all the daily experiences I am subjected to, nothing is more nerve-wracking than the extreme misery I endure when riding in a car with another driver. No matter how cautious the operator may be, I cannot become adjusted to the situation, for I am forever thinking of the most dreaded accident hazards. When I am obliged to ride with another driver, I experience physical weakness, nervous exhaustion, nervous indigestion, and other maladjustments. If the car passes over a dog in the road, even though the wheels fail to touch it, I suffer an unconquerable fear.

A great many times I refuse to accept invitations to take trips on the traffic-burdened highways because of the unreasonable apprehension that through some unfortunate circumstance, not necessarily the fault of the driver, one's entire life's experiences, which have been so carefully guarded, could be wiped out in less than a fraction of a second. Because of this intense fear of riding, even with my brother, I recently declined a trip to Florida during my Christmas vacation. This exaggerated fear of road hazards, if I may call it that, overwhelmed me to such an extent that I decided to remain at home.

I attribute this fear to some dangerous experiences I have encountered while riding in automobiles. The most serious ones were a bus wreck and a narrow escape from what might have been a very serious railroad accident.

When I was eighteen I nearly lost my life while out driving with two companions, a young lady and her gentleman friend. I was on the back seat. The young man, becoming infuriated with his lady friend, accelerated the speed of the automobile down a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a railroad crossing. Suddenly a shrill train whistle sounded. Just as the automobile approached the crossing, the driver applied the brakes with all the force at his command. Even now I can see in my mind a vivid picture of the situation, the motor of the car extending under the gates, and the train whizzing by. We were saved by a hair's breadth.

Since this event, when I barely escaped from a fatal accident, I have each year grown more and more skeptical of the other fellow's driving ability. My fear was greatly deepened by an unfortunate experience I had five years ago, at the age of twenty-three, when I became involved in a serious bus accident, in which the passenger sitting beside me was killed. From that time until the present moment I have never placed my foot inside of another conveyance of that type.

When the situation demands it, and I must reluctantly ride in a car with another driver, I am always thinking of the worst that might happen. In spite of my vexatious anxiety, I never attempt to make any suggestions to the driver when there is a possibility of an accident. Restrained emotion, would you call it?

This antipathy to riding with others is, I am afraid, increasing, since the older I get the more cautious I am becoming in regard to motoring. I have an overmastering fear when driving with others, but feel very much at ease when I am at the steering wheel. I am trying to restore this lack of confidence in the other fellow's driving by acceptance of a creed I have heard from early childhood, namely, "What is to be, will be." At times my distrust proves to be very embarrassing because I am afraid of hurting someone's feelings. Besides, I am deprived of the pleasure of enjoying the company of others because of that ever dreaded fear of motor accidents. (S.V.D.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 28.)

MORBID FEAR OF EARTHQUAKES AND THEATERS CAUSED BY LISTENING TO FATHER READING NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF TRAGEDIES

When I consider my childhood fears, I can recall two distinct phobias which troubled me for a long time. One was the dread of earthquakes and the other was the terror which seized me in theaters. Both of these fears had their beginning in the fact that my father used to read the newspapers aloud in the evenings to my mother. I was a very quiet, self-contained youngster and was aware of many things long before my folks thought I was. I know that my father never would have discussed many topics in my presence had he suspected that I understood what was being said.

For years I had a vivid mental picture of a conflagration in which many children perished in a movie theater, because I heard father read newspaper accounts of it aloud. I have always been bothered by an abnormally vivid imagination, and I suffered nearly all the tortures of the victims of the theater fire. It was years before I could sit through a moving picture show. The first time I actually managed to witness a performance through its entirety marks an epoch in my life. On this occasion I deliberately conquered a powerful fear by sheer power of will. After my first successful attempt, the other times required less of an effort. Gradually I even began to look forward to going to the theater, but I was nearly twelve years old before I enjoyed a show free from fears of fire and death.

When I was young, Mt. Vesuvius, in Italy, was having one of its spasmodic eruptions, and the newspapers were carrying vivid accounts of the havoc that was being wrought. Again I listened to my father's readings of the new stories, and for months I never walked on the streets without expecting buildings to topple over. I remember running to and from the store, in order to get home fast so that the houses would not fall upon me. After a long time, when I saw that nothing unusual was happening on my street, I gradually forgot Vesuvius and no longer felt anxious about earthquakes and destruction.

My childhood fears were the cause of much worry, and show that adults should be careful of what they read and say in the presence of children. (C.C.M.; F.; S.C.T.)

FEAR OF BEING FOLLOWED, OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN

A feeling that comes upon me very often is that I am being followed. For almost no apparent reason this feeling suddenly appears at times. About three weeks ago, while on my way to school, I got on a very crowded street-car. A man on the back of the car gave me just a casual glance, and as I remember it now, I must have stepped on his foot. I became terribly frightened, paid my fare hurriedly, and pushed my way through the crowd to the front of the car. I looked around slightly and saw the man also pushing his way to the front. I quickly opened my pocketbook, took out a ten dollar bill and gave it to my friend who was with me, saying, "Keep this for me until we get to school, I'll explain to you when we get off." I was afraid to look around again. As we were nearing our street, I rang the bell, pushed past everybody, and was at the door before any one. After we were across the street, I looked around quickly to see if the man had also alighted, which, of course, he had not. I felt highly relieved and hastened to tell my friend why I had so unceremoniously thrust my money into her hand. I had no reason at all for this fear.

There are times when I may not even perceive a look in anyone's face and I have absolutely no reason whatever to become frightened, but I will almost run down the street, and will be afraid to look back because I know I'm being followed. (D.C.N.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; B.S.; Age 29.)

INEXPLICABLE DREAD OF BEING ALONE IN A BUILDING, DRIVING THE RESPONDENT TO INSPECT ROOM AFTER ROOM BEFORE LOCKING HERSELF IN THE LAST ROOM; POSSIBLY CAUSED BY A FRIGHT IN EARLY CHILDHOOD OCCASIONED BY SOME HAPPENING BEHIND HER BACK; FEAR OF BEING FOLLOWED WHEN OUT WALKING, AND ANXIETIES ABOUT STRANGERS

Some of my fears have become ingrained in my personality. One such fear which I have is the fear of vacant buildings. If I return to my own home alone, even though the windows and doors have been securely locked, I journey from one place to another, looking under beds and in closets until I have inspected the entire house. When I am to remain alone until evening I inspect each room carefully, locking the doors after me, and I finally lock myself in the last room. Even with such precautions I am usually miserable, for I am continually hearing "things" creeping in the other vacant rooms. This fear also applies to larger buildings, such as vacant school buildings and dormitories, and even post-offices which are entered at night. I find myself glancing furtively over my shoulder to see if perchance some "mysterious" something is stalking behind me. What the dreaded thing is I know not, and what it will do to me I also do not know. The emotional disturbance makes me jumpy for a time after leaving the building. I cannot find anything in my past to explain the fear, except that my parents often left me alone for short periods at night when I was asleep and told me of it the following day. No fear was evoked then as far as I can remember. I only wish I could conquer this fear. This fear may be related to the following anxieties:

When walking the streets alone, I "imagine" all kinds of things. Often I feel I am being followed and look back again and again to see if such is the case. If I meet a strange person face to face I often conjure up the most absurd ideas about him or her. "Suppose the person would snatch my purse." "Suppose he is crazy." "Suppose he should turn and pursue me." These and many other foolish thoughts play leap frog in my mind until I find myself reaching my destination at a trot. If any one were to ask me my reason for trotting I am sure I would refrain from telling the exact reason, for I realize it is a foolish way to act. Also, although I like dogs and cats and keep them around home, if I meet strange dogs and cats away from home I begin to think, "What if they are mad?" (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.S.; Age 26.)

TEMPORARY FEAR OF "BASKET WOMEN" INDUCED BY MOTHER'S THREAT; TIMIDITY INDUCED BY THIS FEAR, AND BY LACK OF CONTACT WITH BOYS, OVERCOME THROUGH ASSOCIATION WITH PLAYMATES

When I was a youngster under school age, I lived in a small town. It was customary for mountaineer women to sell baskets in the small town in which I lived during my pre-school days. As a disciplinary measure, mother would tell me she would call the "basket woman" and let her take me away. This would cause me to run and hide myself for fear they would get me. When I finally learned that they sold baskets for a livelihood and would not take me or harm me in any way, my fear disappeared.

The above experience along with the fact that I was never allowed to play with other boys outside of my yard, may have made me timid. When I was occasionally thrown in contact with other children, I was inclined to be backward and not aggressive, fearing that I would get hurt. After we moved to a larger town in which there were playground facilities and after I had associated more with other children, I began to realize that my body was just as strong as theirs. Gradually learning how to carry my own part tended to overcome this timidity. (C.E.M.; M.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

A FEAR OF MEETING STRANGERS, BEGINNING AT SEVEN, ASCRIBED TO LACK OF PLAYMATES IN EARLY CHILDHOOD, OVERCOME BY SEIZING EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO MEET PERSONS

When I was about seven years old I developed a fear of meeting people. I would always try to avoid visitors if possible by either leaving the house or going to my room. I believe this fear developed from a lack of playmates in early childhood, in consequence of which I hadn't accustomed myself to meeting people, and felt awkward and timid in the presence of strangers.

I overcame this maladjustment by the fight-reaction form of behavior. When I was about twelve, I read that one would not feel embarrassed by an introduction after one had met about five hundred people. I thereupon resolved to overcome my fear by taking advantage of every opportunity to meet someone. Gradually I outgrew my fear. Now I do not feel the least bit uneasy when meeting strangers, nor do I try to avoid meeting people at any time. (C.M.; F.; Student; Age 20.)

FEAR OF HOUSEBREAKERS OR NOCTURNAL MARAUDERS

To my high-school period belongs the inception of a definite fear that still recurs principally in anxiety dreams: the fear of the housebreaker or malefactor by night. Often my mother and I spent the evenings alone, and on one or two occasions someone actually did try to enter the house. An unspoken fear of mine at that time, which definitely shows the effect of my father's arrogant dominance over me, was that in a drunken and vengeful mood he might return to make trouble. One cold winter night as my mother and I sat reading, we heard a regularly repeated scratching at the screen of a window in the next room. We had no weapon in the house. Finally my mother suggested that I go see what was causing the noise. That I could overcome an extreme reluctance and comply was, I think, incontestable evidence of the subjection of my will to hers. The most frightened moment of my life, I am positive, was the one in which I drew back the shade only to behold a trailing rose vine being blown by the wind across the window screen. A number of incidents analogous to this, with no grown man about the place, in a Southern town with the usual amount of ill-feeling between the whites and the Negroes, served to increase an already existing fear of the dark. (K.D.A.; M.; Univ. T. of Psychology; M.A.; Age 32.)

A CASE OF MISOPHOBIA

I have a mania against dirt. I am continually washing my hands, especially if I am near water. If I am under a nervous strain I find myself washing myself and rubbing my nose and eyebrows. (W.H.J.; M.; E.S.P.)

INTENSE DREAD OF THUNDER, LOUD NOISES, AND GUSHING WATER IN THE LAVATORY. TRANSFER AFFECTS

When I was a child each peal of thunder left me shuddering, shaken, and tearful, but I admired the lightning.

This fear was later transferred to the noise made by water gushing into the lavatory. This caused me to assume a running position as far from the toilet as possible, jerk the chain, and run away.

Conversations with my mother made me realize the futility of these fears. But it was not until adulthood that they vanished. Even now I don't seek very noisy places. (M.M.M.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.)

CONTINUING INTENSE DREAD OF BEING ON WATER, POSSIBLY DUE TO MOTHER'S WARNINGS AND TALES OF HER NARROW ESCAPES FROM DROWNING

Water caused me a great amount of fear as far back as I can remember. I tried to overcome it when a boy by going out rowing with some playmates. On one occasion when we had been rowing for a short time the boat sprang a leak. The other boys were all excited, and I much more than they. A wild dive for the shore followed. I do not remember the details of this incident, but I do recall that one of the boys got ashore by catching hold of a branch of a tree and swinging himself to safety. Since that time my fear has greatly increased. It has so affected me that I have never wanted to go swimming. Even a ride in a large boat makes me feel so uneasy that I have never made a trip in a passenger boat. On two different occasions I was compelled to take a ferry in order to cross a body of water. In neither instance did the ride take more than an hour, but during that time I did not feel secure. My better judgment told me that nothing would happen, and yet I felt uneasy. If I were to list my fears in the order of their intensity I would put down fear of water as the first.

I do not know the cause of this fear. It might be related to the early experiences of my mother. She was born and reared in the Netherlands, where water is about as common as land. Her father owned a freighter in which he transported peat. His family lived on the boat with him since he never stayed in one place for any length of time. My mother learned to swim almost as well as to walk. She and her brothers and sisters had many narrow escapes in spite of their ability to swim. Frequently they would fall overboard and be drawn underneath the boat by the current. In such instances swimming would do no good; other members of the family would have to come to the rescue with ropes. My mother has often said that she was very glad she did not have to rear children on a boat. The dangers they faced were not dangers to her at that time, but they have become so since she came to America and had children of her own. She has often told us of her narrow escapes; in fact, they were so vivid in her memory that she often warned us to stay away from the water. She is afraid of the water herself, the fear having come upon her in later years after she had left the Netherlands. My mother's attitude may have been passed on to me. Her stories, which made a deep impression upon me, may have caused my fear. It is strange, however, that none of my three brothers possesses this fear. Though my mother's brother speaks the same way about water as my mother, the attitude of his son is the opposite of mine. Perhaps the fear which my mother undoubtedly imparted to us as children was developed to a much greater extent in my case than in the case of my brothers because my imagination helped it along. I can remember that for a long time after we had had the accident with the row boat, I rehearsed in my imagination the different ways in which I might have been drowned. Fear of water kept me away from water, and the more I kept away, the greater became the fear.

After making this analysis of fears I am wondering whether fear doesn't tend to drive us away from the object of our fears and whether this lack of experience with the object does not, in turn, serve to increase the fear. My work as a carpenter helped me to overcome to a certain extent my fear for high places; my experience with a dog decreased my fear of dogs; my experience with a few horses resulted in driving away the fear of the horses with which I was working; my mother did not fear water as long as she was living on it, but as soon as she discontinued this mode of living she began to fear, and this fear has increased as time has gone on. (B.V.A.J.; M.; E.S.; Ph.B.; Age 31.)

UNCONQUERED FEAR OF DEEP WATER DUE TO GOING UNDER THREE TIMES, PARTLY RESOLVED BY BEING IMMEDIATELY TAKEN OUT IN A BOAT; PROFESSING ENTHUSIASM IN EARLY TWENTIES FOR SWIMMING AS A FORM OF COMPENSATORY DEFENSE; VIVID IMAGES OF EVENT AT PRESENT

I am not subject to the fears that most women profess to suffer or enjoy, as the case may be. Just one thing really gives me a panicky feelig and that is a fear of deep water. For nearly twenty years I have fought to overcome it, with indifferent success. Before I had the experience directly responsible for my fear, I enjoyed bathing and was an ardent "fisherman."

It will be necessary to explain some of my earlier life before I can make it clear why I enjoy the water and fear it at the same time.

As a small child I had little opportunity to be near the water, but I always thrilled at the sight of boats or any expanse of water. When I was about ten years of age I spent several months at an ocean resort in New Jersey with an uncle. There I first experienced the pleasure of surf bathing, although I did not learn to swim.

When I was sixteen I spent some time with seafaring relatives in one of the Maryland towns bordering the Chesapeake. Everybody there could swim, and the girls and boys were willing to teach me. Since I had a natural love for the water I was a very apt pupil. All went well until one day when I overestimated my endurance and ventured out to the end of the steamboat pier. Having become tired and not knowing how to rest until I was able to continue, I began to flounder about and went down. I had been told that a person never comes up the third time. I can clearly recall to this day counting the times that I went down: one, two, three. I looked around hopelessly when going down the third time. The picture is as plain to me as if I had a photograph of it. One of the boys reached me in time, pulled me up, and helped me until someone brought a boat from shore. I felt rather shaken, but after I had relieved myself of a certain amount of water a young girl, who was a schoolteacher in the village, insisted that I go for a ride in a boat with her. By the time we got back I was much quieted and felt none the worse for the experience.

But that night when I went to bed, after the house was all quiet, I relived the whole experience. The mental agony of that night is another very vivid memory.

The next day I had a horror of stepping into the water, but would not admit my fears to the rest of the crowd and forced myself to go in, all the time fighting that all-gone feeling of trying to get to the surface. Nothing but the adolescent fear of criticism could ever have forced me to put on a bathing suit again. After I was grown I took lessons in a pool, and now I can swim fairly well as long as I know that the water is not over my head. In my early twenties I assumed an enthusiasm for swimming and bathing that I never felt. I realize now that it was a form of compensation. I would not admit even to myself that I was really fighting the fear of deep water. I never swim at a strange beach now without first wading out and getting an estimate of the depth and then swimming inside the safe zone.

Now that I am thirty-five, married, and have a family, I don't feel forced to be a sport and can gracefully stay near shore and still enjoy the stimulating effects of the water.

I am sure I would never have gone near the water again if it had not been for the good judgment shown by that young woman when she took me out on the water and kept me there until I became more calm. Forcing myself to go into the water the next day, and taking several courses in swimming, helped me to meet the situation. Nevertheless, although I have learned to swim, I shall never overcome that fear of deep water. (H.C.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

A TWENTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD FEAR OF WATER, ORIGINATING AT THE AGE OF FOUR WHEN PANDEMONIUM WAS CREATED ON A FERRY BY THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE VESSEL WAS LEAKING; ATTEMPT TO CURE BY DOING THE THING WHICH CAUSED THE FEAR AND BECOMING ENGROSSED IN THE BEAUTIES OF AQUATIC SURROUNDINGS

As far back as I can remember, I have had a great fear of water, especially if the water is deep enough to submerge me. No matter how gay and happy the crowd may be or what beauty and splendor may be exhibited by Nature's waterways, my feeling of fear is not wholly eradicated. Whenever I have occasion to go on a ferry or to take a boat ride on a little lake, the pleasure is often spoiled by my apprehension that the boat might capsize or a storm might damage the boat.

I never consider taking a ferry to shorten my route if I can take a highway to the place to which I wish to go. However, when others are along I try never to spoil their fun by exhibiting my fears. Always able to exercise control over my feelings, I often appear perfectly calm, although I experience the fear of water. I have greatly reduced this fear by trying to do the thing which causes my fear, in harmony with the suggestions offered in this course.

I trace my fear to a boat trip which my father and mother took when I was about four years of age. We were crossing the Chesapeake Bay, and the boat stopped at Tolchester to take on vacationists. So many got aboard that we knew the boat was carrying passengers beyond its capacity. Shortly after leaving Tolchester someone stated that the ship was leaking. Although the leak was a minor one, pandemonium broke loose. The word spread rapidly, and the people began pushing and rushing into the main part of the ship and crowding on one side of the boat. I can recall the expressions of horror on the passengers' faces. My father took me in his arms, trying to protect me from the mad, jostling crowd. The captain soon restored order by forcing the people back to the decks, so the boat wouldn't capsize. He explained that there would be no danger so long as the people obeyed orders. We were soon across the bay and aboard the train, but I refused to leave my father's side for the rest of the journey home.

For several years I was terribly frightened to be aboard a train if it were crossing water. About four or five years after this the *Titanic* sank. To hear persons discussing the terrible disaster served to refresh my memory of my old trouble. A few years ago I was on a ferry which was crossing to Annapolis. The weather was unusually rough and windy. We were sitting in the lounge when a terrible crash came. Someone remarked, "This old boat is half rotten anyway and not fit to be used." I seemed to be frozen to the spot, although I said nothing to the friends who were with me. The noise was caused by a large truck being dashed against the side of the lower deck. This was enough to spoil the remainder of my ride.

This summer my husband and I motored to Boston. We decided to return by boat as I wanted the experience more than anything else. In order to make myself feel that there was nothing to be afraid of, I planned to spend my time while on the ship in doing things and not thinking of my fear. I took part in all the sports and amusements while on board. In the mornings I would get up early enough to watch the sun rise and at evening I would watch it set. At night the moon left a path of silver

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across the water. Enjoying the trip in this manner left no room for fear. To my surprise, I made the trip without difficulty.

I know that I have not completely won the battle, but by "facing about" and meeting my fear I have been able to allay it a great deal, and I feel that as the years go on I'll be able to make more and more progress. (L.R.N.; F.; Jr.H.T.; Age 32.)

VIVID RECOLLECTION OF A TEMPORARY CHILDISH FEAR OF BIBLICAL CALAMITIES PRODUCED BY LISTENING TO MOTHER'S READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE END OF TIME FROM THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS, PRODUCING SLEEPLESSNESS AND SOBBING, THE REASONS FOR WHICH WERE SUCCESSFULLY CONCEALED BY RATIONALIZATIONS; NO INJURIOUS AFTER-EFFECTS

One childish fear I well remember, but I have no means of ascertaining how old I was when I developed it, or how long it persisted. It probably began when I was about four years old, and continued for a few weeks.

My fear began from hearing mother read from the Book of Revelations concerning the end of time, namely, how the moon would turn to blood, how people would flee, weep, wail, and gnash their teeth—all terrible words to my young ears—how the sun would be darkened, the graves would be opened, the dead come to life, and the earth quiver. To all this were added threats of woe unto this, and woe unto that. Evidently I accepted all this literally, for I plainly recall picturing the destruction most vividly. Night after night I cried myself to sleep thinking of the terrible time that was so soon to come upon us. If someone came to my crib to see how I slept, I pretended to be asleep. But my heart must have beat swiftly, for I breathed quickly and felt hot. In case the person heard my sobbing and inquired about it, I lied like a trooper, giving as excuses toothache, hunger, stomachache, thirst, or anything at all. I was quite careful to hide my fear. Even now, mother does not remember anything at all about this situation, so she must not have been unduly impressed by it at the time, but I most assuredly was. Recently I told her about this early experience, but she laughed and insisted that it was all the work of my childish imagination. But I know better. I can still see and hear it all.

Although I still remember the pictures of these Biblical catastrophes, I now view them disinterestedly and no longer fear such things. I cannot find any trace of warping of my personality from this, my strongest fear. (P.M.; F.; Jr.H.S.T.; Age 28.)

A HORRIFYING FEAR OF TUBERCULOSIS INSTILLED BY A MOTHER'S CONSTANT FOREBODINGS AND PREDICTIONS; REBUILDING OF HEALTH AND MORALE FROM A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE; RECURRENCE OF THE FEAR AND RECALL OF MOTHER'S WORDS WHEN CONTRACTING COLDS

A constant fear of tuberculosis has cast its effect upon me even to the present time, although I have been assured by my family physician that I have perfect lungs.

My father was of tuberculous stock, while my mother was kept in a very weak condition during pregnancy because of the added responsibility of caring for an invalid husband. A brother born two years after me died of the same disease only three weeks before my father died. This left my mother a widow at an early age to provide the necessities of life for herself and a three-year-old boy.

Being of tuberculous stock and having been in contact with tuberculous people for three and a half years, my mother felt that I, too, was subject to the same malady and would surely follow in the footsteps of my father and brother. Whenever I had a slight cold, I was confined in the house with little fresh air, and mother never failed to tell me and all who came near about her sad life and the fact that she soon would have to lose me, her only child and source of comfort. So frequently was I told of my father's life, how he suffered and died in the prime of life, at twenty-nine, that I became convinced that I would surely die of tuberculosis at an early age. I managed to live and develop under this strain until early adolescence when I was stricken with a severe cold and developed double pneumonia. Now my mother again deplored my sad fate and the prospect of my early death. The attitude she showed toward the dreaded disease made me worse, and, while I managed to live through the effects of the pneumonia, I was left in a nervous state, and developed the conviction that I could never get well because I was taken just the same way as my father. As a result of this conditioning, I lost hope in life; I dreaded it, believing that I was a victim of tuberculosis and that I was getting weaker.

But one spring morning when I was fourteen we were visited by our local banker, who asked permission to talk to me. He told me that he was stricken with the same disease and had lived through an experience like mine. He then related how Teddy Roosevelt, a weakling in early youth, by living a strenuous, out-of-doors life, developed into a robust man. He showed me pictures of young Roosevelt as an invalid and of the adult Roosevelt as President of the United States. Then he related how he, with experiences like mine, overcame his bodily weaknesses by living an active outdoor life.

During this period of hero-worship I readily accepted this robust man as my hero; and told my mother and everybody that I was going to do the same thing that Roosevelt and the banker did, and that I was going to get well. Much to my mother's surprise, I went out in the open and got a glimpse of the big out-of-doors. I entered school in the spring and joined in all the sports and physical activities of the pupils. In nine months a physical examination by our family physician showed, much to everybody's surprise, that I was in perfect condition, with 100 per cent lungs and no trace of tuberculosis. An examination last fall revealed that I am still in a healthy condition.

I base the cure of my nervous breakdown on the new outlook on life that was engendered in me. In spite of it all, with the appearance of the first symptoms of illness, especially a bad cold, I live again those early days of horrifying fear of the terrible disease, tuberculosis; and I vividly recall my mother's voice saying, "Too bad, my only boy can't live." Although I have not completely freed myself from the fear that has hovered over me, I am grateful for the example of the strenuous life of Roosevelt and the visit of Mr. Banker. Today I have developed into a well-balanced physical being in spite of the handicap of an early nervous breakdown and the ill effects of my mother's lack of knowledge of psychology and mental hygiene. (L.A.H.; M.; P.E.S.; Age 30.)

A SENSE OF CONTINUING FUTILITY AND FEAR OF LIFE AND THE FUTURE BUT NOT OF DEATH, ATTRIBUTED TO HUSBAND'S UNTIMELY DEATH AFTER FOUR YEARS OF HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

My greatest fear is of life and the future, and death seems the only desirable goal. I cannot get rid of this idea. To many people, I seem to have everything, a very nice home, a new car whenever needed, money enough, if properly used, to last throughout my life, and talent in music. Yet life is so difficult for me. When I awake in the morning, my first thought is, "Another day to live."

Since taking your course, I have tried to assume a different attitude, but I know that this feeling is growing on me. Years ago I had no fears.

When I was twenty-five I married a man with whom I was madly in love. During our four years of married life we were never separated for one hour unless business demanded it. It was an ideal life. We lived for each other. Then one day while working, he fell and two weeks later died from meningitis. For me this was the end! For five years I have tried to forget by working, studying, traveling, and following every suggestion offered. Working with children has constituted the greatest help. Since I am entirely alone in the world, except for my mother, who is seventy, life holds little joy for me. I cannot forecast the solution of my problem. At times it seems too great for me to solve. (G.L.J.; F.; J.H.T.; Age 31.)

II

FEAR OF TOADS, TURTLES, SNAKES, AND WORMS OVERCOME BY WORK IN ZOOLOGY

For many years the sight of these animals produced sensations of disgust and horror. The collecting, dissecting, and mounting of specimens for my zoology work overcame my fear, and most of my abhorrence, of these animals.

TEMPORARY FEAR OF INSECTS

Hornets, wasps, bumblebees, ichneumon-flies, June-bugs, lightning-bugs, and crickets, all frightened me. But like most country children I soon lost the fear of these insects, although the dread of the bite of the ichneumon-fly, or snake-feeder, as we called it, lasted longer than any of the others.

ALARM OVER MICE, RATS, AND BATS

These creatures caused alarm for many years, mice because they ran up skirts, rats because they had a poisonous bite, and bats because they would wind themselves in one's hair. I cannot now recall when or how I conquered this terror, but I think I am cured.

FEAR OF CATS AND DOGS

I have never entirely overcome my fear of dogs, probably because I have been severely bitten several times. The most recent bite occurred only two years ago.

DREAD OF GHOSTS DUE TO GHOST AND GOBLIN TALES

The "ghosts" of the night on a lonely farm gave me many a trembling, wretched, sleepless hour. I have lived through the horror of seeing a ghost in a white scarf on the bureau in the dead of the night, or on a white curtain, or on a snow-covered roof in winter, or on the plum blossoms of summer in the light of the shining moon. Oh, the crime of filling a child's mind with stories of ghosts and goblins! (S.B.R.; F.; H.S.T.; Age 58.)

[The respondent's terror of death lasting into adulthood, ascribed to superstitious tales, is described on page 134 of *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene.*]

FEAR OF BEING KIDNAPED BY GYPSIES ASCRIBED TO TALES OF KIDNAPING; CONCEALED TERROR OF HAVING LEPROSY AND TUBERCULOSIS, DUE TO TRIVIAL CAUSES; "DEADLY FEAR" OF COUNTRY DRYING UP AND DEATH FROM FAMINE, DUE TO A PROTRACTED DRY SPELL

In thinking over my early problems of adjustment those that dealt with fears seem uppermost. When I was a very little girl I remember I had a great fear of gypsies. Any mysterious-looking person that passed along the road seemed ready to kidnap me and was viewed with great fear and distrust. The reason for this was the current stories of kidnapers that every child is apt to hear.

About that age I began to fear diseases. I read the vivid description of leprosy in *Ben Hur* and because I had some slight skin infection at that time I was sure I had leprosy. It really would have surprised me if someone had told me I did not have it, yet I never could tell anyone of what I feared. Late one summer I had a bad cold. Twice I spit a little blood. I was utterly terrified. I knew I had tuberculosis. But I didn't tell anyone. Somehow I just couldn't.

Another worry that troubled me concerned dry weather. My home was in the country, and for three seasons we had unusually dry weather.

The gray hazy appearance of the sky and the red rays smote me with deadly fear. I thought our country might dry up, and we might die of famine. I studied the sky morning and evening. Of course I prayed for rain. This is a fear I have never been able to quite overcome. Dry weather is no longer terrifying, but it is annoying and irritable to me even now. (S.R.S.; F.; U.S.)

[For the account of the subject's fear of the flood and of the Judgment Day, see *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, p. 456.]

Various Minor Fears

A TWELVE-YEAR OLD FEAR OF THE DARK FROM BEING JUMPED AT IN THE DARK

One night my brother jumped at me in the dark, and for twelve years I was afraid of the dark. Whenever I was alone, I was almost driven crazy by the murderers and ghosts that I imagined. I would not go to bed without praying as I walked up the steps, and the slightest movement in a dark room would send shivers of fear down my spine.

When I moved to the country with my aunt I had to walk a mile from the village to our house, down an unlighted and very dark avenue of trees. For several years I was always afraid unless I had a piece of wood in my hands. Eventually I realized how foolish it was. I am not now afraid of the dark. I now realize how beautiful it is.

FEAR OF AUTOMOBILES DUE TO SEEING A DOG GET KILLED BY ONE

At the age of five to seven I was afraid of automobiles and traffic. If I saw a car a block away I would not cross the street. I was whipped for my stubbornness, but that did not break the habit. One day I saw a dog, which I used to play with, get killed, and I think that was the cause of my fear. This fear does not bother me now.

FEAR OF DOING THINGS WRONGLY OR IN WRONG ORDER

All my life I have been afraid of doing anything wrong. I always want to be correct. I hate to create scenes by doing anything wrong. If anything isn't in order and correct it makes me irritable and nervous. This fear always remains with me, although I have tried many times to rid myself of it. I don't know how this difficulty started. (R.G.S.; M.; U.S.)

[The respondent's shyness, attributed to the fear that people would put chewing gum in his curls, is recorded on page 123 of *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*.]

UNEXPLAINED PERSISTENT PHOBIAS: NAUSEA FROM LOOKING DOWN STAIRS, OR OVER A CLIFF, OR DRIVING BETWEEN RAVINES. TERROR OF RUSHING WATER

A feeling of nausea comes over me when I look down a stair, well, or over a cliff, or when driving on a narrow road with a ravine on each side. I have been able to control this fear, but not the feeling of nausea. When a child between eight and twelve, I used to climb trees with tears in my eyes in order to pose as superior to any boy in our town as a tree climber.

This was more of a terror than an unpleasant feeling. I was never able to control this fear as a small child but was ashamed of it and so "got around it." Because of this feeling I always filled the bathtub with the door open and found excuses for flitting back and forth until I could turn off the water. I never could hold a hose to water the garden. Social necessity forced me to conquer this fear when I grew up. This I did by reading a book or a magazine in order to divert my mind to something else. I have never had any fear of anything else on earth and have no idea what caused these fears. They were present as early as four years of age. (W.W.A.; F.; S.C.T.)

METHOD OF OVERCOMING FEAR OF THUNDERSTORMS AND OF PARTLY RELIEVING FEAR OF SPEAKING BEFORE AUDIENCES; AND AN UNCONQUERED FEAR OF BATS PRODUCED IN CHILDHOOD BY BEING TOLD THEY WOULD "GET TANGLED IN MY HAIR"

As a child I had no unusual fears except fears of thunderstorms, audiences, and bats.

The danger of electric storms was perhaps impressed on me at an early age by the loss of a favorite colt which was struck by lightning. Realizing what misery this fear can produce, I determined when I was sixteen that my small brother, then three, should not be allowed to develop the same fear. Therefore, whenever a storm approached I took him to a window or a porch and dilated upon the beauty of a storm. In so doing I overcame my own fear and prevented it from developing in him.

The audience fear came, I think, from an innate shyness. I have partly overcome this by many public appearances in connection with singing. When I sing I do not seem to be at all conscious of the "eyes" of the audience, and really feel very much at ease. But, on the contrary, when speaking before an audience or even a small group I am extremely uncomfortable and my expression (which in ordinary conversation is fairly good) is then very poor.

An extreme fear of bats I trace to my childhood when, in order to keep me out of a dangerous hayloft, a hired man told me that there were bats there that would "get tangled in my hair, and it would have to be all shaved off." I am still miserably afraid of bats, and the sound of the word or the thought or the picture of a bat makes me most uncomfortable. (L.S.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

FEARS OF FIRE, FIRE ENGINES, STEAM ORGANS, SNAKES, CATERPILLARS, AND OF PLAYING THE PIANO AND SINGING

I can remember years ago when I was about five or six being fearful of fire and fire engines. The very bells on the fire engine were enough to send me into crying hysterics. I can remember my mother becoming outraged at me. I do not know what caused it now, or how I got over it. We have spoken of it in later years, and my family thinks I became a nervous, unstable child following an attack of spinal meningitis at the age of sixteen months. (A recovery in general health and nervous stability followed an operation when I was eight years old.)

I would enjoy a circus and a circus parade until the steam organ came past; then I would have these fearful attacks of fear. I can remember running away and putting my head under a pillow on the sofa in my father's office. Even to this day I have to steel myself to the rasping noise these organs make, and inside I am all nervous and excited, but do not go and hide.

My only real phobia with external signs, is of snakes, caterpillars, and other crawling things. Only the other day I sat on the steps of Peabody Hall, and put my purse down on the steps near me. As I took the purse up preparatory to going back to class, I found a caterpillar on it. I threw the purse at least six feet from me, and the person with me had to pick it up and brush the caterpillar off before I could touch it again. I was quite upset internally and almost panting. Of course, I laughed at myself—but I have been afraid of these things since I was a tiny child. My earliest recollection of this fear is that when I was about six years old, I was playing in our yard with my brother and suddenly turned and found a long, green, slimy caterpillar on my bare shoulder. I promptly had hysterics. My brother brushed it off, and mother rushed out to see what was the matter. If she had petted and encouraged me in this foolishness I should say that my present fear was a desire for this, but she did not. She was a very wise mother in these situations.

I have no fear of getting up before an audience to speak, and am quite used to doing it both in my work and in church affairs. But if I have to perform, or play the piano, or sing even the tiniest solo part in a choir, I am a wreck over it. I explain it to myself in this way. In speaking to an audience I am giving something that isn't me; I am giving something that is external to myself; but singing or playing is a part of me and can be criticized, and I loathe to be criticized about something I produce.

I realize this fear of criticism has some basis and cause, but what it is I don't know. I have never traced it back; the only thing I can think of at all is that once in my late teens when I thought I was singing remarkably well, some musical neighbors laughed, rather scornfully, at my attempting a certain song. I was in my own house with no one there when these neighbors, whose house was very close to ours, laughed out their window at me and made these awful remarks. I can remember how it hurt, and how angry I was at the time. Now whether this is still subconsciously influencing me, I don't know. Singing in a choir or chorus has no terrors, but rather joy, since I am one of many, and my voice blends in, instead of being a solo voice calling attention to me. (C.M.I.; F.; S.C.T. and Mental Examiner.)

PHOBIAS OF DARKNESS, RATS, SPIDERS, SNAKES, AND TRAMPS, RESTING UPON A NEUROPATHIC SOIL

From an early age my life was characterized by fears of various kinds. In the beginning it was the fear of darkness and of being left alone. This fear was due to the infinite number of stories I heard other children tell, in all of which the gruesome and uncanny plots occurred in the dark. This same fear has, in a way, lasted up to the present time. However, when I was a child it was the fear of the unknown to be coped with in the dark; at present it is a fear of the very much known: tramps, thieves, mice, rats, snakes, etc. I have been able to master this fear to a great extent when in a closed environment, such as a house. However, it is still a vital part of my make-up when I am in the open, as along roads, in the streets, and in open fields. I resort to keeping my mouth partly open and my teeth clenched when traversing such places ready to make at least one out-cry should I be accosted.

Another fear which dates from my early life and which I have never been able to overcome is the fear of rats and mice. As a young child I remember having had a pet mouse about an inch long for which I bartered a penknife. Later, however, I was told the most gruesome tales of how a certain woman had fought rats which had attacked her. Although I do not know definitely, I believe my present fear dates from that time, and that my fear of mice is due to their similar appearance. Several times in the past five years I have lost consciousness shortly after seeing a rat skip across a floor. Once I was unconscious twenty minutes after seeing a dead rat in a trap in my home. Within the last few weeks I saw a mouse about three inches long cross a hole in my room and I was at once afflicted with (a kind of) trembling, after which my body was covered with perspiration.

Another fear prominent in my life was the fear of spiders. This intense fear I was able to overcome by reading children's stories (Mother Goose, etc.) in which spiders are so pictured as to be attractive rather than otherwise. I still have a feeling of extreme repugnance (bordering on fear) at the sight of centipedes, water bugs, roaches, and similar crawling creatures.

A fear which has only come into existence in the past few years is the fear of snakes. Although I have never seen a snake (except in the zoo)

I have a horror of walking anywhere near the edge of the road in a small town or in the country, where one may possibly be found. I believe this fear to be due to ignorance of snakes, to not knowing which are harmful and which are not, the warning they give, if any, what they look like in the woods, treatment if bitten, et cetera. (H.W.; M.; U.S.)

FEARS OF CLOSE PLACES POSSIBLY TRACEABLE TO TWO CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES. FEARS OF TRAMPS AND STRANGERS, AND NIGHTMARES AND DREAMS ABOUT BEING KIDNAPED, ASSOCIATED WITH FEARS OF SEXUAL AGGRESSIONS; SEX EXPERIENCES

I doubt if I have ever had any fears intense enough to be termed phobias or to be responsible for any particular problems. But I experienced the usual childish fears, such as fear of the dark, of snakes, tramps, Negroes, getting lost, being kidnaped, close places, and so forth. All of them I outgrew more or less, but two were more lasting.

One is a panicky feeling in close places, especially when I am between two walls or concrete objects. A crowd doesn't particularly bother me, but squeezing between two rocks, or going into a cave or into a mine takes a great deal of courage. This used to be more noticeable than it is now. I couldn't crawl through culverts as my playmates did. This peculiarity may have been initiated by the following experiences: I crawled under the bed once to hide from my sister but thought I would die before I could get out again. The following incident was related to me by my mother a few years ago. Once when I was about two years old (I was able to run around), I hid behind the kitchen range which they had tried to keep me away from. My older sister came peeking around the corner at me and I started to laugh, losing my balance. To save my face, I put my hand up, but the wall was too close and I received a severe burn.

My other most noticeable anxiety is the fear of tramps and strange men, and of being kidnaped. As a child I often had terrible nightmares about some man chasing me or about being kidnaped. The following is a typical dream. My younger sister and I, on our way to school, saw a wagon coming down the road. I jumped across the fence and started across the field and, of course, was always caught just as I awakened. My mother chased me around the house three times one night and finally had to awaken me by calling.

I had a similar fear of tramps. Even when I was twelve years old, and was sent after the cows in broad daylight, I planned elaborate defense activity in case someone should start to chase me. If I saw an automobile coming, I did not take chances, but cut across the field, hiding behind trees until it had passed, my heart beating wildly and my imagination keeping pace. When a strange man came to our place, I would hide or run to mother.

At the age of seventeen I was going back to college from Des Moines. The bus did not make connections in Iowa City, so I had to take a train which did not leave until 3 A.M. I spent the early part of the evening in the waiting room of the hotel or the bus station. A Negro bellboy first asked me if I wanted some stationery or ink, to which I said no. Later, he returned and asked me to go to a party with him that evening. I could only say, "No, thank you," but I thought that was enough with the look I gave him. Suddenly, I became almost paralyzed with fear. I knew I should leave but I was afraid to move. Again, he came back and asked if I didn't want to get a room, offering me some money. I became deathly pale and unable to say a word, but seeing a taxi in front, I threw the money away and made one dash for it. For a while thereafter I found it very hard to travel at all. I was suspicious of every one and was unduly anxious. But I have had to travel a great deal since, usually alone in large cities, and have been able to overcome the fear to a great extent, largely through rationalization and habituations—that is, being continually confronted with strangers. As a youngster at school, I had heard secretly about the sexual immorality of two of the neighbor's children. It was mysterious to me and I knew it was very wrong, but I was unable to discuss it with anybody. I also overheard a neighbor lady talking about a girl who had been kidnaped and insulted. This recital made a strong impression on me, and kidnaping became associated with the fear of sexual assault. I started to masturbate at about ten, and have continued the practice occasionally until last year. It makes me feel timid and ashamed of myself. Until reaching the age of puberty, I had many apprehensions and anxieties about sex matters. I had never discussed such matters with anybody but had received bits of unconnected information here and there. At this time, however, my sister talked to me frankly about the matter, and I took it very seriously. (G.D.H.; F.; Grad. S.; B.A.; Age 23.)

Chapter III

DREADS, ANXIETIES, AND WORRIES

THERE are probably elements of fear and feelings of inadequacy and diffidence in all dreads, anxieties, and worries. Sometimes the fear-inferiority complex is the cause and sometimes the effect of worries and anxieties. Some of the anxieties described in the case reports are suggestive of anxiety neuroses and of mild obsessions.

1. What suggestions of practical value are contained in these reports for the prevention and cure of worries?

2. What are the most important essentials in the mental hygiene program for combating anxieties and worries?

References

Burnham, pp. 102, 203, 223, 312, 323, 342, 642.
Howard and Patry, pp. 256 f.
Kirkpatrick, pp. 359 f.
Menninger, pp. 70, 74, 134, 138, 255-7.
Morgan, pp. 15, 89.
Richmond, pp. 213, 242, 245, 259.
Shaffer, pp. 5, 203, 228, 251 f., 262-266, 268, 383.
Sherman, pp. 208-216.
Symonds, pp. 2, 42, 55-57, 65, 87 f., 215.
Wallin, pp. 12 f., 125, 137, 149, 179, 355, 403, 413, 456, 462.

INSISTENT WORRY ATTRIBUTED TO HEREDITARY DISPOSITION

This difficulty has been the bane of my existence. I have always considered it inherited because both my father and his father, and my mother and her mother were great "worriers." For as long as I can remember, the least little thing has given me great concern. I have provoked untold trouble for myself by worrying over imaginary ills; I have worried the slightest pain into the most serious ailment a person can have.

Through the constant practice of mental control I have succeeded in decreasing the frequency of occurrence and depth of these worries, but I have not fully overcome the difficulty. (T.R.C.; M.; State Director of Spec. Ed.; M.A.)

[Is this a matter of heredity or early emotional conditioning?]

ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION OF COMING EVENTS, OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN CAUSING SLEEPLESSNESS, DREAMS, AND SLEEPTALKING; COMPULSION TO HURRY

I was subject to anxieties from my earliest recollections. I think this trait was acquired, but at the same time I fully believe that I inherited a nervous system thoroughly capable of remarkably easy development along this line. I recall quite clearly the occasions of many of my anxieties, such as entering school, my birthday, circus day in town, Christmas Day, the last day of school, concerts, picnic days, special shows, and many other special days in my early childhood.

I recall quite clearly how I anxiously anticipated coming events like those mentioned above. It seems that I would spend the entire day thinking about them and then the whole night dreaming about them. Sometimes I got myself worked up to such a nervous pitch that I could not sleep at all. I was told that I usually talked about such events in my sleep both before and after their occurrence. In some cases I would awake in the night and think—for hours it seemed to me—about some particular event. This was usually immediately before or after it had taken place. Nearly always I was wide awake and frequently up a couple of hours before any one else on the day that the event was to take place.

Another type of anxiety that seemed to affect me greatly as a child was associated with getting somewhere or getting back rapidly. I seemed always very anxious to get started. On the way I would want father to drive a little faster all the time. I would mention the fact that the roads were especially good here, that the car was running nicely that day, that driving fast would build up the batteries so much more quickly than driving slowly, and a thousand other things to produce a little more speed. I could always think of good reasons why we should speed up in order to gratify my anxiety to get where we were going whether we were going to do anything after we got there or not.

I hardly know whether this is unusual, but I do know that many of my childish anxieties made it rather difficult for me to adjust myself in later life. (L.I.S.; M.; T. in T.C.; M.A.; Age 36.)

WORRIES, TIMIDITIES, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, FEELINGS OF INSECURITY AND INFERIORITY ASCRIBED TO THE MORBID DREAD INDUCED BY A DYING MOTHER'S WARNING REGARDING UNSYMPATHETIC STEPMOTHERS; OVERCOME BY THE RESOLUTION TO FACE THE FACTS

At some point in my youth my emotional development was nearly arrested, perhaps due to emotional shocks which I had at an early age. My parents both died when I was quite a small child, mother when I was five, and father when I was twelve.

My whole emotional life was one big bundle of inhibitions. During mother's lingering illness there were restrictions upon restrictions, and no one in the house was able to lead a normal life for a year and a half. I, the youngest member in the family, was wrapped up in mother's love, an infantile emotional fixation characterized by a morbid apprehensiveness for her, which was intensified greatly a few days before she died.

One hot day in July as I was sitting by her bedside, fanning her, I fell asleep, but was awakened by her statement, "You had better wake up and cool me, so that I can be here as long as possible with you. Pretty soon you will have a stepmother who will not treat you as I have." She died two days later, and that remark hovered over me and darkened many a day in my early childhood. My fears, timidities, pessimism, and lack of self-confidence, can, I believe, be traced to the morbid dread which I acquired from this remark which she was not conscious of making. It affected my whole life.

To cap the situation, father felt the necessity of marrying again to have some one to care for the small children. So I got the stepmother whom my mother had predicted. I had often been told of the horrible experiences stepchildren suffered at the hands of stepmothers. Ours was a good example. Father cautioned us not to look for the qualities in her that we had heard of in other stepmothers, but to look for the qualities we saw in our real mother. This was very easy for him to say, but as children will do, we did just the opposite of what he told us to do.

The stepmother entered the home, as we expected, a domineering personality. I was of a retiring disposition and became more retiring when I did not receive the same affection as I had received from my mother. If my brothers and sisters resented anything she did, I would fall in line, but I was never the leader in provoking disagreements. In a large family of nine, of which I was the seventh child, it was difficult to be very outstanding, and I began to feel that I was somehow alien to and detached from the general current of life in the home, incapable of sharing the sentiments that seemed to guide others. At Christmas time, for instance, when others seemed to feel the spirit of the occasion and went about their preparations with the cheer that I did when my mother lived, I would feel like a stranger and seemed to experience the unreality in the whole situation.

I was excessively timid in certain types of situations and in personal contacts. Although I managed to finish school, excelling some classmates whom I considered much smarter than I was, I always had a feeling of insecurity and was never quite certain of myself. Faced with a new piece of work, though it might be identical with others I had successfully performed, I would always feel unqualified to perform it until I had actually entered upon the task. In the presence of other people of my social and professional standing I would retreat as far as possible into the background, feeling that everyone else was more capable of dealing with the problems than I was.

Suddenly realizing the importance of facing and solving life's problems for myself without the aid of a mother, and having some sisters who were dependent upon me, I had to begin life anew. "Face the facts at hand and master them," became my keynote. Gradually I began to feel that I was quite as capable of mastering new situations as any one else. I now feel normally capable of mastering a new job. (L.L.C.; F.; C.; School Nurse; Age 26.)

FEAR THAT GRANDFATHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN BURIED ALIVE FROM CHILDREN'S REMARKS THAT PERSONS ARE OFTEN BURIED ALIVE; BELIEF THOUGHT TO BE CONFIRMED BY LATER VISION OF GRANDFATHER; RESOLUTION OF DIFFICULTY BY RATIONAL EXPLANATION

My paternal grandfather died suddenly just before my seventh Christmas. He was very kind to me, and his death was a great shock. He looked so lifelike in death that I wondered if he were really dead. Some neighbor children to whom I mentioned my perplexity told me that people were frequently buried alive. I suffered intensely. I did not want to say anything about it to my parents, lest they might feel badly. My brother said he didn't know whether grandfather was buried alive or not, but added, somewhat practically, that it was too late to do anything about it if such were the case. The Christmas season brought little cheer, since Grandpa wasn't with us to play Santa Claus. One evening I was dozing behind the stove when I heard a noise on the porch. I looked out the window, and plainly saw my grandfather as I had seen him many times, looking in at the window as he took off his overshoes. He was dressed for winter, with overcoat, scarf, and ear muffs. I tried to let him in, but I couldn't move. I saw my father start to cry, and my mother cling to him and ask him not to leave. Grandpa looked in again, and then turned away. I felt very sad. I was then sure that he had been buried alive. I told my other grandfather about it next day. He showed me on purely physical grounds that my father's father had not returned. He pointed out that Grandpa was not buried in his hat, overcoat or earmuffs, and that visions such as I had experienced were not uncommon to children. His explanation satisfied me. He also explained the lifelike appearance of the remains. He indicated that the nature of the disease that took my grandfather, acute bronchial pneumonia, was of such a character that the deceased did not look wasted. I did not worry about my grandfather's burial or whereabouts thereafter. (H.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 38.)

CONSTANT WORRY ABOUT FATHER'S BURIAL, DUE TO ATTENDING A FUNERAL AND HEARING REMARKS THAT FATHER MUST DIE

Practically all of my worries were merely childish fancies, but they were real to me during a part of my early boyhood and often produced genuine anguish. Whether they left any permanent effects I cannot say, but they surely produced annoying temporary results.

One of my earliest worries was about the life of my father. When I was four years of age my favorite uncle died and was buried. I attended the funeral with my parents, and it was on this occasion or visit that I was told by one of my older cousins that everybody would some time die and that their friends would call and help bury them in the ground as her father had been buried that morning. She continued her explanation about death, burial, etc., and finally ended—to make it more forceful to me—by telling me that my father would die some time and that the people would come and get him and bury him. I recall distinctly that for months afterwards every time any one came to our house and called for father I thought that he was calling for him for the purpose of taking him out and burying him. To be sure, I told no one about my predicament, for I did not know enough to do so. I kept these things within my mind for a long time, always worrying, because, father being a peace officer, we usually had quite a number of callers. (L.I.S.; M.; T. in T.C.; M.A.; Age 36).

OBSESSIONAL ANXIETY ABOUT MOTHER'S HEALTH, WHICH HAS NOT BEEN OVERCOME

I believe that to worry is a sin, and I hate to sin deliberately, but to free myself is a mighty hard task.

All my life my mother has been subject to certain pulmonary disorders. She has had pneumonia three times and pleurisy twice within the last five years. Every winter for six years she has had chronic bronchitis. I hate to see winter come on her account. She hibernates from December to April.

The woman who lived next door to us died about eight years ago with a cancer of the lung. It had never occurred to me that mother had such a thing until one day after she had recovered from pleurisy. I stopped at the doctor's to pay the bill. The doctor said, "You'll have to take care of your mother: she has a spot on her lung." That was all that I needed to recall Mrs. B.'s horrible death. Since then the thought that mother might have to suffer in the same way has been a constant bugbear to me. I go to bed thinking about it and awaken with it on my mind. If mother coughs in the night it almost always awakens me. I think about it every day. I pray every day that she will be spared such suffering. I trust God and I believe that He answers prayer, yet I can't put out of my mind the fear that that very thing might be in His plan for her.

This has become an obsession with me from which I surely yearn to be released. (W.K.E.; F.; Sub. H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 31.)

CHAPTER IV

BASHFULNESS, TIMIDITY, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, AND SECLUSIVENESS

1. What are causes of bashfulness, distrust, self-consciousness, seclusiveness, and timidity other than feelings of apprehension, dread, fear, insufficiency, and inferiority?

2. What are the processes of conditioning most frequently responsible for these crippling shortcomings?

3. What information do the reports contribute on these questions?

4. Outline mental hygiene measures for correcting these handicaps.

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Morgan, pp. 88 f.
Rivlin, pp. 10, 79, 243, 255, 261, 373 f., 381.
Shaffer, pp. 151, 173.
Sherman, pp. 13, 71.
Wallin, pp. 123, 127, 138, 140, 146 f., 172, 180, 182 f., 213, 242, 352, 448 f.

TIMIDITY, SHYNESS, AND TONGUE-TIEDNESS IN THE PRESENCE OF BOYS; SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND FEELING OF INFERIORITY ASCRIBED TO CONSCIOUSNESS OF UNUSUAL SIZE AND TO SUPERIORITY OF SISTER

A feeling of inferiority or lack of self-confidence has always troubled me. I had an older sister upon whom I depended more or less and always regarded as most superior to myself. It was particularly in regard to boys that my sense of inferiority was strongest. I never expected them to like me. I never could see why one should choose to pay me attention, because I was too serious and shy, and far too tall. In fact, I have often wondered how much difference it might have made upon me if I had been of medium size or little rather than large. In the presence of boys I was dreadfully tongue-tied and self-conscious. I would have liked to have been otherwise, but I just couldn't be different. I never have overcome the difficulty entirely, but I have changed as I have grown older and have obtained a better understanding of life through the study of psychology. (S.R.S.; F.; U.S.)

SECLUSIVENESS DEVELOPED DURING ADOLESCENCE FROM SENSITIVENESS REGARDING FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL STANDING

During adolescence I developed the habit of withdrawing from the group of boys and girls I had "run" with during childhood because the wide gap in wealth and social standing became more and more apparent. My father was poor, and theirs were rich. This tendency toward seclusiveness continued into my college life, when it became more pronounced, especially during vacation periods while I was back at home. The result is that I do not number even one of my childhood associates among my close friends.

This has given me great concern in recent years; I have begun to wish that I had kept up my "bold front" and made an effort to retain their comradeship. I feel my sensitiveness was unduly overactive.

By constant use of will power I have been able to effect a corrective as far as my later college life and adulthood is concerned. I have learned to base equality on standards other than wealth and social position, and I find myself much happier by doing so, especially since I have learned to associate with all kinds of people without experiencing any shyness. (T.C.R.; M.; State Director of Special Education; M.A.)

CONTINUING OBSESSIONAL MISTRUST ATTRIBUTED TO TENDENCY OF PARENTS AND OLDER BROTHERS TO TREAT RESPONDENT AS A CHILD, AND TO ASSUME AN ATTITUDE OF DOUBT REGARDING HER PERFORMANCES

Doubting myself is one of my greatest maladjustments. It causes me unnecessary mental torture. No matter what I do, I wonder if I could not have done it in a better way. When I converse with people, I think over the conversation later and wish I had said something else. If I am the last one to retire, when I get upstairs I wonder if I have turned the lights off or locked the doors. I lock my school desk, but when I get home I doubt that I did it. Once I start thinking that I may not have done something, I can secure no peace until I find out. When I go back and check on my actions I always find everything is all right.

Since I have been pursuing this course in mental hygiene, I have tried to get at the root of my trouble. I feel that I may have acquired this obsession from the tendency of my parents and older brothers always to regard me as a child. When they are not with me to see that I do everything properly, they question me to find out if everything is all right.

I believe I would be a far different person if I could free myself of this foolishness. (L.E.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 26.)

FEELING OF MISERY AND DESIRE TO GET AWAY FROM ACQUAINTANCES BECAUSE OF TIMIDITY AFFECTING SOCIAL BUT NOT PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES; VARIATIONS IN SOCIAL EFFICIENCY

Timidity was the one thing that caused me more grief than any other or perhaps all other things combined during my early childhood, and even in my later teens. For some time I thought it was due to a lack of courage, or to a lack of will power after I had entered high school, and that may have been the truth, but when it came to athletics I found that I had ample courage. In football it was really a pleasure to hit the line with everything I had or to go under the interference of the opponents. In wrestling I gave no quarter, nor did I ask any, and quite the same was true with boxing. But when it came to making public appearances, waiting upon ladies, or standing up for my own in a social way, I was overwhelmed to such an extent that it was almost impossible to control myself. Frequently I said and did things that made it all the more embarrassing when I happened to be thrown in company with the same people later. As a result, I became more timid and more shrinking until I was in misery at certain times and certain places. I would often wish that I could leave home, family, and friends and go far away where I would know nobody and see no things that were familiar.

One thing I was never able to understand was the fact that I was so much more timid at certain times than at others. Sometimes I could go my way, meet my friends or any one else, and never have the least trouble. At such times I went around making friends, meeting friends, chatting and visiting, with little trace of timidity. I could tell a good joke, get a good laugh, visit and loaf satisfactorily. At other times I could not get to first base, as the boys say. In case I tried to be social on these occasions I would surely get the worst of it. I could not loaf, relax, or talk calmly, or enjoy life at all in public but would have to repair to the basement to get away from associates of all kinds. At such times I would often sit and think about what I had done on the days when I was not so timid and wonder how in the world I had ever managed to do it. I think that my childhood timidities have been by far my greatest problem of adjustment. (L.I.S.; M.; T. in T.C.; M.A.; Age 36.)

THE SOCIAL GENESIS OF FEELINGS OF TIMIDITY, RESERVE, AND INHIBITION, PRODUCING HESITATION, EMBARRASSMENT, LOSS OF WORDS, AND MISPRONUNCIATION WHEN ATTEMPTING TO SPEAK; METHODS OF CURE THROUGH SPEAKING IN PUBLIC, CLEARLY ENUNCIATED READING, AND PERSISTENT EFFORT

I have always suffered more or less from timidity. My timidity has taken the form of disinclination to contribute to the conversation in a social group.

I was born on a farm of a line of people who were retiring in nature, and lived there until I was twelve years old. I took no part in group activities during these years, since there were no organized junior groups in this community. Even in school no organized play existed.

When I was thirteen my family moved to a small town in which most of the people were aristocratic and snobbish. When I tried to make friends at school the girls treated me very coolly and indifferently. I felt this treatment very keenly, but there were no extracurricular activities that provided any way of meeting my schoolmates on a familiar basis.

After a year in this place my folks moved to a city where I entered high school. I attended classes regularly and made fair grades, but the school was so large that I was lost in the crowd. There were no parties or social affairs, and I had no chance for the cultivation of friends. I did not mingle with my schoolmates, and the little conversation I carried on was strained. My sister, of about my own age, and I clung together. Under these circumstances my timid feelings grew worse. When I reached the age of sixteen I began to associate with young men, but this association mostly took the form of private dates. Now and then I attended a party of young people, but not often enough to eliminate my feelings of reserve. This condition continued until my marriage at the age of twenty. Since my husband was not a very sociable person, I went out in crowds less than ever. I began to teach school about this time, but I was not well trained, and so spent most of my spare time preparing my work. It would seem that teaching should have helped me to eradicate my difficulty, but I taught in the lower grades. Such a situation was entirely different from the situation I found when in a small group of adults. Here is an illustration of my reticence. I joined a society of about twenty members which met once a month and, although I was interested in the work, I never took an active part for six or eight years. I used to sit through a whole evening and scarcely speak a word. I was like a silent outsider looking on, partly because no one asked me to do anything. If I had been less timid, I would have pushed myself forward.

Up to this time I never felt at ease in a crowd, but was rather dazed. Many times I longed to say something but did not have the courage. When I did try to talk, I hesitated, often got flustered, got confused and lost in a search for words, always spoke low, and could not pronounce my words distinctly. I would find myself embarrassed in company, even with people who were not on my social level. The thing that provoked me the most was the fact that people who did not have nearly my ability in other things, would by their easy, fluent manner of speech create a much better impression in company than I did.

I was dissatisfied with this state of affairs. I realized the uselessness of my bondage and longed for delivery. Therefore, I decided to polish my manners and improve my conversational ability. I felt a definite need of more training in my school work; hence I began to grasp every possible opportunity for educating myself. I attended summer schools and took extension courses. As I progressed in my studies I grew more confident. I determined to take advantage of all opportunities to speak in public instead of trying to shun them as heretofore. In the last few years I have had quite a few chances to speak in classes and meetings. While my efforts were crude at first, to my surprise I eventually found that I could make a presentable speech. Of course these talks were short and formal. I had prepared what I intended to say, and knew it thoroughly. Nevertheless, the realization that I could speak before an audience has helped me in my more informal conversations. At present I am president of a society, a position I was not capable of holding a few years ago.

Another thing that has helped me, especially in my enunciation, is reading aloud to my little boy. I read to him every day and am very careful to pronounce every word clearly and distinctly.

I have far from completed my task, for it is almost impossible to uproot so deep-seated a difficulty, but I must say I can now express myself better and am more at ease in a crowd than formerly. My social life is still meagre, since I do not enjoy the chit-chat of social gatherings and much prefer to spend the time with a good book, or meditating on some philosophical problem. Such success as I have had in overcoming my maladjustment has been due to the persistence with which I pursued my program of education and self-improvement. I hope to progress further in the future, but no doubt I will always bear the mark made on me by lack of social life in my early formative years. (D.R.; F.; Housewife and Sub. T.; Age 35.)

OVERCOMING BASHFULNESS BY DETERMINATION AND SOCIAL PARTICIPATION

I was a highly sensitive and bashful girl, and did not conquer my bashfulness until a few years after I started teaching. I then simply faced the situation and fought it out with myself. Instead of avoiding people I began seeking their companionship, and was surprised to find how kind and human everybody was. (P.H.G.; F.; S.C.T.)

CHAPTER V

FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY AND INADEQUACY

THE so-called inferority complex, which affects not only physically and mentally normal persons, but also those who are subnormal and supernormal, is characterized by feelings of inadequacy, frustration, uncertainty, timidity, diffidence, and oversensitiveness. It may assume the form of compensatory strivings toward superiority or ascendency which often are designed to focus attention upon the victim, whereby he is able to enjoy the limelight of popularity. Unfortunately, these compensatory strivings frequently find various undesirable outlets, such as defensive dominance, protective arrogance, jealousy of others, blame projection, and attempts to achieve recognition and mastery by criticizing and belittling others.

1. What, according to these reports, is the relative importance of causative factors of self-deprecatory feelings other than the Adlerian factor of organ inferiority?
2. What are the typical response patterns adopted to conceal, evade, or overcome the feeling of inferiority?
3. What character traits and behavior abnormalities are traceable to the inferiority complex?
4. What important preventive and remedial measures are suggested by the reports?
5. What, in general, are the most effective means of preventing, circumventing, or overcoming feelings of inadequacy?

Consult also the sections on physical handicaps and unfavorable comparisons.

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Morgan, pp. 76-79, 110 f., 242 f., 255 f., 259 f., 260-264.
Richmond, pp. 63, 184.
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Shaffer, pp. 150-156, 259, 267, 412, 429, 486-488, 513-514, 517.
Sherman, pp. 53, 96, 204, 208.
Symonds, pp. 52, 57, 60 f., 66, 73, 138, 175, 224, 245, 247, 274, 287 f.

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TIMIDITY AND INFERIORITY ASCRIBED TO LACK OF SOCIAL CONTACTS BECAUSE OF POOR HEALTH, OVERCOME BY PLAYING WITH CHILDREN

I remember being very timid and shy at a very early age. I had very poor health from the time I was six years until I had passed the age of twelve. Because of this I was kept in the house or about it closely, and could not associate very much with others of my age. Because I was thin and weak my mother would not let me play with other children very often. On reaching the age of eight I had a very serious illness. One winter my people brought me south, where I soon regained my health and was allowed to run around with other boys much more than I had been doing.

However, on being allowed to associate with other children and on entering school again, I was very shy and timid. My teacher noticed it and sent letters to my mother asking her to talk to me about my inferiority complex and shyness. Instead of doing this, my mother invited some of my friends around each evening, and tried to get me interested in their games. At first my attempts were very awkward, but this soon proved to be an adequate remedy for my timidness. At this time I grew about twice as fast as I had ever done before, and was exercising much more than ever before.

I believe that talking to me would have done no good at all. Making me act as I really feared to act, and getting my interest aroused in the activities of other children, soon taught me to forget myself and to enjoy my new associations. My sensitiveness about my size and weakness was soon forgotten. (T.J.H.; M.; U.S.)

AN ADOLESCENT INFERIORITY COMPLEX AND FEELINGS OF SELF-DEPRECIATION, THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE GRANDMOTHER'S DOMINATION OF THE RESPONDENT'S MOTHER AND ALSO BY SMUTTY SEX TALKS, CAUSING THE RESPONDENT TO TALK IN A HURRIED MANNER, TO DISTRUST CHILDREN, TO DISLIKE SCHOOL, TO WITHDRAW FROM COMPANIONS, AND TO INDULGE IN HERO DREAMS; IMPROVEMENT FROM TRANSFER TO A WHOLESOME SCHOOL ENVIRONMENT, ALTHOUGH TENDENCIES TOWARD HURRIED TALK STILL REMAIN

During adolescence a feeling of inferiority troubled me when I wanted to speak in class recitations. Rarely did I volunteer information even when I knew the correct answer.

In conversation with companions I doubted that what I desired to say would interest them sufficiently to make them listen to me. Consequently, I developed a hurried manner of talking that was difficult to understand, and to which people did not listen attentively. My voice always seemed thick, monotonous, and at times poorly pitched. I was sure that no one placed the least value on my opinion. I continued to attempt to talk with my companions, although I felt that I was ignored after the first few words. I imagined a complete indifference to me on the part of my friends. Perhaps the indifference really existed, since I had become all of the things I depict.

There is one factor that may have influenced me. During all of her early life, and to some extent even now, my mother was suppressed and dominated by my grandmother. I believe that I may have caught my mother's feeling of inferiority, although I am not sure. I do know that I was exposed to an unhealthful mental condition when I was about twelve years of age. At that time I was forced to attend a rural school taught by a careless and inadequate teacher who did not supervise the play. The children spent the recreation periods discussing sexual matters and exchanging smutty jokes. Because I was deeply offended by this, which was contrary to my mother's teachings, I would either spend my playtime with the teacher or run to my home which was nearby. Naturally the children did not like me and chose to ignore me. Dreading school and being suspicious of all children, I took refuge in daydreams of the conquering type and also in the flight reaction of solitude in which I spent hours reading. My feelings of apartness from the children were increased by the fact that I felt sure that the teacher did not like me and did not like to hear me recite. I was sure that she frowned when I sang with the group.

At the age of thirteen I entered a large school amid improved surroundings. There I reasserted myself gradually by reason of my various small scholastic successes and companionships with nice playmates who were interested in the normal affairs of childhood. Mother always praised me for each little thing well done. I found that my new friends liked me and considered me one of them. Nevertheless, I still experience recurring tendencies to talk hurriedly for fear my companions will stop listening. (S.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 26.)

FEELING OF SOCIAL INFERIORITY MANIFESTING ITSELF ONLY ON SOCIAL OCCASIONS, ORIGINATING AT A PARTY AT THE AGE OF SIX, WHEN SUBJECT BECAME CONSCIOUS OF WEARING CLOTHES THAT WERE NOT FANCY ENOUGH

One of the tragedies of my high-school and college days was a feeling of social inferiority. The first feeling I remember of this kind was when as a child of six or seven I was taken to the party of a child whom I knew but slightly. I knew almost no one else there. I remember feeling my clothes were not fancy enough. I had on my best dress, but it was not good enough, I thought. In attending parties with persons of my own age this feeling lasted until I was well along in college, when I determined it was foolish and tried to forget it. During the years I have taught, my social contacts have been very pleasant, and the feeling never recurs now. This feeling arose only in social settings. (R.R.; F.; Critic T.; B.S.)

INTROVERSION, FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY, SPEECH INHIBITION, AND AVOIDANCE OF PEOPLE PROBABLY DUE TO EXAGGERATED CRITICISMS, LACK OF CONTACT WITH PLAYMATES, AND REACTION AGAINST MOTHER'S LOQUACIOUSNESS

Seclusiveness, inferiority feelings, and fear of people in general made social life for me in a small town unbearable, college difficult, and card parties and meeting people on the street exasperating to this day. I had far rather walk a block out of the way than have to stop and speak to a person I see coming along the street. Card parties that are for conversation more than for cards are a fearful bore, because I cannot, try as I will, think of anything amusing, entertaining, or agreeable to say.

The study of psychology has removed to some extent one fear, an inciting cause for inferiority feelings, namely that of being feeble-minded. My Northern friends also to my astonishment proclaimed me the entertainer for elderly friends and relatives invited me to tea. Nobody else did seem to be imbued with the same sense of responsibility for them, and I gained some confidence in my social adaptability in this sphere, but it did not, after all, transfer to contacts with girls of my own age or to the same situations at home.

I have considered various explanations of my difficulties at various times according to the types of reading I was pursuing. Among them are the following: 1. An inherited tendency toward shut-in-ness. My mother and father, however, were both extremely sociable and entertained and were entertained after the true Southern style. 2. A feeling of inability to measure up in manners to all that was expected of me toward their friends and visitors. This feeling was fostered by my mother's excitable and exaggerated manner of relating the smallest incidents, so that when I failed in any small courtesy it was made to appear a momentous offense. For instance, my nurse reported that when I was taken to see three friends of the family I would not speak to them. Therefore, nurse, pony, and I were turned around and made to retrace a four-mile drive in order that I might be made to speak. I was too young even to remember this; and, perhaps, after all this sort of training may have nothing to do with the case. It may even have made me rather less than more conscious of my shortcomings. 3. Growing up in the country and for two years living in a construction camp in Montana without playmates, may have fostered too much introspection, so that I was never able to speak spontaneously. A great deal of conscious consideration before speaking usually convinced me that the thing wasn't worth mentioning, at least in the presence of more than one person. 4. Determination to be self-contained because of seeing the results of my mother's talkative, unrestrained, "nervous attacks."

The prognosis of my case is favorable. I do not now take it quite so seriously in most instances, and I am able to recognize and avoid more and more the painful situations which occasion these inferiority feelings and to seek situations in which feelings of success and sufficiency are present. (H.B.C.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

INFERIORITY FEELINGS ASCRIBED TO SENSITIVENESS OVER BEING THE ONLY TEACHER IN THE SCHOOL WITHOUT A COLLEGE EDUCATION; APPARENT SUPERIORITY REACTION INTERPRETED AS LACK OF COURAGE

Though I don't really think I have an inferiority complex, I know under certain definite circumstances I do feel inferior. At school, for instance, when we have a faculty meeting or round-table discussion, I rarely venture an opinion unless I am asked for it. I choose to remain in the background.

I know this is due to the fact that I'm conscious of being the only teacher in the whole school who does not have a college education. Whenever teachers' salaries are the topic of discussion, as very often is the case, I'm embarrassed since I receive the smallest salary. Someone invariably asks me how much I make. When I tell him, he always replies: "I don't see how you manage to live on such a small salary."

My sister tells me that people often tell her that they think I am high hat or that I have a superiority complex, because I walk down the street with my head held high, always apparently in a hurry and never seeing or speaking to anyone. I know this to be true, but rather than being due to any feeling of superiority, it is due to the opposite feelings. I never speak to people I do not know very well because I am always afraid that I do not impress them sufficiently in a casual meeting or during a short acquaintance to be remembered. In this way I give the impression, I suppose, that I feel somewhat superior, when I really lack the courage to be aggressive. (H.M.; F.; S.C.T.; Age 25.)

INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES IN THE EMOTIONAL EFFECTS OF CONDITIONING STIMULI; INFERIORITY FEELINGS ATTRIBUTED TO THE FACT THAT THE RESPONDENT AND HER SISTER WERE TEASED AND NICKNAMED THE "WOODPECKER TWINS" FOR WEARING SIMILAR RED CAPS AND BROWN COATS, AROUSING THE RESPONDENT'S FURY AND DISLIKE FOR RED WHILE HER SISTER REMAINED UNAFFECTED

My greatest handicap is a feeling of being inferior to those around me. I have been thinking and thinking about how long this difficulty has existed and each time my mind wanders back to my very first year in school.

My parents lived several miles from town, where my father had a country store, and I did not start to school until I was seven years old, when we moved nearer town. My sister, who was six, and I started to school together. We were often taken for twins, and my mother took great pride in dressing us exactly alike.

One day while coming home from school a group of larger girls approached us and called us the woodpecker twins. We were wearing red caps and brown coats. Instantly I formed a dislike for red and wished that my cap had been some other color.

My sister remained calm and did not seem to become disturbed, but I went home in a rage and told my parents what had happened. My parents ignored my story as their motto was "no tales from school." Mother tried to assure me that our little brown coats and red caps were very appropriate and nice looking.

The next day the teasing continued, and my fury became greater and greater. They stopped molesting my sister and spent all their time teasing me. In the afternoons, as soon as the school bell rang, I would start running for home. The larger girls would overtake me and tease me until they made me cry. This continued throughout the first year of my school life.

Later when I attended college I thought I had overcome this feeling of inferiority. But several years later when I went to live on an isolated farm the feeling of being inferior returned again.

I am overcoming it gradually, but it seems much harder to overcome this time than the first time. (H.P.B.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 30.)

Chapter VI

OBSESSIONS AND COMPULSIONS

OBSESSIONS are persistent, coercive ideas or urges which keep obtruding themselves upon the subject, while compulsions are similarly recurrent compulsive acts or tendencies to repeat certain movements again and again. The extent to which milder degree of obsessions and compulsions afflict normal professional people, and the irresistible influences which they may continue to exert for years, is clearly shown by the following reports.

It is unquestionably true that teachers frequently deal with obsessional and compulsive impulses in children without the slightest understanding of their true nature. They often attempt to uproot such assumed forms of "misconduct" by ineffective and unenlightened repressive or disciplinary measures without making any attempt to gain insight into the genesis of the difficulty or to remove the causes by appropriate psychotherapeutic treatment. The early removal of persistent preoccupations or impulsions, and the prevention of the formation of persistent, irrational urges, will not only free the individual from uncontrollable, useless, annoying, or vicious habit patterns, but may contribute toward the prevention of the development of "compulsion neuroses," various monomanias, and the obsession-compulsion symptoms in nervous and mental disorders. Many fixed adult habit patterns probably started insidiously in childhood as apparently innocent specific ideational or motor impulsions. Such tendencies when unchecked sometimes become transformed by repetition into abnormal obsessions and compulsions. Some of the tendencies and irrational urges included in this section can, of course, be considered only as very mild obsessions or compulsions.

Suggestive Questions

1. What is the difference between obsessions, compulsions, and monomanias?
2. What is the relation between obsessions, phobias, repressions, and dissociated systems of ideas?
3. Make a list of the best known monomanias (such as kleptomania, pyromania, dipsomania, and homicidal mania).

4. Make a list of the different compulsions and obsessions described in our case histories.
5. Catalogue the causes of these impulsions.
6. What is your explanatory theory of these phenomena?

Are obsessions and compulsions due to repressed wishes, fears, or conflicts, unsolved conflicts, sex conflicts, dissociated ideas, a fascination projected insistently from the unconscious, a fixed idea (monoideism) induced by some past experience continuing as a buried emotional complex?

Are they a bursting forth of emotional tensions, dissatisfactions, or repressions?

Are they "body protests" against frustrations, failures, or guilt repressions?

Do any of our reports support the theory that obsessions and compulsions are due to dissociated mental elements which pursue their course autonomously and independently of the normal system of ideas, although they are recognized by the conscious mind?

Do the dissociations represent indirect means of solving a conflict by "deluding" the "resistance" to a painful repressed complex?

Is the particular form of the obsession or compulsion an indirect or symbolical outlet of repressed complexes? Are they disguises for concealing the source of the individual's conflicts and for evading the individual's conscious repressions? Will the interpretation of the symbolic acts enable the individual to discover the source of the inner conflict?

Is kleptomania a result of mental conflict, often of a sexual nature (William Healy)? Is it atavistic, a regression to the racial acquisitive instinct (Rivers)?

Is misophobia (a morbid fear of dirt or contamination) the symbolic form of a reaction of exaggerated cleanliness and super-conscientiousness by which the individual seeks to hide or express a repressed feeling of remorse engendered by some real or assumed mistake?

(If the student is not made familiar with the above behavior mechanisms by the instructor, he should consult the references supplied in this book or publications referred to in the references.)

References

Howard and Patry, p. 252.
Kirkpatrick, pp. 360 f.
Menninger, pp. 136-137, 223-226, 260-262, 335-341.
Morgan, pp. 89 f., 125-128.
Richmond, pp. 212, 244.
Rivlin, pp. 41 f.
Shaffer, pp. 222-224.
Wallin, pp. 389-396, 417, 460.

Compulsive Activities

Some of the compulsions which affected me in childhood were:

1. Stepping on or over cracks or on every other brick in the sidewalk. I have religiously stepped on every crack both going and coming from school for weeks at a time. If I perchance made a mistake, I penalized myself by going back three concrete squares.
2. Counting trees, railroad ties, etc.
3. Walking on the edge of the sidewalk. I would walk from the northeast section to the northwest section of Washington in this manner.
4. Doing something to shock people. It afforded me no end of fun to turn the cart wheel because it shocked an old maid aunt of mine. Every time I visited her, I tried to see just how often I could arouse her ire.
5. Marking or drawing aimlessly while listening to a "lecture" from the teacher.
6. Drawing ridiculous pictures of my seventh-grade teacher. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

UNEXPLAINED, COMPULSIVE CLOSING OF THE EYES WHEN ENTERING A DARK ROOM

Upon entering a dark room I invariably close my eyes. Whenever I enter a room that is dark because of the darkness of night, and which is devoid of any artificial light, I invariably automatically close my eyes and I almost always keep them closed until I have come to the light. I cannot account for this idiosyncrasy. (W.K.E.; F.; Sub. H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 31.)

A COMPULSION TO COUNT STEPS BY TWOS WHEN ASCENDING STAIRS AT HOME, ESPECIALLY IN THE DAYTIME, OF UNEXPLAINED ORIGIN

For years I have had the peculiar habit, or idiosyncrasy, of counting the steps in our two flights of stairs. I count them only when I ascend, usually only in the daytime and usually only when I am unencumbered. Very often I ascend the stairs by twos. Whether I ascend one at a time or two at a time, I always count by two's, thus making my count thirty-two when I ascend singly and sixteen when I ascend by two's.

I cannot account for this peculiarity. I think I began the habit by running up the stairs two at a time, but the motive is concealed. (W.K.E.; F.; Sub. H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 31.)

COMPULSIVE FOOT MOVEMENTS AND TENDENCY TO WALK AROUND TREES, OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

Many, many times we children lined up on the sidewalk to see Mrs. J. H., a resident of a small town who was considered to lack something in her mental make-up, go down the street. She would take one, two, three, four steps, then she would tilt her foot, touch the pavement with her heel, then point her toe, and then touch the pavement. Then she would repeat the same pattern of movements again and again.

I don't know what emotional reaction she experienced from these antics.

She had another queer trait which added to her oddity. Upon walking down the street she occasionally walked around a tree. She did not go around every tree she came to but about every fourth or fifth one. I never saw her except on this particular street near her home; so I don't know whether she did it on other streets.

This is a true obsession, I believe, for I have seen her come back and retrace her steps to go around a tree. She must have experienced some unsatisfied urge which forced her back. (From W.K.E.; F.; Sub. H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 31.)

COMPULSION ABOUT PUTTING ON THE LEFT SHOE FIRST

I have a foolish habit of putting on the left shoe first, and if perchance I pick up the right shoe first I immediately drop it and reach for the left one. If this is misplaced I explore the entire area until I find it. I put it on and then find the discarded right shoe. (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; Univ. T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.S.; Age 26.)

HABIT OF COUNTING AND ESTIMATING OBJECTS AS A RESULT OF PRACTICING CLOSE OBSERVATION

I have a tendency to count designs, especially those which have to do with any arrangement of material into geometric shapes. When approaching a building I always count the number of pillars, and note whether or not the pillars are adequate to support the weight of the building. I get no particular satisfaction in counting the exact number of pillars or divisions in designs, nor is there any dissatisfaction if I miscount. In riding upon an elevated train, which travels over the housetops, I frequently find myself estimating the number of chimneys in a group of buildings. Upon such occasions as the Fourth of July, when out driving, I always keep track of the number of flags that are flying from flagpoles. When out upon the beach I mentally block off the beach into divisions and by estimating the number of people in a division and multiplying by the total number of divisions I secure an approximate number of people in the entire group. The satisfaction I seem to enjoy is secured from hastily estimating the number, and then, if time permits, from checking my estimations. For example, if a radiator is near me I quickly glance at it and estimate the number of divisions, later checking my results by counting. I do not count books upon shelves, articles in a room, telephone poles, etc.

I do not remember counting articles or noting arrangement of designs before the time I studied psychology with a certain normal school instructor. He was especially observant and impressed upon us that we should observe closely. This close observation in my case led to calculating and estimating the number of objects and paying particular attention to groups of designs. This does not detract from my studying. Only during my spare time do I enjoy counting and estimating. (P.L.W.; M.; Jr. C.T.; M.A.; Age 35.)

AN OBSESSION TO ESTIMATE AND THEN TO COUNT AUTOMOBILES WHILE MOTORING BETWEEN TWO TOWNS, ASCRIBED TO A GUESSING GAME STARTED BY THE FATHER

As a child I, together with my brothers and sisters, developed the habit of counting automobiles between our town and the town seven miles south of us. This habit was induced by my father who offered a treat to the one who could guess closest the number of cars we would meet between the two points. Whenever we would go for a ride and come back on this highway, my father would say, "A treat to the one of you who can guess how many cars we will meet until we reach home." We would immediately make guesses and then begin counting the passing automobiles on this heavily traveled road. After we reached home my father finished the game by keeping his promise. We continued this practive for many years and as a result I believe I have developed an obsession. Today, no matter with whom I am traveling, I invariably count the cars between the two towns, not as I am going from home to the neighboring town, but as I am returning. I always make a guess and then proceed to count. I have even gone so far as to give myself a treat if my guess is approximately correct. (E.P.; F.; S.C.T.; Age 22.)

INSURMOUNTABLE COMPULSIVE SPITTING AFTER URINATION, THOUGHT TO BE DUE TO SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF THAT BAD LUCK WOULD ENSUE IF ACT WERE NOT CARRIED OUT

After each act of urination there is something that seems to make me spit, preferably where I have urinated. Until I have expectorated there is always a feeling of something that must be done. It matters not how great a hurry I am in, nothing can make me leave until I have spit. Since I have been trying to make this personality analysis of myself, I have tried to find the reason for this queer compulsive act. I have been told very recently that there is an old superstition that spitting in one's urine before anyone else does will bring good luck, but woe to the person who fails in this simple matter of expectoration. It is highly probable that I became acquainted with this superstition when I first started to school. Although the reason for my antic has long been forgotten, the habit still clings, and probably will ever persist. (J.W.A.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; B.A.; Age 30.)

[Several other obsessions by the same writer are found in *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, pp. 392 f.]

AN UNEXPLAINED COMPULSIVE IMPULSE CONSTANTLY TO EXAMINE THE PURSE TO ASSURE HERSELF THAT THE CONTENTS ARE SAFE—A HAMPERING HABIT HARD TO OVERCOME

When I have important things in my purse, such as documents, receipts, tickets, or money, I remain on pins and needles until I have reached my destination. I open my purse on an average of once every five minutes, and if I don't see the article, I look all through the purse to see if it is there. Many times I rush so that I don't discover the article, and then I must empty the contents of the bag and examine each article separately. When satisfied I close the bag, only to be troubled soon again by the same anxiety, and so I look again to assure myself. I can think of no reason why I have acquired this habit. (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; Univ. T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.S.; Age 26.)

OBSESSION TO SMOKE CIGARETTES WHEN CONVERSING, ALTHOUGH NOT ENJOYING TOBACCO, AN INSTANCE OF EARLY CONDITIONING BEGINNING IN THE EFFORT TO DEMONSTRATE EQUALITY WITH THE GROUP; CONTINUED AS A MECHANISM FOR DEVELOPING POISE AND CLEARER THINKING, AND FOR OVERCOMING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

This mechanism is of sufficiently recent date to enable me to trace it accurately.

Pulling out a cigarette and smoking it when conversing with people is an obsession with me. I do not smoke because I enjoy the taste of cigarettes, but because it aids me in acquiring poise. I seem to be able to think more clearly, stand straighter, and to have no inferiority complex (referred to elsewhere) if I am manipulating a cigarette in the presence of others. It aids me to think more clearly, talk more fluently, and to have fewer inhibitions.

Why do I automatically smoke when conversing with people if I do not enjoy it, and why do I become nervous if I do not have that cigarette in my mouth?

I did not touch a cigarette until I was nineteen years of age in the last year of high school. The principal of the school prohibited smoking. The group of young men who were my associates and who were a little older smoked, and the other high-school students smoked on the sly. In order to show them that I also was a man, I started to smoke. When I first put a cigarette in my mouth I did not like the taste of it, but it gave me a feeling of manliness, a feeling of superiority, a feeling of equality with my associates. When I had a feeling of inferiority in the group, when I felt that I could not act as I wanted to, or when I wanted to be recognized I would ask for a cigarette, and this enabled me to immediately assume a different role. With the cigarette in my hand, I felt equal to any one, and lost my feeling of self-consciousness.

My reactions are just the same yet. If I am self-conscious in a group I can "be myself" if I have a cigarette. In the presence of someone whom

I feel submissive to or inferior to, I automatically reach for a cigarette without thinking of its effects on me, yet when I analyze it I notice that it does have a great effect. I still resort to this device to regain my poise in the presence of superior persons. It seems that because this happened the first time I smoked a cigarette, the mental effects still persist. (K.A.S.; M.; T. Subn. Delinquents; Ph.B.; Age 26.)

A VARIETY OF OBSESSIONS AND COMPULSIONS AND EXAGGERATED FASTIDIOUSNESS ABOUT VARIOUS THINGS, WHICH HAVE CONTINUED IN SPITE OF RECOGNIZED IRRATIONALITY

Obsessions have played a rather prominent part in the mental make-up of the subject. It has always been told of the subject that as an infant he was very hard to satisfy and get fixed comfortably. The earliest recollection he has, going back to the time he was yet in his high chair, is of an intense discomfiture at the table unless his chair was placed in such a position that both arms were exactly the same distance from the edge of the table. It is all very clear in memory. The cause, however, is not so clear. His father remarked one day that he should have a ruler with which to measure the distance, whereupon he was completely out of sorts until the ruler was obtained. The constant use of rulers in the father's lumber business which the infant had observed, may have played an important part in this obsession. Always in school he was very careful to see that his pencils were sharpened to a perfectly symmetrical point. Even in eating an apple he was very careful to eat around the apple so as always to leave a circular shape. This preciseness has continued in the adult in the form of an intense desire to have every thing with which he works arranged in the most acceptable manner, pictures always precisely straight on the wall, pencils adjusted to a minute degree, and, above all, his automobile always in as near perfect condition as possible. Those who know him call him "an old maid." Certain things he does not let others use, such as his violin, fountain pen, and automobile. He imagines it takes some time to get them adjusted again after use by another. While he is perfectly conscious of the irrationality of many of these obsessions, he continues to hold to them.

Another obsession is his desire to glance at the toe of first one shoe and then the other as he walks along, often at the cost of considerable discomfiture. The more dangerous the terrain, the more likely is he to become obsessed with the desire. Frequently he stops, looks at the toe, and then walks on. He has even stopped running to look at the shoe toe. He has overcome this to a large degree, but he feels that bringing it vividly to mind as he is now doing is going to make the obsession more prominent for several days, until he can get it off his mind again.

He cannot play properly on his violin with a ring on his finger, although the ring is not of sufficient size to interfere with rapid movement. This is probably the result of a remark made by a former teacher to the effect that wearing a ring while playing is not good form.

A condition which may be a phobia or the result of muscular eye strain is the desire frequently to look at something which has been caught in the very edge of the field of vision, generally above and to one side. This, because of its interference with safe driving, has been almost totally conquered. However, a spot on the windshield of the car will produce a terrific headache unless removed, for he is constantly glancing at it, thus changing the focus of the eyes repeatedly. The muscles of his eyes are not properly balanced with regard to focusing strength, the inside muscles being too weak while the outside muscles are too strong. As this condition is being corrected under the treatment of a specialist, the desire to look at unnecessary objects is gradually leaving.

Another of these compulsive acts is the driving urge to always return, after locking a door, to see that the door is really locked. This is being gradually overcome through exertion of will power, of which it takes plenty.

While a child driving cows to and from the pasture it was practically impossible for the writer to pass a picket fence without touching every picket. Frequently he would return to touch one that he had missed. This tendency seldom appears now and is promptly put down when it does come.

There have been certain facial tics, the first coming at about age fourteen, which may be the result of a friendship with an adult who was so afflicted. This continued for about seven years, but was finally mastered after considerable difficulty. It consisted of a twitching of the muscles at the base of the nose. There seems to be a faint recollection of an earlier tic of rolling the eyes, evidently not very pronounced. He now is subject to the bothersome compulsive act of biting the middle knuckle of his right hand, particularly when excited. He is also constantly running his hand over the buttons of his clothes to see that they are properly buttoned. This he has tried to overcome, but with little success.

He could probably enumerate several more of these phobias, obsessions, and compulsive acts were he to devote the time necessary, but suffice it to say that they have played, and still play, a rather important part in his everyday life. (B.O.I.; M.; C.T. of Psych. and Ed.; B.A.)

A VARIETY OF PERSISTENT NEUROPATHIC SYMPTOMS: COMPULSIVE FINGER COUNTING AND TOUCHING OF ARTICLES; FEARS OF FIRE, OF THE DARK WHEN ALONE, OF SMOTHERING WHEN BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR (CLAUSTROPHOBIA), OF IMPENDING DOOM, AND OF LOSS OF SANITY; OBSESSIONAL DOUBTS, FEELINGS OF CONDEMNATION AND WORRIES; ASCRIBED TO A CHILDHOOD INCIDENT

At the age of twelve A acquired a habit of shaking her head, moistening her lips, and counting on her fingers. With every ten counts she again shook her head, moistened her lips, and began counting over again. These obtrusive actions were accepted by everyone as a bad habit that she would surely outgrow. The actions, which the parents never saw, were prompted by obsessions that dominated A. She was ashamed of her obsessions and dreaded to let her parents know about them, because her friends laughed at her when she unconsciously indulged in her antics during her free play.

One obsessional fear was that if she would not touch an object in her home whenever she got the idea, the object would break into flames in the deep of the night and leave her parents poverty stricken. She would even get up several times a night to turn all the gas jets to be sure the gas was shut off. She was never sure that her first test had been satisfactory. Or she might get up and go down the stairs and smell smoke or go into the cellar and look around for any sign of a flame.

These obsessions alone were difficult enough to endure without the complication the family milieu presented.

A's parents believed that if one thought long and hard enough about anything, whether desirable or detestable, it would come to pass. In addition, a visiting friend asserted that every thought, whether clean or hateful, was a prayer. To the child possessed with uncontrollable fears which she must constantly think about, the loss of the home was bad enough. But to pray for the destruction of the home was a sin too great for her parents to forgive. What would they do to her, put her in a home or perhaps abandon her if they ever found out that their own daughter had caused their impoverishment?

These two conflicting thoughts were too much for any child. So each night she asked God to please protect her home from disaster and not to listen to her "thought prayers." If a fire engine passed by in the night, she would stiffen in terror and shake violently like one in a fever chill. In the daytime, however, fire engines held a peculiar fascination for her and she would run to see them pass down the main avenue. The arrival of the Christmas season was without joy because she had once seen a house destroyed when a Christmas tree caught fire.

On one occasion A determined to overcome the foolish habit that gave her no peace and spoiled half her fun at play because she often had to run home and touch a bedpost or an old trunk in the third floor to secure a feeling of satisfaction and relief. "Just once," she reflected, "I shall refuse to touch the object and watch to see if it will break into flame. If it does I will be here to sound the alarm and if it doesn't I will never have another qualm." Well, it didn't catch fire. After much fighting and determination to root out the obsession, A finally lost this fear.

A, now twenty-three and a college graduate (B.S.), still falls into moods for a short space of time at intervals of a day or a week. The old fear of destruction may return with the coming of night and leave with the light. She experiences moods of depression in which, although desiring company, she fears to be among people lest they discover her feelings and again make fun of her. During these periods she worries about past experiences, and whether the mood, after it has run its course, will return within a few days, and whether she will lose her mind. If she gets a headache she is sure she is losing her reason and that she will be shut away from the world where she cannot get out. A locked door makes her panicky for fear she will smother to death before she can gain her freedom.

I know A well. She often seeks my company because once, in a state of desperation, she confided in me and because I try to help her, not by sympathy, which she abhors, or by making fun of her, but by talking lightly about outside interests or by entering wholeheartedly with her into a social activity which may make her forget herself and enjoy life. The peculiar part of the whole situation is that moving picture comedies or financial worries are the two stimuli which invariably produce her morbid moods. Too little money for the adequate necessities of life seems to haunt her continually. The financial worries probably arouse her old fear of parental impoverishment.

One of her fears is that she may fail to conquer her difficulty before it leads to self-destruction.

What is the explanation of A's complexes? One day A, at the age of nine, with two of her friends, mischievous children, stamped through the cement of a freshly cemented walk in the neighborhood. When the damage was discovered A was sent home to be punished. A's mother sat her on a chair for five hours to await the return of her father who was to administer the punishment. Now A perhaps did not mind the threat of punishment as her father had never punished her, but the wait was very long and tiresome for an active child. She was told that she was going to be arrested. She had heard somewhere that a policeman always comes after naughty children when they are sleeping and carries them away in the night when no one is awake to protect them. As a result of this threat A was beside herself with fear, unable to sleep. After she had finally dropped off to sleep she awoke shaking and sobbing from a terrifying dream. From this experience a deadly fear of the dark developed which still persists. She will not stay alone in the house because of fear of housebreakers or invaders. Should her parents be away, when she awakens she listens for footsteps and looks for shadows, breaks out in a chill, and quivers as if she were suffering from cold. At such times it is practically impossible to converse with her because of her shivering and her looking about for something terrible to happen. She imagines that all sorts of things will happen while she is sleeping. When the fear of arrest subsided other fears or compulsions appeared in its place (such as touching the pavement with the foot an extra time lest it would cave in and bury her or touching a tree lest it would fall and crush her). She finally developed St. Vitus's dance and adult obsessions. Even today when feeling moody or depressed she thinks it is a premonition of disaster, and cannot sleep but tosses all night long until dawn when she falls asleep.

For seven years A has kept company with a brilliant boy with whom she is entranced and who completely dominates her, but she does not know whether she loves him, or fears him, or hates him. More recently she has developed a fear of becoming an old maid, although A, in spite of her maladjustments, was very popular in college, and is an extremely attractive girl. (From L.E.R.; F.; E.S.T.; B.S.)

CHAPTER VII

DREAMS, NIGHTMARES, SOMNAMBULISM, AND SOMNILOQUISM

DREAMING is perhaps just as much an expression of normal cerebral activity during sleep as perception, thinking, feeling, and awareness are an expression of normal brain action during the waking state. Nevertheless dreams, nightmares, sleepwalking, sleep-talking, and other behavior reactions during sleep may be symptomatic of mental disturbances, maladjustments, fears, submerged complexes, psychic attitudes or dispositions, or profound inner meanings. From time immemorial mystical or almost supernatural significance has been ascribed to dreams. Because of the profound diagnostic significance attached to dreams in the recent literature of psychopathology, the student cannot afford not to familiarize himself with the dream conceptions of Freud, Jung, Adler, and others.

GUIDING QUESTIONS

The following questions will guide the student into relevant lines of inquiry.

1. Are dreams natural products of cerebral activity; a result of the unimpeded, dissociated activity of various cortical areas; a manifestation of the dreamer's personality; a revelation of the dreamer's unconscious life; a portrayal of his uninhibited personal attitudes; the royal road to an understanding of the neuroses, psychic conflicts, and submerged complexes (Freud), a mechanism for the transmission of supernatural messages or omens that can be interpreted by dream books?
2. Are dreams caused by recent experiences, by different physiological conditions, foods, drugs, or sensory stimuli, or by frustrations and unsatisfied desires?
3. Are there prophetic or predictive dreams? Do dreams indicate the plan to be followed to resolve the conscious conflict that instigated the dream (Jung)? Or are all apparently prophetic dreams explicable on the theory of coincidence?
4. Are dreams expressions of primitive modes of thought (Jung)?
5. Are dreams attempted symbolic solutions of present difficulties produced by conflicts between superiority strivings and inferiority feelings or fear of failure (Adler)?

6. Are dreams compensatory realizations of goals which the individual no longer aspires to reach in his waking state?

7. Are dreams ungratified repressed wishes of a reproachful nature, or "wish fulfillments" (Freud)?

8. Explain the Freudian concepts of the censor, the latent and manifest content of dreams, dream symbolism, condensation, displacement, secondary elaboration and dramatization.

9. Are dreams of frustrated effort due to the inhibition of movement during sleep (as when the limbs are cramped) or to feelings of inferiority during waking existence, or doubt concerning the outcome of some intended undertaking?

10. Are fear or anxiety dreams due to worries, fears, or anxious anticipations, or to the fear that the underlying dread may gain expression (Freud), or to the individual's inability to cope with his problem?

11. Are fear dreams the most common form before the age of seven, followed by dreams concerning some interest, desire, or emotion of waking life (C. W. Kimmins)?

12. Are fear dreams common to girls of sixteen because of the feeling of inferiority common to all girls (Kimmins)?

13. Is the child "often ashamed to say anything about the night terror that oppresses him"? Does the "child's silence about his bad dreams add to the power they have to make him suffer" (Mrs. Arnold Forster)?

14. Are the paralysis dreams of later life reproductions of the fear experiences of early childhood (Morton)?

15. Are dreams of death expressions of anxiety that the other person may die, or a wish for his death.

16. Are nightmares indications of complete failure to solve psychic conflicts (Rivers), the result of anxiety dreams due to some terrifying incident, the result of coddling or overprotection at bedtime during early childhood, or the result of autointoxication? (Note the effects of hashish and carbon-bisulphate.)

17. Does somnambulism represent a subconscious dramatic reenactment of past emotional experiences, or an automatic expression of secondary neural integrations dissociated from the primary integration? Is there anything in the records to indicate that in somnambulism a system of dissociated ideas operates unconsciously and independently of conscious control?

18. Try to evaluate the respondents' interpretations of their own dream phenomena in the light of various theories and your own conclusions.

19. What lessons of practical value can the parent and teacher derive from the study of dreams?

References

Howard and Patry, pp. 318, 320.
Kirkpatrick, pp. 188 f.

Menninger, pp. 143 f., 269-274, 238-240, 280, 285 f., 393.
Morgan, pp. 279-281.
Richmond, pp. 157, 253.
Rivlin, pp. 61, 81.
Shaffer, pp. 78 f., 235, 406 f., 410, 428, 460 f.
Sherman, pp. 237-244.
Wallin, pp. 76, 88, 124, 133, 149, 303, 317, 372, 377, 384-388, 396, 410, 413-416, 418, 449, 456.

Various Kinds of Dreams

FEAR OF A GARRET INDUCED BY A DREAM

There stands out in my mind one place at home of which I was very much afraid. It was a big garret in which we children played. I had never had any fear of the place until I had a dream about it which affected me very strongly. In the dream I was playing alone in the garret, when suddenly from behind a big packing box a rough-looking man rose up and laughed. It was this laugh that caused the fear. It was unnatural, piercing, horrible, and I can hear it even now. The dream was just like a reality to me and haunted me for days before I told anyone about it. Afterwards I never played there alone and for years never entered the place that I didn't look around half expecting to see someone, and always vividly recall the dream. (N.M.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

RECURRENT DREAMS OF IMPENDING PHYSICAL HARM

As a child, for nights I would go to bed and dream of crossing a railroad track, of getting my foot caught and of seeing the approaching train, only to jerk the foot loose at the last minute and jump to safety.

One dream that kept me in constant fear was of being caught under a house, with only one little space for escape. I always dreamed the house was so low that I could not crawl to this little exit, and fresh air and freedom. These two instances are the nearest to any abnormalities I have ever had. (S.E.; F.; S.C.T.)

A PERSISTENTLY RECURRENT DREAM, WITH SUGGESTED EXPLANATION

I had a dream that recurred at least five times a year. It began with seeing horses racing. This continued until I could hear only the beat of the hoofs. The scene then turned into a large, and also a small, cloud-like beast. There was also a smaller one. It seemed the larger cloud was trying to beat the smaller one, and it was my business to keep them apart. This dream may have originated from two dogs I owned. The large dog was always trying to fight the smaller one. I sometimes have this dream now, especially before a bad cold or any kind of sickness. (F.K.; F.; B.A.)

AWAKENING FROM DREAMS OF FALLING FROM HEIGHTS; CURED BY FORCING HERSELF TO CRAWL TO THE EDGE OF A MOUNTAINOUS PRECIPICE

I used to dream at night of falling from a high point, and would awaken with a start in a cold sweat. That disappeared when I climbed mountains in the West. My desire to prove to myself that I was as capable as anyone else in the party made me first crawl to the point overlooking the drop into the depths below. It was an ordeal to sit there at first. But I made myself do it and covered my anguish with as much nonchalance as I could muster, reaping my reward in the exclamations of the rest of the party at my willingness to remain so close to the edge. But this had not enabled me to come down mountains without any qualms. In descending there is no applause, for everyone is busy, and I force myself into the descent with what stoicism I can gather together. (A.G.; F.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 33.)

HYPNAGOGIC IMAGES; DREAMS OF PERIL WITH FEELINGS OF IMPOTENCY

When I was about six or seven years of age, huge animals apparently appeared before me. They did not seem to be real but were only mental impressions. I never noticed them except at night after I had retired. I don't think it was because of fear, because my older brother was with me usually.

I have always been more or less bothered by dreams. I dream that I am surrounded by something from which I vainly try to escape. I can't holler, run, or do anything to attract the attention of anyone, although they may be only a short distance away. I may have a gun which snaps every time I pull the trigger, or it fires but hasn't any lead. Recently I dreamed a boy entered my room to steal my watch. I snatched him on the bed and gave him the beating of his life. When I woke and discovered my bleeding knuckles I found I had been fighting the bedpost. (C.L.W.; M.; S. Supt.; B.A.)

HYPNAGOGIC IMAGES: CREEPY FEELING PRODUCED BY DARKNESS, ATTRIBUTED TO THE VISION OF A WHITE MAN LICKING OUT A RED TONGUE

I hated the dark and do so yet. It gives me a creepy, detestable feeling. I remember that when quite young after mamma had put me to bed I would scream as soon as she would leave. Never have I understood what frightened me. I would be accused of attempting to have my way and would be punished. As soon as mother would leave, I would give the most piercing scream. A little white something that I would describe as a little pasty white soulless man dressed all over in a white stocking suit would jump out from under the bed and lick out a very long red tongue in my face. Very vividly do I recall that image, but I cannot explain the cause. (P.K.B.; F.; Col.; Vocational Counselor; B.A.; Age 30.)

NIGHT TERRORS POSSIBLY DUE TO HYPNAGOGIC IMAGES AND MOTHER'S EMOTIONALITY

When I was six or seven years old I had spells which came on while I was sleeping. I went to bed about 8:30 P.M. and about 11 P.M. started to scream and I continued to scream until I was awakened. I saw peculiar figures and shapes and people with very large heads during my sleep. These frightened me and I became very nervous. I was trembling when my mother awakened me. She allowed me to stay up until I calmed down. When bedtime came each night I dreaded going to bed alone. These experiences made me very timid. My mother had a great deal to upset her emotional nature, and I think this accounts for my nervous condition. (T.E.C.; F.; S.C.T.)

Allegedly Prophetic Dreams

Other instances of allegedly predictive dreams occur in other sections.

REVEALING DREAMS; CONFIDENCE IN DREAMS

I was a firm believer in dreams. I thought all my dreams had a very special meaning. I guess the cause of this was that I really did have a dream revealing to me where an article was that I had been looking for a long time. I remembered my dreams very clearly and they always ran through my mind as something happened or some remark was made, or as perhaps I heard of some happening, "Well, that is the end of my dream." It is hard for me to describe the effect dreams did have on me. I am quite sure it was abnormal for a child to be so influenced by dreams. (N.M.; F.; C.T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.A.)

UNEXPLAINED VERIDICAL PRESENTIMENTS OF OCCURRENCES

One night about three o'clock, while neither asleep nor yet awake, something suggested "kodak." I got up immediately and looked where I always kept my kodak. As I did not find it there, I searched the entire apartment, but to no avail. The next morning, I asked the members of my family about it, but no one remembered it. Then suddenly another idea flashed into consciousness. I asked my brother if he had pawned it, and he staunchly denied so doing. I felt a little distrust, and at the first opportunity, contrary to ethics, I searched his wallet. In it I found a pawn ticket for my kodak. When the suggestion "kodak" first flashed into consciousness, I had not seen, thought of, or used the kodak for over a month and was not contemplating using it in the near future. I cannot offer any explanation for this timely presentiment.

In a very similar manner, my brother's marriage was revealed to me, as was a trip to the Pacific Coast, which I took about four months after the dream. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

Sleepwalking and Sleep Talking

SLEEPWALKING, SPONTANEOUSLY TERMINATED WITH IMPROVEMENT OF HEALTH

I began to walk in my sleep at the age of nine or ten and continued to do so until 1926. I awoke one morning when I was about fourteen and found a large bump on my head which my mother said was the result of a fall from the top of a sewing machine on which I climbed while walking in my sleep. During my college days I often awoke to find myself at the window or in the middle of the room. My last escapade was on the night when I had an acute attack of appendicitis. I was standing in the middle of the room when my wife called to me and said that I had been wandering up and down the hall. Since my health has been greatly improved within the past four years, I feel that it has had the effect of keeping me from walking in my sleep. (T.C.R.; M.; State Director of Special Ed.; M.A.)

SLEEPWALKING ABRUPTLY CHECKED BY SHOCK OF AWAKENING ON SOMNABULISTIC TRIP TO FOREST

I was subject to sleepwalking as a child. I was very nervous and jumpy even in my sleep. One night, while staying in the country, I awoke to find myself in a deep forest, alone. I had got up, unlocked the door, and walked off the porch and down the road. This fright cured me. I never walked in my sleep again. (H.E.M.; F.; Col.; Visiting T.)

SLEEPWALKING AT THE AGE OF SIX OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN, POSSIBLY CURED BY STEPPING IN A PAN OF WATER PLACED NEAR THE DOOR

When a child of not over six, according to my mother, I walked in my sleep. I have merely a hazy recollection of what is claimed to have cured me.

I occupied a bedroom alone on the second floor of our home, at the top of the stairway next to the bathroom on the right. Some nights I would walk past the bathroom and into my parents' room in the front part of the house. Other nights I would walk down the stairs.

I remember hearing my parents say many times that they thought I had to urinate during the night, and without becoming fully awake started to walk to the bathroom. They supposed that, though the distance from my room to the bathroom was not far, I fell asleep again while walking there and then lost my way. Whether this explanation is correct or not I do not know. My parents were afraid that I would fall down the stairs, and therefore tried to stop my sleepwalking.

I do not know how many plans my parents tried or how many of them failed. I know of one plan, the placing of a pan of water at my doorway each night. One night when I got up in my sleep I stepped into the pan of water and was awakened. Whether the pan of water or something else cured my sleepwalking I do not know. But since that time, no one knows of any more sleepwalking on my part. (S.W.E.; M.; T. Trade S.; M.E.; Age 31.)

A CASE OF SLEEPWALKING AND SLEEP TALKING IN EARLY CHILDHOOD, SPONTANEOUSLY TERMINATED, AS RELATED BY PARENTS

Most of my sleepwalking was done between the ages of seven and nine years. The involuntary wandering usually occurred between midnight and 2 A.M. I never sallied forth in this manner more than once during the same night. Neither did I walk in my sleep every night. On the average, I indulged in such excursions about twice a week.

I left my bed very quietly and started to walk at once. At no time did I attempt to put on slippers or any article of clothing. My steps were slow and deliberate, my posture erect, and I seemed to be headed for some destination previously decided upon. Apparently, I was in no fear of darkness; neither was I conscious of, nor restored to full consciousness by, the glare of the electric light. I have walked in my sleep under both conditions.

My eyes were partially open and my gaze was, or seemed to be, on a line with the junction of the floor and the wall. I gave every appearance of being awake and indulged in such actions as slowly swinging my arms and occasionally extending the hand a very short distance forward, as if reaching for an object close by. The hand extension could hardly be interpreted as a movement to feel my way. My facial expression was calm, even serene, and I am told that my muscles were normally relaxed and that I was completely at ease. I seemed absorbed in thought or indulging in reflection.

I collided with pieces of furniture and door posts very gently and immediately upon coming in contact with them changed my course as if to avoid further difficulties or injury. I did not make any attempt to open a window, tamper with the gas range, or reach for knives and forks, although I passed all these in my journeys. There was no tendency to injure myself or others during any of my walks, even though the likelihood of doing so was seriously impressed upon me by my parents in their efforts to discourage my somnambulism.

The presence nearby of either or both my parents was completely unknown to me. I was not distracted by surrounding noises, such as fast-running water or the grinding of the trolley cars that passed under my windows. I never spoke in this state and was not cognizant of the conversation between my parents. They say that their tones were subdued because they did not wish to intrude upon my obviously pleasant solitude.

If left to myself I walked until I reached the wall, faced about, and stood still. At such times my face expressed perplexity. When I resumed my walking my footsteps were undecided, and I acted as though I were trying to extricate myself from some maze. Our family physician forbade any experimentation beyond this.

My parents had no difficulty in returning me to bed. I never opposed the gentle touch by which they led me to my room. I did not hear their softly spoken endearing terms, but they tell me that when my head finally rested on the pillow, my face became wreathed in smiles in response to their petting. I never heard nor answered their question, "Do you know me? Do you see me?" My memory is a blank as to all this.

What seems most peculiar is that I never seemed to have the same destination twice. I seemed to adopt a tortuous route to get to some imaginary spot. Most of the time my parents intercepted me, so I never reached my destination, but it was common talk between them that I had a different objective each time. Also, I never entered my parents' room, although I did walk past the door. This seems odd in view of my habit from infancy of going to my mother before she arose. It was only when I started to attend kindergarten that I discontinued the practice, but even then there were intermittent relapses.

In the morning, when I was teased about my sleepwalking during the night, I felt much embarrassed. I said I remembered distinctly having left my bed and gave as the reason that I wished to look at the kitchen clock because I thought I was late for school. I cannot say now whether I actually did have that in mind. It is certain that I never carried out my intention, but returned to bed. I do remember distinctly that I resented the charge as an unjust accusation, trumped up for the sole purpose of teasing me.

SOMNILOQUISM

I also talked in my sleep occasionally. Most of my talking under such conditions had to do with school affairs. My parents often recall that I indulged in such talk as this: "One plus two plus eight plus one, wait a minute, wait a minute. . . ." My talking began with clear enunciation and in a well-modulated voice but would gradually fade away into mumbling and murmuring. I never completed the whole process of addition. I had no trouble in school beyond every child's difficulty with attaining speed in mental arithmetic, and I cannot explain why I should always confine my remarks to that phase of my schooling. I was never disturbed while thus engaged except that my hand was taken off my chest or head when my parents found it in that position. They never awakened me. When told of this sleep talking in the morning I denied it vigorously. I invariably construed it as an implication that I was backward in my lessons.

These early weaknesses, if they may be called such, were not traceable to the usual habits of late eating or consuming indigestible foods. Neither may they be charged, in my case, to any disordered mode of living or to physical or nervous functional derangements. I was born of healthy, young parents. My home was in the suburbs of New York City. My mother nursed me for approximately one year. I had an abundance of fresh air and sunlight indoors, and all of my infancy and early childhood was spent amid the flower beds and trees that surrounded our almost ideal home. I was normally playful and helpful and did not lack in any of the instincts so common to young girls when they devote themselves to their dolls. Later, my fancy ran to the theater and I constantly aped actors before a long mirror. The immediate vicinity was the playhouse, and all of my mother's outworn shawls were my costumes and draperies. My diet was well balanced and carefully administered. All of the vegetables I ate then came from our garden. There was no logical reason for the existence of any mental or psychological disturbances.

In addition to our family physician, my parents consulted with experts in metabolism and neurology and invariably received the advice that tests and treatment are not indicated in such a case as mine. Whatever the cause for this apparent abnormality, Nature has effectively terminated it, for in the last twelve years I have suffered no recurrence of these conditions and am not even subject to any noticeable number of dreams. In this respect I find that my friends, who never were somnambulists or somniloquists, have far more good, bad, and indifferent dreams than I have. (F.R.; F.; B.A.)

CHAPTER VIII

DAYDREAMING

THE data on daydreams (phantasy, autistic thinking) may conveniently be introduced at this point in connection with those on dreams.

1. What are the differences and similarities between day and nocturnal dreams and between these and legends, myths, folklore, and allegory?

2. Discuss the importance attached to the daydream in psychoanalytic literature.

3. What are the causes of daydreaming? Discuss this question from the standpoint of the literature and of our case reports.

4. What are the different adjustment mechanisms subserved by the daydream (such as flight from difficulties, expression of repressed wishes, compensation for hardships, assumption of hero roles, defense against disappointments, and the like)? What mechanisms are illustrated in our reports?

5. What are the harmful results of daydreaming? Discuss this question from the standpoint of the literature and the case reports. Does excessive daydreaming develop impractical tendencies, trends toward introvert ruminations, or tendencies toward seclusiveness, inaccessibility and mental disorder?

6. What can be said in defense of daydreaming? What are some of the virtues and values of this type of "autistic" thinking?

7. In the main, what is the tenor of our case reports respecting the harm of daydreaming?

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FRUITFUL DAYDREAMING ABOUT FUTURE PLANS, FREQUENTLY RESULTING IN PRACTICAL ACTIVITIES

I frequently indulge in daydreaming which, for the most part, is along a practical line. That is, the things about which I daydream are things which are very likely to happen in a short time. I daydream about my vacation: how I will take the train or board the boat, how I will meet so and so at such and such a place, where we will go, etc. At times, however, I daydream about things I project into the future: great wealth, many automobiles, a magnificent estate, etc. Such daydreaming often results in practical activities, such as drawing the plans of a house, etc. I seldom if ever indulge in the fruitless kind of daydreaming in which I play the role of a king, ruler, or a president, although I daydream about what would occur if I should die, be murdered, or commit suicide: what the papers would say, what people would say, what my family would do, etc. (H.H.W.; M.; U.S.; Age 22.)

DAYDREAMING AS A PLEASURABLE DEFENSE AGAINST BEING ISOLATED IN AN ATTIC AS A FORM OF PUNISHMENT; DEVELOPMENT OF INTEREST AND FONDNESS FOR THE ATTIC AND DAYDREAMING

When I was quite young my father would discipline me quite severely when I had disobeyed him. He would often send me to the attic to stay for the entire evening. It was probably in our attic that my daydreaming began. When I was first sent up to the attic everything was quiet and uninteresting. It seemed decidedly prison-like. But finally I adapted myself to the new environment. I was alone except for the spiders and wasps that were prone to make their habitat in the attic and the caterpillars that would often find their way in through the open windows from the trees shading the front of the house. At first, these insects meant nothing to me but finally I found myself absorbed in the study of their actions and habits. It was not long before I became king of the Attic Empire. I began to like the attic more than any other part of the house. I would often go up voluntarily to spend several hours there. Sometimes, I would carry along an old broken alarm clock to fix, but I would soon fall into reverie or daydreaming. I have found so much delight in this that I have never quite got rid of the practice. I do not wish to get completely rid of this type of thinking. However, when I find myself daydreaming I get up quickly and attempt some work around the house. (T.C.A.; M.; U.S.)

RESORT TO PHANTASIES AS DEFENSE OR ESCAPE FROM IMPRISONMENT IN A CAST

The only phantasies that stand out vividly in my memory are the imaginary trips I took to my home and to my grandmother's while I was in a cast in a hospital after a major operation. The pain and the inability to move caused me to set up a defense mechanism and an escape behavior in which I left my bound body and traveled through space as a disembodied spirit. I struck upon this expedient at first accidentally but afterwards indulged intentionally. As my physical condition improved I ceased doing it. This occurred at the age of twenty-seven when I knew quite a bit about mental mechanisms. (W.E.; F.; S.C.T.; B.S.)

DAYDREAMING BEGINNING AT ABOUT EIGHT FROM LONELINESS AND LACK OF COMPATIBILITY WITH MOTHER AND SISTER, DEFENDED AS ENJOYABLE AND AS A MEANS OF PLANNING CAREER AS TEACHER AND AS A MEANS OF INSPIRATION DURING ENTIRE HIGH-SCHOOL AND COLLEGE CAREER

I acquired the habit of daydreaming when I was about eight years of age and have indulged in it to a lesser degree up to the present time.

I think my habit of daydreaming is due in part to the fact that I was often lonely as a small girl. My mother was always very busy, and my younger sister and I were quite unlike. She was plump and rosy, while I was considered skinny and delicate. She liked housework and dolls, while I heartily disliked both and wanted to read from the earliest times that I can remember. The feeling that I was a disappointment to my mother and sister grew as I grew older. I have that feeling even now at times, although I try to keep it in the background. The things I like to do and the friends I choose are often criticized severely by both my mother and my sister. Consequently, I seldom discuss my affairs with them. We are all happier when I don't discuss them.

For the above reasons I began to have elaborate daydreams which I learned to enjoy very much. My childhood dreams were concerned with how I would improve my home when I had a great deal of money, the things I would do for our poorer neighbors, and the things I would do when I was old enough to teach. I always had a desire from the time I was a child of eight or nine to teach when I had grown up in the little school that I attended as a child. I made elaborate plans in my dreams concerning the programs I would use and the things I would teach the children that were not taught me as a child. That desire of my daydream inspired me through my entire high-school and college career. When I graduated from the university, I was offered a position in that one-room country school where I have now taught for two happy years. It is with a feeling of regret that I go to another position next fall in a graded school, but I feel that I need an opportunity to carry on away from home, and to do as I wish without being criticized.

My daydreams, in which I still indulge to a lesser degree, now usually take a more concrete form. E.g., I make scrapbooks, charts, and plans of various kinds. Many of the things I do are planned in this way. I have learned to make my dreams really count and I think they help me a great deal. (H.R.M.; F.; E.S.T.; B.S.; Age 23.)

PROJECTION OF YEARNING FOR A HUSBAND IN DAYDREAMS; SUBLIMATION OF UNREQUITED DESIRE FOR A BABY IN TEACHING

Of course, like every normal girl, I wanted a beau and a husband and, above all, babies. I have never had any. I had plenty of boy friends, who told me all about their love affairs, and wanted sympathy and advice, but they had nothing to give me. I don't blame them. A man wants a girl he can be proud of in all ways, and not one of whom he feels that everyone is saying, "Oh, you know his girl (or wife) limps quite badly" (I was a victim of spinal meningitis). Every new man I met I daydreamed about. I shock my family and few friends when I say I want a husband. Of course, I do. But I don't ever expect to get one because I am not a man's type. At present I am reconciled to this state, but I don't know whether I will be so ten years from now. If this idea is abnormal, then I am very abnormal.

There was a time in my life when the thought of never having a precious baby of my very own was quite terrible, but now I am really glad I have none. I think I have sublimated this desire. I think the reason why I am doing special-class work is that I have a very deep and close sympathy for these abnormal beings. I don't know. At one time I thought I was doing it in return for what health and happiness God had given me after such a horrible disease, since I studied and found out how much more dreadful I could have been. I guess everyone passes through this state of religious sentimentality. (C.M.I.; F.; S.C.T. and Mental Tester; B.S.)

PLANNING AND VISUALIZING BATTLES IN DAYDREAMS; IN MAKE-BELIEVE CALLING OF DEPARTED SPIRITS; ENGAGING IN OCCULT PERFORMANCES; BELIEF THAT RESPONDENT POSSESSED OCCULT OR EVIL POWERS

At about the age of ten I liked to steal away, so my daydreams could go on uninterrupted. These dreams were about equally distributed between destructive and constructive activities. I liked to think of giving sums of money to poor people. Again, I would plan a battle and take all the parts of both sides. Then I would conclude the fray by extending magnanimous terms to the vanquished. The dreams were never the same. There was always a new situation. I purposely visited different places to give variety to my military maneuvres. My visualization of the sea, mountains and the like, that I had never seen, was very true to fact. As I have explained elsewhere, my powers of imagining and phantasy-making were very strong. I would call up Washington and Grant to my councils of war. I was always pleased with the close attention Washington gave to details, while Grant's single word "Now" told me it was time to begin the attack. I once called up Anthony Wayne. He scolded me so severely for delaying the attack that I didn't play at war for a long time.

There seemed nothing out of place with my conduct. I derived pleasure from my communion with those who had completed life's journey, whom I considered experts in various fields. I always wanted to call up Solomon, but I was afraid he couldn't speak English. I never called up a woman. I had a desire to call up Adam and Eve, but I was afraid they would embarrass me by their scanty attire. I got my ceremonial from the Sunday school lesson on the Witch of Endor. I recalled that Samuel was displeased; so I tried the trick first on someone I didn't like. I selected John Wilkes Booth. He told me he wasn't shot, but that he took poison and jumped into the river.

I rode into a crab apple thicket one cloudy day and got lost. I was sorely perplexed. At last I hit upon the expedient of calling up Daniel Boone, who led me to the edge of the thicket and started me home. I did not know that the horse knew the way home and that he had more sense than I, but I have suspected it since. I was such a conceited ass that only notables were called into conference. Ordinary folk would sometimes appear, but they would remain at a respectful distance.

I confided my ability to call up spirits to a few of my schoolmates. They prevailed on me to try it. "Whom shall I call up?" I asked. Finally one rowdy said, "The Devil." My seance progressed nicely. But at the critical moment, some of the children from orthodox homes became frightened and ran screaming away, and the others followed. I became frightened myself and took out after them and completed the rout. For a long time I could get no one to play with me. I was questioned by our pastor who urged me to cast out the wicked demon that had taken possession of me.

I was about a year ahead of my grade. Persons familiar with my school work attributed my ability to the powers of darkness. I organized an insect circus. Lady beetles and ants were the chief performers. The villagers did not know how long I worked to get a simple act together or how many lady bugs I had discarded before I found a few that would train. I kept that to myself. But the thing they saw was something they could not understand. That strengthened the belief that I was possessed of a spirit. I constructed a music box that played a simple air by grains of corn falling on nails of different lengths driven in an old wooden pump stock. The stock formed a post in the barn. The contrivance worked from a distance, and I withheld knowledge of how it worked. From a recent conversation with my father, I realize that the belief in my "powers" was widespread and the superstitious awe with which the community regarded me gave my parents no end of anxiety.

A word about the "calling up" ceremony may be in order. I was not allowed to carry matches, so I obtained a piece of an old file, an arrowhead, and some flax. I kept these articles hidden in the barn. I would take them with me on my solitary jaunts. When I reached the place where I intended to perform, I would strike fire, secure a blaze, and rap on the ground as many times as I desired the spirit to remain with me in minutes. I would then pronounce his name, clap my hands, and extinguish the fire. The person called up would step out of the last wisp of smoke, not a shimmering spirit, but a real, opaque object that moved and talked. Andrew Jackson once complained of a cold! Kit Carson on one occasion showed me a scalp that he said was still warm; but I wouldn't touch it to find out. (H.L.; M.; H.C.T.; B.S.; Age 38.)

UNEXPLAINED RECURRENCE OF THE SAME VISION OR PHANTASY FROM THE AGE OF FOUR OR FIVE IN A PERSON WITH DISTINCT IMAGERY; FEELING OF APPREHENSION INDUCED BY IMAGERY OF ANIMALS DURING FEVERS, ATTRIBUTED TO THE REMARK THAT THE CAT WOULD TAKE THE BABY'S BREATH

One of my earliest recollections presents a problem to which no ready solution has been forthcoming. At one time I regarded the matter as a dream, but the persistence of the recollection is so lasting and the detail is so vivid that I cannot reconcile it with any other dream experience. The vision recurs in precisely the same manner and under the same general circumstances. While the vision usually occurs fortuitously, I am able to bring it to mind at almost any time. As I wrote the first draft of this paper, I saw the circumstances clearly.

In the vision, which first occurred involuntarily in the daytime about the age of four or five, I seem to have come from a vast, rocky unknown realm—an immense region of chasms, bluffs, and forbidding landscapes. A feeling of lassitude comes over me and all is dark. I awake to find myself cuddled comfortably in a wicker basket with the cool breeze rippling my coverings. The room is large. It has a vaulted ceiling with a cupola directly overhead. Small birds fly to and fro singing sweetly, while an occasional butterfly sparkles as it passes through the beams of sunlight admitted by the cupola lattice. In general, the colors are subdued. A restful and refreshed feeling is in evidence more than beauty of form and color. I stand at one side of the basket and look at myself in the basket. Sometimes my brother stands with me, but no significance seems attached to his presence. As I look at the child in the basket, he seems to be perfectly aware that he is seeing the child who stands at one side. The child in the basket is always a tiny baby. My brother (five years my senior) always seems to be a little boy about six years old. The person who looks on is always myself at my attained age. There seems nothing incongruous in the fact that I have become older than my brother. As the vision is studied, it fades until I find myself alone without loss of time or attention to the matters in hand. The total time of the phantasy is not great—not over five seconds. While in the army, I once saw the whole thing between the flash of a shell a mile away and its report. I know I was conscious all the time since I was operating a sound ranging instrument and the records were uninterrupted. This phantasy does not worry me; it is only a curious, unexplained occurrence that probably represents an experience that happened too long ago to be correctly remembered. In connection with this phantasy, it should be stated that I obtain distinct visual and auditory images. Strong after-images of bright objects, appearing in the complementary color of the object, used to worry me a great deal. When I studied the theory of color in high-school physics, I learned the significance of the phenomenon.

Frequently, when sick, I have visions of animals coming in to see me. We used to have an old cat that liked to jump up on the bed if she got a chance. I heard many times about the cat "taking the baby's breath," so I was always annoyed to have her around while I was lying down. I wasn't afraid, but I felt oppressed. Just so with the animals that visit me during fever. I am not afraid of the lion or tiger that gets in bed with me, but I am annoyed by the thoughts that they crowd me and mash the cover down on me so I can't get my breath. (H.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 38.)

TENDENCY TOWARD IDENTIFICATION WITH HEROES IN MOVIES AND TO LIVE THROUGH THE SCENES; STIMULATION OF IDEATION, PHANTASY, AND PHYSICAL ACTIVITY BY MUSIC; DAYDREAMING, BEGINNING WITH PLAYING WITH IMAGINARY PLAYMATES; CONQUERING HERO DAYDREAMS, POSSIBLY AS A DEFENSE REACTION AGAINST ASSUMING UNDERVALUATION

When I see a moving picture I am the hero. I live through the scenes and worry and rejoice with the hero. When I am listening to the radio I feel peculiar sensations from special types of music. These sensations make me feel differently according to the type of music. If it is a march I feel gay as I picture myself marching along as a soldier about to go to war. If it is sad music I imagine a death or a storm. The storm suddenly comes so near as to make me hear the thunder. I imagine I am watching it from a hill and that the rain beats down on me. I always seem to get pleasure out of this type of personalization, while it sometimes brings up good practical ideas and stories that I have used successfully.

When I was eight I indulged in these activities. Music has always made me experience these queer feelings. I feel as if it were telling me to do things, and I snap out of it to find several good ideas. I can always talk, walk, and work better by music. It seems to provide the necessary background.

Along with this I daydream a good deal, making full use of my imagination, and find this useful too. I daydream most when I have relaxed and feel at rest. I may become a being of an unknown country and live through a few adventures. As a child I played by myself a good deal while my brother was in school, and constructed imaginary playmates. I have constructed plays in daydreams, making myself the hero and winning great applause. I do not know any reason for this type of daydream unless it is the fact that I think I should rate better in college than I do. (R.G.S.; M.; U.S.)

INDULGENCE IN THE PET LUXURY OF DAYDREAMING FROM THE AGE OF FOUR OR FIVE, PROBABLY STARTING AS A DEFENSE AGAINST THE FEAR OF BEING PUT TO BED ALONE, WHICH INITIATED THE HABIT OF PLAYING THE ROLE OF THE HEROINE AND ALSO PERHAPS SERVED AS AN ESCAPE FROM SOLITUDE. WHILE SOMETIMES SERVING AS AN INTEGRATING MECHANISM AND A MEANS OF PRACTICAL ACCOMPLISHMENT, IT USUALLY IS A DRUG LULLING INTO INACTIVITY AND ABSENTMINDEDNESS; METHODS OF RESOLUTION

My personality is so cluttered up with survivals, pitfalls, and other maladjustments that I believe my sense of humor is all that saves me from complete disintegration. If it is true that "it isn't what happens to you, but how you feel about it," as you have emphasized, I have some feeling of mental security.

My most dangerous, but at times most integrating, maladjustment is daydreaming. If things go wrong, if I can't sleep, if I'm worried, if my feelings are hurt, I am likely to take refuge in this escape reaction; and presto! my mental balance is restored. In my imaginary flights, I have vicariously lived dozens of lives, at times wisely, on other occasions to my detriment. My realm of fantasy is not limited. To illustrate: Sometimes in my daydreaming, I occupy positions of wealth and power, sometimes I am in the depths of poverty, while at other times I am moderately well off. It is so easy to enjoy things as they might have been or might be; but, unfortunately, reverie makes me lazy. Why bother to work and strive, when a whole world of experience and emotion is open to me just by letting my mind drift? It is really fascinating, too, to start with one little idea, and with no apparent effort to live through absorbing adventures. But this is not written in defense of daydreaming. On the contrary, I'm afraid this insidious maladjustment is going to thwart the one ruling ambition of my life—to do some lasting good in this world, which will not be forgotten when I'm dead. I don't have half the horror of death that I do of the oblivion that follows it. In all fairness to daydreaming, I might say that several of my daydreams have become realities, but most of the time daydreaming is a drug that lulls me into inactivity.

From my earliest recollection, perhaps from the age of four or five, I have indulged in reverie. The cause is not quite clear in my mind, but I believe it is due to an excessive interest in fairy tales coupled with the fear of being in bed alone. My mother did not start putting me to bed by myself until I was three or four. Being dreadfully frightened, I objected to this ordeal very much. I remember I used to cry and cry, but mother soon learned to ignore this. When I learned that no one was going to pay attention to me, I would try to forget the shadowy "raw-heads and bloody-bones"—creatures who snatched away naughty little girls—by retelling little stories and poems to myself and pretending that I was the hero or heroine.

The habit grew, and as I became older, I hungrily devoured every book I could beg or borrow, regardless of whether or not it was suited to my age. It seems so incongruous as to be amusing to recall that I read Scott's uninteresting *Bride of Lammermoor* at the age of nine and did not find it as dull as I do now. One can easily imagine the strain of identifying myself with the leading character or characters in all these books, besides constructing roles for myself when I had nothing to read. I was thin, nervous, and sickly, but liked the companionship of other children, and enjoyed their games as much as they did. My daydreaming tendency seems to have functioned only when I was at home. The fact that I was an only child and had no playmates may explain the condition. At home my actions must have been largely automatic, for my mind was far away. I was often reprimanded for saying "What?" with a guilty start, when mother spoke to me, since I seemed to have been paying attention.

I was pretty much under the spell of daydreaming until I entered high school at the age of thirteen. My four years there were not so easy as my years in the grades. I had to work to lead the class; hence I did not have so much time for my pet luxury. But I would lapse into it now and then. At this period, and later in college, I began to see the danger of succumbing to this habit, and often when I felt like daydreaming, I would try to read or do something.

This course on mental maladjustments has made it increasingly clear that in yielding too much to the daydreaming urge may "lie madness" or possibly dementia praecox. Having no desire to end my career in that fashion, I am trying more and more to break myself of the habit, but haven't succeeded entirely. At times after a particularly disagreeable occurrence, I find myself lapsing into my old way of making things come out right, but it hasn't quite the same appeal now, since some part of me sits off and mocks my sulky childishness with laughter. Although I realize the danger, I am not afraid of daydreaming any more, for from the study of my own case I know that "knowledge casteth out fear." (B.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 33.)

CHAPTER IX

EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCES AND MALADJUSTMENTS PRODUCED BY SPECIFIC PROCESSES OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

MANY instances have occurred in the reports already presented of frights, phobias, feelings of inferiority, frustration, and the like which are traceable to some definite occurrence or accidental happening, and instances of many other types of maladjustment of similarly specific origin will appear in later pages. For convenience of reference, however, it seems desirable to present in one place records of personality disturbances of various kinds which apparently can be clearly traced to very definite processes of emotional conditioning. Instances of cases such as these constitute powerful sermons on "how to do it" or on "how not to do it" in the fields of preventive mental hygiene and child development.

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AN INSTANCE OF EARLY, PERSISTENT EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING; A FEAR BEGINNING AT THE THIRD MONTH AND CONTINUING INTO THE FIFTH YEAR OR BEYOND, ALTHOUGH THE OBJECT OF THE AVERSION WAS SEEN ONLY RARELY

When my youngest child was a tiny infant she developed a stomach disturbance. In spite of tender care and professional medical attention the infant continually grew worse. One evening as the doctor was observing her he remarked, "I believe that she has ear trouble." Next day

I had the child in a Pennsylvania city where she had an uncle who was an ear, nose. and throat specialist. She was examined first by a baby specialist for the stomach condition. She got along very well with him and showed no sign of fear, but her reactions to her uncle, the ear specialist, were entirely different. At this time she was just three months old. It seemed as though she was afraid of her uncle from the very start. As soon as she looked at him she began to cry. Possibly the headpiece that he wore frightened her. The attention he gave her ears was painful, for both had to be opened and cared for tenderly and patiently for weeks to prevent the development of mastoiditis. At any rate, she yelled and had to be held by sheer force whenever he examined her ears.

At the end of two months the infant left the city and did not see her uncle again until the following summer, when we visited his home. I was surprised and disappointed to observe that the child was still afraid of him. When he approached her she cried, and there was no consoling her as long as he was near. I could not believe that she could remember her first experience with her uncle since she was only three months old. When we visited him next time she could walk. I recall that on our arrival he picked her up, lifted her high, and tried to make friends with her, but alas! she cried and resisted again. At her uncle's request her high chair was placed between him and me, but she would not eat one bit.

When she was nearly four years old we were entertained in the doctor's cottage at the seashore for several days. On account of his practice he was at the cottage only at the week-end. On this occasion he made a special effort to gain her friendship and confidence. Whenever he treated the children he gave her about twice as much as the others. But this did not produce any apparent advance of friendly relations. She would not even talk to him. On one occasion she surprised us as we were returning to the cottage from the ocean bath. All at once she called out to her uncle who was several feet ahead of us, "Uncle Henry, carry me." She was barefoot, and the way was not so easy for her tender feet. Since that time we have detected a slight "softening" in her attitude.

When she was barely past five years she made another visit to her uncle. She had promised that she would speak pleasantly and would even include a kiss for him. I did not accompany her on this visit, but I was told that while she did not withdraw from his embrace, still she was quite reserved and did not respond buoyantly.

This course of lectures has directed my attention to this early maladjustment caused by fear. The antipathy still exists, although the child is now nearly five and a half years old, but it is not nearly as strong as it formerly was. Possibly the progress that has been made has been brought about to a considerable extent through various kinds of gifts that she has received from her uncle. (From F.R.G.; F.; Housewife and Sub. T.)

MOMENTARY SENSATIONS OF FALLING DURING MOMENTS OF MENTAL STRAIN LASTING ALMOST TWO DECADES, AND DREAMS OF FALLING, TRACEABLE TO A SEVERE FRIGHT CAUSED BY REELING FORWARD AND ALMOST FALLING INTO THE HARBOR

At the age of nine, about two years after the episode in which my chum was drowned (see *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, pp. 456 f.), I experienced a great fright which left a peculiar trace for almost two decades. From the eastern shore there would come every summer a fleet of little sailing vessels with a cargo of watermelons. I would slip away from time to time and watch these cargoes being unloaded. Someone standing in the hold of the boat would toss a watermelon to another person standing on deck. He, in turn, would toss it on shore to a man standing in a wagon. Hundreds upon hundreds of melons would be thus passed from ship to many wagons. One day, as I was standing close to the edge of the wharf, the man on deck dropped the watermelon which had been thrown to him from the hold. He picked it up, and instead of throwing it to the wagoner, threw it over the side of the ship. I was so close that I stretched out my hands to catch the melon, without stopping to realize that its weight would be too much for me. It caused me to reel forward, and, had it not been for someone who grabbed me from behind, I would probably have fallen into the water. As in the first episode (see above reference), I said nothing to my parents, but repressed the event. I had been frightened very much by the dangerous predicament from which I had barely escaped, and the wisest thing would have been to talk it over with my parents and thus rid myself of my agitation through psychological catharsis. But I was afraid of the punishment that would be meted out to me; therefore I kept silent.

In connection with the first episode I indicated the nature of the two reactions that resulted from my first experience with death. This further experience with near death (at least, that was what I thought it was) accentuated these reactions even more deeply. After some months, I became burdened by a strange type of emotional behavior. Whenever confronted with a tense situation, I would experience a *falling sensation*. This sensation followed me for years. At school, whenever my lessons became too difficult, a momentary sensation of falling would seize me. At examination time, the same feeling prevailed. Later on when I was a student at high school and very active as a member of its debating team, I could never stand up to begin my address without experiencing this momentary sensation. At college, while a member of the baseball team, I could never come to the bat without that same feeling. My dreams also brought this sensation to me. Fortunately for me, I became associated later on with a man who had been a keen student of psychology, and a deep friendship sprang up between us. As we became intimate I divulged my strange reaction to him. Realizing that the only way to purge myself of the feeling was to retrace my emotional steps until I was able to recall the original fear episode that I had inhibited, we worked together in a sort of semi-analysis and we finally unearthed the watermelon experience. After a few weeks of conscientious effort, the falling sensation vanished completely. (S.A.A.; M.; Clergyman; M.A.; Age 37.)

DIZZINESS, SICKNESS, AND WEAKNESS PRODUCED BY CROSSING TRESTLES OR BRIDGES, TRACEABLE TO A FRIGHT AT THE AGE OF FOUR WHEN CARRIED OVER A BRIDGE OVER A TURBULENT STREAM WITH HEAD HANGING DOWN; PERMANENT EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

My worst fright occurred when I was four years old. We were walking in a country place with a friend of the family. We wished to cross a river, but to get to the commonly used traffic and pedestrian bridge would have necessitated a long walk. There was a railroad bridge or trestle close at hand, and our friend knew well the schedule for trains which used it. Deciding that we had plenty of time, she picked me up under one arm, my head dangling forward and gazing at the water beneath, and she dashed swiftly from tie to tie. I can still see those awful gaps and the turbulent, rushing water whenever I recall the incident. I was pale with fright when we reached the opposite bank, and had to be revived and quieted before we could resume our walk home. I know that I refused to cross easy footbridges and small trestles on several occasions later in my childhood, saying that it made me sick and dizzy, and it was a comparatively short time ago that I felt myself again going through all the same spasms of fright at a similar adventure over a turbulent creek in Pennsylvania, in spite of the fact that I can now swim. I did cross the footbridge, but I felt so weak after doing so that I had to sit down while I told my friends of my childhood experience. (W.C.H.; F.; Kg. Supv.; Ph.B.; Age 37.)

DIZZINESS, NAUSEA, AND INABILITY TO CLIMB LADDERS, TREES, OR SCAFFOLDS OR TO STAY IN BALCONIES OR ATTICS, DUE TO EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING AT FOURTEEN

When I was about fourteen years of age I was carrying bricks for the chimney of a two-story house in process of construction, when the ladder began to slip at the bottom as I was nearing the top. It slid down the siding with a bumping noise, and I became dizzy and nauseated, although I was not injured to any extent. Since that accident, to this day, I have been unable to climb upon either ladders or scaffolds because of the unbearable mental anguish produced. When I begin to climb, I experience some sort of mental conflict. The incident is recalled from my subconscious mind, although I do not clearly realize what I am doing. I become dizzy and nauseated and on several occasions since the accident have almost been seriously hurt. I am sometimes similarly affected when I am in balconies or attics of large buildings. The more I do to overcome this phobia, the more it seems to affect me. Before the accident I was not afraid of climbing trees or scaling buildings. (J.S.T.; M.; P.E.S.; Age 41.)

AN INSTANCE OF EARLY CONDITIONING: PERSISTENT CRINGING AT THE SIGHT OF CHICKENS, AND AVERSION TO EATING CHICKEN; TRACEABLE TO A PECK ON THE NOSE BY A ROOSTER AT THE AGE OF THREE

When I was about three years old we lived in a very small town in which there was no law prohibiting people from having cows, pigs, and chickens in their back yards, and so mother raised chickens.

When the servant went into the chicken yard to feed the chickens I usually tagged along. One day when I started out of the backdoor with the servant, mother told me that I'd better not go into the chicken yard, but I did, and in about two minutes a rooster flew up and pecked me on the nose. I can remember how frightened I was at the time, and to this day I still cringe when a chicken wanders too close to me. Possibly this early experience explains my refusal to touch chickens dead or alive, or almost any animal. (If a dog is friendly and unassuming looking, I don't object to stroking him, but the ordinary dog doesn't appeal to me at all.) I cannot remember ever touching a chicken. I recall one experience vividly.

Chickens come in the spring along with other nuisances, such as rain. When it rains, our back yard is immersed in three inches of water—just enough for little biddies to drown in—and the water stays there until the sun comes out and drys it. Well, one day, when I was about twelve years of age, during a downpour mother realized that no one had taken the chickens to cover. Being sick, she asked me to gather them and bring them into the house. The biddies were drowning by the dozens and I was standing on the back porch as tense as a violin string and trying to make up my mind to pick one of them up. I knew if I ever got nerve enough to touch one of them the rest would be easier, but I could not. She first offered me a dollar, and then threatened to spank me if I did not get them in. Finally she said that if I did not do it, she would never let me eat chicken again. I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday how I felt. But I did not get the chickens.

I seldom enjoy chicken, and it is only during the last two or three years that I have been able to eat quail. (G.F.; F.; U.S.; Age 21.)

FEAR OF TURKEY BUZZARDS, CRINGING AUTOMATICALLY WHEN ONE APPROACHES THE CAR, FROM HEARING AN ACCOUNT OF HOW A BUZZARD WENT THROUGH A WINDSHIELD INTO A DRIVER'S LAP

I was eighteen when I first saw a turkey buzzard.. A cousin told me that they were carrion-eating birds of prey and that they were very lousy. He also told me of an experience he had with one.

A large black snake had been killed on the road and a buzzard was eating it. As he approached in his car, the buzzard started to fly away, carrying the dead snake, but not in time to clear the car. The buzzard struck the upper left-hand corner of the windshield, the glass broke and buzzard and snake landed in the driver's lap, in fact, splattered in general over the car and its occupants.

This story filled me with horror and fear of the lousy vultures. Whenever one flies my way when I'm driving, I instinctively cringe. I believe I would wreck my car in preference to hitting a turkey buzzard. (H.M.; F.; S.C.T.; Age 25.)

DREAD OF GRASSHOPPERS, ORIGINALLY CAUSING SUBJECT TO CRY AND RUN, AND STILL PRODUCING INHIBITORY, WITHDRAWING MOVEMENTS, MODIFIED BECAUSE OF FEAR OF RIDICULE; DUE TO A DEFINITE PROCESS OF CONDITIONING AT THE AGE OF SIX, WHEN A GRASSHOPPER FLEW AGAINST RESPONDENT'S EYE

My earliest recollection of grasshoppers was not associated with fear but rather with curiosity. To me they were odd creatures, because someone had told me that they could spit tobacco. I can recall my amazement when my brother caught a grasshopper, told it to spit tobacco, and I then and there saw a brownish substance upon his hand. It was true: grasshoppers did spit tobacco.

Later as a child of six, I had an experience with a grasshopper that frightened me so that even now I instinctively move away whenever I spy one. My grandfather and I were in the garden examining flowers. As I was stooping over the flowers, a grasshopper jumped out from somewhere and struck me in the eye, glancing the eye as I closed it and causing some pain. It happened so quickly that I experienced much fright and started to scream. My grandfather, who had observed what had happened, showed his concern by wanting to examine my eye and by taking me into the kitchen and bathing the eye with a moistened cloth. I believe his manifestation of alarm helped to justify me in being frightened. After that experience grasshoppers always frightened me, and I would scream and run away. I was obsessed with the dread that every grasshopper I might encounter might spring at my eyes.

Naturally, as I grew older my reactions were modified. No longer did I scream or run away because of the fear that I would be laughed at, but I would get away as quickly as I could whenever a grasshopper was sighted. Even today my feelings upon encountering a grasshopper show the effects of my early fright. Other insects, such as beetles and caterpillars, I will kill; but if I meet a grasshopper I take the defensive. I draw away from it if possible; if not, I stand still so as not to disturb it. If someone is near, I will beg him to kill it. I cannot go after it myself, yet I want it destroyed. Unquestionably my old dread still inhibits me. (H.R.E.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 32.)

NAUSEA FROM SIGHT OF BLOOD, APPARENTLY DUE TO CUTTING A FROG IN TWO WITH LAWN MOWER; FEAR OF EDGES DUE TO FINGER CUT

As a young child the sight of blood made the writer exceedingly uncomfortable and at times nauseated. A vivid recollection is of cutting a frog in halves with a lawn mower, and the attendant nausea. This condition does not persist in the adult unless he is in a tired, unstable condition. When he was in college he cut a finger severely with a razor blade, which resulted in a phobia for edges of all kinds until rationalization suppressed it after about three years. (B.O.I.; M.; C.T. of Psychol. and Ed.; B.A.)

FEAR OF FALLING THROUGH SIDEWALK CRACKS, INDUCED BY SISTERS' SCARES, AND REFUSAL TO WALK ON BOARDWALK

When I was about three or four years of age I became a burden as a companion to my sisters, who were older than I was. They had found new friends in their newly acquired schoolmates and avoided me when they would go some place in the neighborhood with their little friends. However, mother would require that I be allowed to go along. To get rid of me, they finally resorted to the rather ingenious trick of telling me that I was very liable to fall through the cracks of the old type of sidewalk. Unfortunately, I was more teachable than was best for me, for I soon grasped the graveness of the situation and became persuaded that I was in imminent danger of disappearing through the cracks. The following experience tended to confirm me in my belief. I had the unpleasant experience of being caught under a loose board that had been stepped on. The board was fastened at one end but not at the other. I had my foot lodged under the board, and it fell back far enough to trap me until one of the children could release me. This they refused to do until they had scolded me severely for going with them. After such an unpleasant experience as that I would not walk on the boardwalk under any circumstances until my mother finally found out what had happened. She very tactfully explained the situation, and that corrected the situation for me. This is one of the first of my early recollections that stand out vividly in memory. (M.E.M.; M.; Director Vocational Guidance in T.C.; M.A.; Age 33.)

TICKLISHNESS IN ABDOMEN AND TENDENCY TO DOUBLE UP WHEN LUNGED AT, TRACEABLE TO BROTHER'S HABIT OF DARTING AT RESPONDENT AS A CHILD AND BEARING HER DOWN

My brother had a penchant for darting at one and bearing one down to the ground. Whenever anyone lunges at me now, I double right up because my brother used to pinch my abdomen where I have always had a royal covering. Thus it is that I have a reputation for being ticklish when, in fact, if they don't go for my abdomen they can't budge me. Tickling me very lightly unawares doesn't bother me at all. (D.H.; F.; U.S.; Age 20.)

REPULSION FOR IRREGULAR OR UNEVEN SURFACES, SUCH AS A PROJECTING MASS OF HAIRPINS AND ROCK FENCES WITH POINTED STONES, POSSIBLY DUE TO FLIPPANT REMARKS WHICH TOUCHED OFF AN EMOTIONAL COMPLEX

One of my peculiarities is a feeling of repulsion caused by the observation of irregular surfaces. The first time I experienced this feeling was about eight or ten years ago. I was in Colorado on a geography trip, and we visited the Cave of the Winds. Some of the rock is very soft and in many places can easily be pierced by a sharp instrument. In one of the rooms the guide told us that if all the "ladies" who weren't married would leave a hairpin sticking in the rock they would be married within a year. They evidently told all the groups the same thing as the whole side of the room was covered with hairpins, probably millions of them. That irregular mass filled me with repulsion. Naturally I did not leave a hairpin, and I did not tarry long in that part of the cave. I have noticed this aversion many times since in connection with many different things. Rock fences with pointed stones along the top call forth the same feeling. I always wonder how people can live in a house with a fence like that.

A possible explanation of this aversion may be that the man to whom I was engaged was killed during the World War. The trip to Colorado came a few years afterward. The guide's flippant tones about something concerning which I had received such a shock may have been the cause of this peculiarity, as I had never noticed it before the trip into the Cave of the Winds. Does this seem too farfetched? (D.M.; F.; E.S. Supv.; B.S.; Age 41.)

ABHORRENCE OF TICKING CLOCKS TRACEABLE TO THE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING PRODUCED BY A MISERABLE NIGHT AND MOTHER'S SUBSEQUENT DEATH; DISTRACTION STILL PRODUCED BY TICKING CLOCKS; SUGGESTIONS OFFERED FOR REMEDIATION; LACK OF CONFIDENCE DUE TO THE CONCEALMENT OF THE TRUTH

One of my personality maladjustments is my obsession concerning the ticking of a clock which I acquired when I was eighteen years of age.

During my first year of teaching, when I was boarding away from home, I was kept in a highly nervous state because of the serious illness of my mother. It was during this year that an incident happened which resulted in this obsession. Up to this time I had never stayed away from home very much without my sister or mother (we three comprised the family, father having died when I was a baby). When I left in September I did not come home again until Thanksgiving.

On the train on my way home for the holidays, I had quite an enjoyable time reminiscencing with schoolmates. I felt very proud of myself because I had been away from home from September to November. I was in a very happy mood, and had no premonition of any trouble at home until I was in the house. You can imagine my feelings when instead of being greeted by my mother, I was told that she had been taken to the hospital the day before and that there was very little hope for her recovery.

In a few days mother showed some improvement, and I returned to my position with the promise that someone would write me every day concerning her condition. During the next few months, while she was in the hospital, I heard only the bright side of things, and only accidentally did I learn the truth, namely, that she had suffered a serious relapse. After learning that the real state of affairs was being concealed from me, in the hope of keeping me contented, I began to wonder every time I received any news whether or not it was authentic. This experience not only kept me emotionally upset, but I began to doubt everyone and wondered all the time if people were telling me the truth or trying to hide something from me. Even now I experience this same lack of confidence in people whom I feel I should be able to trust.

In February when mother returned from the hospital, I went home for the week-end. As I was to leave on an early train Monday morning, mother thought it best to place the alarm clock in my room, so that I would not oversleep.

I have never been able to forget that restless night. I would wake up crying and every time I would awaken I could hear that clock which seemed to drive me mad with its steady ticking. I had been accustomed to having clocks in my bedroom all my life, but they had never bothered me in the least before. Finally the alarm sounded, and I got up and prepared to leave. Mother recognized my unhappiness and homesickness, and tried to cheer me up. She grew worse rapidly and died a few weeks later. Ever since that Sunday night I have been unable to have a ticking clock in the room with me either night or day. Every time I am alone with a clock I relive that night again and can see my mother standing at the door waving goodbye as she did that morning.

Three or four years ago when I was attending summer school I would take my books to another girl's room so that my roommate and her friend could study together. This girl had a clock. Before I could sit down and concentrate on my work I had to put the clock somewhere out of my hearing. Even now when I read or study I have to put the clock in another room.

For several years we didn't have a clock at our house, using only wrist watches for timepieces. Then one Christmas a cousin gave us a pretty little alarm clock. For a long time I would not allow my sister to start the clock. Not wanting to offend the donor, however, I finally gave my consent. But the clock was never put in my bedroom, and I always moved it from the room where I expected to spend any time.

Many people have told me that I could overcome this obsession by making up my mind to keep the clock in the room with me. One girl told me to place the clock under my pillow and keep it there, even though it tortured me.

During the few occasions this year when it has been necessary for me to get up early in the mornings, I have placed the clock outside my bedroom just near enough for me to hear the alarm. Even so, the faint ticking has bothered me. Similarly during the past few months when I have put the clock in the room with me, even though I have been doing something that interests me very much, I have found that it distracts my attention. I find myself staring into space and reliving that night which is so keenly associated in my memory with a ticking clock. (S.S.N.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 29.)

AVERSION TO THE VICTROLA SELECTION "OLD BLACK JOE," APPARENTLY INDUCED AT THE AGE OF FOUR BY THE PHRASE "I'SE COMIN'," AND CONTINUING TO THE COLLEGE PERIOD; PARTLY OVERCOME BY REPEATEDLY LISTENING TO THE SELECTION, ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT REPETITION DULLS THE EMOTIONS

When I was about four years old, my mother used to leave me occasionally with my brother, who was nine years older. He did not like to be bothered with me when he had something else to do, so he would pass the time by teasing me. One of his pet methods was to play "Old Black Joe" on the victrola, while I was in a dark room on the second floor. Every time the old colored man sang, "I'se comin'," I could just see and hear him coming up the stairs. As soon as I imagined him coming after me I would hide my head under the covers and keep it there until I finally fell asleep or my mother returned.

I remember particularly one Christmas Eve when my mother and brother returned from midnight church and allowed me to get up to see my toys. Just as I reached the bottom step my brother started "Old Black Joe" on the victrola. When I looked up there stood the old colored janitor from our church. I screamed, ran up the stairs, and refused to come down until the following morning when I was sure that everyone would be sleeping.

After that, whenever I would hear the selection "Old Black Joe" I would either leave the room or, if this was impossible, sit and cry. This continued all the way through school and for two years after I finished college when I was of age. Then one night Miss F. in connection with a talk on children and their fears suggested that I shut myself in a room and listen to the selection over and over again. At first I did not think this was going to do me any good, but after listening to it again and again I began not to experience the emotional disturbance.

Now, although I do not cry or leave the room when the selection is played, I must admit that I still do not like it. I am just as well pleased when I am not forced to listen to it. (M.S.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 23.)

A NIGHT OF WAKEFULNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, VASOMOTOR COLLAPSE, WEAKNESS, FLIGHTINESS, SUBSEQUENT ILLNESS, WITHDRAWAL FROM SCHOOL, CHANGE OF CAREER, AND CONTINUING LOSS OF COURAGE, TRACEABLE TO THE FRIGHT PRODUCED BY A GRUFF-VOICED WATCHMAN

I was starting my freshman year in the university at the age of eighteen. I was much pleased with my cheerful southeast corner room on the first floor of one of the girls' dormitories in which the sun shone most of the day. The upperclassmen had arrived at the beginning of the second week, and toward the end of the week apparently were falling into some of their old traits. The outside doors were locked at nine o'clock. On this particular night one of the upperclassmen had stayed a little too long in another dormitory and had been locked out. Her roommate, realizing that she had not come in, was listening for her signal knock at the door. She was admitted, as I learned later, just before the incident occured that I am about to relate.

It was about nine eighteen when I happened to be coming down the hall alone and heard a knock on the big panel door opposite our room. Being in the habit of answering the door at home when someone knocked, I went to the door and opened it. To my surprise a big bully of a man with a deep, gruff voice jumped from out of the darkness into my face and asked why I had opened the door and who it was that came in about two minutes ago. Finally, after further reproofs, the man, who proved to be the night watchman, told me to lock the door and get to my room. Verily, I was so scared and weak I could hardly move. When I entered the room I was told I was as white as a sheet.

After relating the incident and getting settled for the night, we turned out the lights, but sleep was impossible that night, although I tried everything. I think that night was the longest that I have ever lived through. Finally the dawn came, the breakfast hour arrived, but I wasn't hungry and stayed in bed. After my roommate had left, I got up and dressed. When the class bell rang I started down the hall, but as soon as I looked at anyone tears came into my eyes. To keep people from seeing me cry, I turned and went back to my room, where I remained all morning trembling, worried, and nervous. It seemed just impossible for me to get back to myself again.

Realizing that I couldn't attend classes in my upset condition, I took the next bus for home. When I arrived I slumped down on the davenport, and there I stayed. To my parents' inquiry as to where I felt bad, I answered, "No place." I felt no inclination to talk. Whenever I tried to talk, I was only able to utter a sob. Next the family doctor arrived and was greatly puzzled. My pulse had dropped to forty-five a minute, the lowest he had ever heard about. After getting the story bit by bit of what had happened before my return home, the doctor concluded that I was a victim of that fright. After a number of days in bed, I got up, very weak, timid, flighty, and actually afraid of my own shadow. Before this happening I had the reputation of being afraid of nothing, not even of the devil and his imps should they have appeared.

I regained my strength and returned to the school but, as it proved, a little too soon, so I had to return home with the intention of re-entering the university the next fall. In January of the year, however, I took up another line of work and have continued in that ever since.

That unfortunate incident has robbed me of the courage that I should have, although I still try hard to be brave. I always peer through the glass or ask, "Who's there?" before opening the door at night. (C.E.A.; F.; H.S. Com'l. T.; Age 26.)

TERROR PRODUCED BY BEING TICKLED ON THE NECK AND FACE BY A RABBIT'S TAIL, NOW MANIFESTED AS INTENSE HOSTILITY TO FUR-BEARING ANIMALS AND REFUSAL TO WEAR FUR COLLARS—AN EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATION OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING CONTINUING FROM THE AGE OF TWO OR THREE TO ADULTHOOD, AND BECOMING TRANSFERRED TO ASSOCIATED STIMULI

I have many idiosyncrasies, but there is one in particular that I think I can trace to its source in early childhood. Some of the fears that destroy my equilibrium at times have, perhaps, been remotely conditioned by this experience.

As a small youngster of two or three I was frightened one day by a rabbit's foot or tail. An older child, an uncle about ten years my senior, put the fur through a fence and tickled my neck, interrupting a bit of contented play. When I turned around to see what was squirming around my throat, I saw nothing, for he was concealed behind the fence. When the fur was again pushed in my face, I became terrified. Today I possess several fears that the feeling of fur has conditioned; e.g., I am intensely hostile towards dogs, cats, and other fur-bearing animals. I cannot bear the feeling of fur around my neck, and consequently do not wear fur collars on coats or dresses that touch my neck. I do wear a neckpiece at times when dress formality demands it, but it always drapes my shoulders and is far removed from my neck. (G.T.F.; F.; T. of Music.)

A TERROR OF HALLOWEEN STILL LINGERING AT THE AGE OF FIFTY, DUE TO SEEING AT THE AGE OF FIVE THREE HIDEOUS FACES MAKING WEIRD NOISES; FLASHES OF THE TERROR STILL EXPERIENCED

I was born on a farm in Delaware and I do not recall that I had ever heard of Halloween prior to an experience that came into my life at five years of age, when I went to live with my grandparents who lived in a town in Pennsylvania. I was totally unprepared to understand the tricks and pranks played on people by the young folks of that town.

On this particular Halloween night, while seated in the living room looking at a picture book, there suddenly appeared at the window three hideous faces making the weirdest noises I had ever heard. Paralyzed with fear, I ran all about the room screaming, trying to find a place to hide from the demons. A drop-leaf table afforded the only hiding place. There I lay for a long while, trembling and crying, refusing to come from under the table in spite of all the explanations and entreaties my grandparents made. It was long after the frolickers had departed before I came out and then I insisted on being put to bed and that my grandmother sleep with me. I apparently felt that the only safe place was in bed where I could hide under the covers. On several succeeding nights I went to bed before dark, fearing another repetition of the horrifying experience. For the next five or six years I was always in bed before dark on Halloween night.

I have long since lost my fear of Halloween, but never in all my life have I gone to a Halloween party, or taken part in any of the frolics of that day. In fact, I am possessed with a hatred of the day that is almost unbelievable. Whenever the day is mentioned there flashes through my mind the terrors of that first night many years ago. I am always glad when the hateful day has come and gone. (R.A.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

A CONTINUING OBSESSIONAL FEAR OF ENTERING DARK, ENCLOSED PLACES, AND FEAR OF BEING GRABBED, DUE TO BEING TOUCHED BY AN UNSEEN CAT IN A DARK SHED; DIFFICULTY OF PARKING A CAR IN A DARK GARAGE

One of my personal maladjustments is fear of darkness in enclosed places, such as a dark room or garage. This obsession originated at about the age of eight in connection with a game called "Night Trot" (Hide and Go Seek) played after dark by the children in our community. Occasionally when my mother was away I was allowed to play with the children for awhile. One evening while I was hiding in a woodshed I heard something moving, but could not see what it was. The quieter I kept, the more frightened I grew. Finally, when the object came nearer and touched me I could stand it no longer and gave a big yell. Every child ran to me, and I couldn't tell them fast enough what had happened. I still could imagine something had hold of me. An investigation soon revealed a cat in the shed.

Before this episode I had never known what it was to be afraid. The next night my mother sent me to the barn to get something for her. When I arrived at the barn I just could not enter that dark building alone. I was afraid something would creep up and grab me. I tried to conceal my fear from my parents, but they found it out. My mother told me how foolish it was to have such a fear and assured me nothing was in any of these places to grab me or harm me. Although I realized this, whenever I entered a dark place alone, the fear would come over me and I would run for the door. But I was not afraid of the dark when out in the open.

At the age of sixteen I was allowed the use of the car occasionally to go in town. If I went to town in the early evening and returned after dark, I just couldn't drive the car into the dark garage and get out. So I would park it in the yard for the night. My father, in the effort to help me overcome my fear, told me I could not have the use of the car unless I would drive it into the garage after returning at night. I did not want to lose the use of the car and so forced myself to drive it into the garage at night. I found that this lessened my fear to some extent, but I would quickly get out of the car and run for the door.

If I am staying alone at night now and return home after dark I hate to unlock the door and enter a dark room. It seems that I can't get the lights on quickly enough. When once in the house with the lights on I can stay alone without any fear.

This fear has not left me entirely yet, although I am thirty-three years old. I try to reason with myself and think how foolish it is to be afraid, but I still do not like to enter dark places alone. (A.W.C.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 33.)

A FEAR OF SNAKES PRODUCED BY A LONE ENCOUNTER WITH A SNAKE, PRODUCING SNAKE DREAMS AND FEAR CONDITIONING TO THE SAME COLORS IN A SCARF, TIE, AND ELECTRIC CORD

One morning at the age of eleven when I was in the garden picking butterbeans for dinner, I heard a hissing sound. As I looked behind I saw an orange-brown and black snake (Viper) coming toward me, with her head raised so that at least half of her body was in the air. She was the picture of anger. Along with her were three baby snakes who moved as if called and who appeared to glide down her mouth. Beholding all of this at a mere glance, I bolted instantly into the house. What a fright! Upon relating my experience to mother, she went to the back yard and found the same snake near the door that I had entered from the garden. I am sure this snake had followed me. A man cut the snake in half with a garden hoe, killing the mother and her little ones too.

I have never forgotten this frightful experience which has left me with frequent dreams of snakes and a color dread. I never see those two colors (brown and black), combined but that I have a frightful feeling. A brown and black scarf that was given me I never wore because I knew I would have visions of a snake about me. I never see or use the cord on my electric waffle iron which contains these colors without experiencing that feeling of fear. Once when I beheld one of my husband's ties which contained these colors lying on the dresser, I had such a fearful feeling that I could not stay in the room. In order to conquer the fear, I made myself feel the tie. This removed the fear at that time. My great longing has been to kill a snake, thinking that this might enable me to subjugate my fear. (S.H.N.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 38.)

RECENTLY ACQUIRED AUTOMOBILE SPEED PHOBIA WHICH WAS CAUSED BY A BLOW-OUT AND WHICH HAS PRODUCED A TENDENCY TO WATCH FOR ROAD BUMPS, TO WATCH THE SPEEDOMETER, TO BADGER THE DRIVER ABOUT FAST DRIVING, AND A FEAR OF PASSING OVER RAILROAD CROSSINGS

I have recently developed a speed phobia. When riding in a car, no matter how smoothly the engine hums, and even if I know that the tires are good and properly serviced, I can imagine the most distressing experiences. I imagine that the steering wheel may break, and I can see the car heading for an embankment or maybe toward another car. I imagine a blow-out and a quick somersaulting of the car. After a few such images, I become disturbed and say to the driver, "Don't drive so fast; we've plenty of time; suppose something happens." The speed may be only twenty-five miles an hour, but after such imaginings it seems fifty miles. My anxiety is annoying to those with whom I travel, since drivers do not like to be told how to do everything. I don't like it myself, but how often do I find myself telling the driver just what to do and how to do it. This phobia has been recently acquired, and I think it is due to a car wreck in which I was a participant. We were going smoothly when, presto! A blow-out occurred, and the car turned two flips and partially completed a third. I wonder if I will ever forget that moment. I often visualize the accident, and have carried the experience over to other situations. Strange to say, I have no fear when driving a car myself, but when the other fellow drives I am on needles and pins until the destination is reached. I see every bump in the road, watch the speedometer, notice other cars coming, become enraged at the other passengers who seem so indifferent and so willing to trust their lives to chance, and finally say, "You musn't go so fast."

I may look both ways when approaching a railroad crossing and find everything clear, but when I begin to cross in a car, I almost expect a terrifying crash, a splintering of the car, and oblivion. I almost expect a train to materialize out of thin air. This is probably due to the above experience and to the many accidents which have happened at grade crossings about which so many feature newspaper stories have been written. (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; Univ. T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.S.; Age 26.)

THE EXPLANATION OF AN INTENSE LOATHING OF IMITATION LEATHER JACKETS SUGGESTED BY THE STORY OF THE CHOCOLATE DROPS [SEE *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, P. 34]; TRACEABLE TO ILLNESS PRODUCED BY THE NAUSEATING ODOR OF PHENOL, A PROCESS OF CONDITIONING THROUGH SIMILARITY OF ODORS; KNOWLEDGE OF CAUSE ALTHOUGH ADDING TO PEACE OF MIND HAS NOT EFFECTED A CURE

Are you, by any chance, familiar with the imitation leather jackets rather commonly worn by high-school girls and boys during the past two years? Not the suede ones, but those made of a leather-finished fabric evidently exposed to tannic acid long enough to produce the odor of a leather factory. Last year I reached the point where even the sight of one of those jackets coming into my classroom infuriated me. The odor of the fabric seemed to throw me into a state of physical and emotional upheaval. Nevertheless, since our building is unevenly heated and I myself habitually wear a sweater, I could hardly forbid my pupils to wear their jackets. As no other teacher found them objectionable, I was forced to conclude that it was just my own fussiness with which I must put up as best I could, and I consoled myself with the thought that jackets would go out of fashion.

But the first cool days of the 1934 school year brought out all the old jackets and a flock of new ones, causing a prompt recurrence of my apparently groundless aversion to them. Then one evening in class you told of the colored woman who could not remember "chocolate drop" as the name of some round, flat candies and her discovery of the reason for her lapse of memory. Suddenly I realized why those jackets annoyed me! Years ago, at the age of twenty, I became wretchedly ill in a college chemistry laboratory one day when we were working with one of the phenol ring compounds. Since then the odor of phenol has always nauseated me. Those jackets smell just like the "lab," on that day when I tumbled off my stool onto the floor.

I can't say that the jackets smell any better because of this knowledge, but since I know why they affect me so unpleasantly, I am no longer bothered so much by them. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that my sense of smell has developed a tolerance for that particular odor. Whatever the reason, the understanding adds distinctly to my peace of mind. (G.N.S.; F.; Home Economics T.; B.S.; Age 39.)

AN AVERSION TO GUM CHEWING TRACEABLE TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S REMARK THAT GUM CAME FROM PIG'S TOES. ADVERSE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING FROM ASSOCIATED IMAGES OF BARNYARD FILTH; REVIVAL EVEN NOW OF EARLY, DISAGREEABLE IMAGERY BY SIGHTS OF GUM OR MENTION OF THE NAME

I have a peculiar aversion to gum chewing. Even when I observe athletes use gum during games and contests, the effect upon me is disgusting and almost sickening. So strong is this aversion that it is decidedly annoying to me to see others chew gum. I cannot find any pleasure or satisfaction in its use.

This peculiar antipathy originated, I think, in the following manner: When I was about five years of age some of us frequently bought gum with money we had received. My Sunday school teacher, in order to prevent the habit of gum chewing, told us that gum was made from the toenails of pigs and cows. Immediately I saw quite distinctly the mental picture of my father's pig pen, several black pigs, and the filth oozing up between the pig's toes. Thereafter, whenever I was offered a stick of gum, this mental picture arose.

Several years later when the doctor ordered my grandmother to chew pepsin gum for some sort of salivary trouble, I was horrified. On learning the reason, my mother explained how gum was made, but she did not encourage its use. Although I have since verified her statements, that early mental picture arises at the sight of gum, and sometimes at the mere mention of it. Whenever someone makes a noise while chewing, the sounds seems to come directly from the pig sty. (B.V.; F.; J.H.T.; Age 39.)

A DISTASTE FOR ORANGE JUICE ATTRIBUTED TO VOMITING AFTER AN APPENDICITIS OPERATION AND ASSOCIATION WITH SLIMY TUBES; A CASE OF SPECIFIC EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING

I have not been able to stand the sight of orange juice and much less drink it since this time last year. At that time I had an emergency operation for appendicitis. About twenty-four hours after the operation, the first food the nurse offered me was a glass of orange juice. This made me terribly sick and I vomited for some time. For two days I could not retain water or anything else. On the third night one of the internes and several nurses came in with what seemed to me to be several miles of slimy rubber tubes and gallons of soapy water. In my nauseated condition it took three attempts to get me to swallow the tube. My arms and legs became numb, and for the first time I really became frightened. After the terrible ordeal was over, they told me that I would be able to retain food the next day. But the next morning the sight of orange juice started my vomiting again. During the next few days I built up a tolerance for a soft diet, but I refused to try the orange juice. Until this day the sight of orange juice makes me think of big slimy tubes and I am unable to drink it, although I can drink other fruit juices. (T.H.; F.; U.S.; Age 23.)

FREEDOM FROM FEARS AND QUIRKS ASCRIBED TO SENSIBLE HOME CONDITIONING; BUT A HORROR OF GAS ASPHYXIATION, OLFACTORY DREAMS OF GAS, AND NIGHTMARES IN WHICH REACTIONS AGAINST THE EFFECTS OF GAS IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR WERE RE-ENACTED, ATTRIBUTED TO AN ACCOUNT OF THE ASPHYXIATION OF A WHOLE FAMILY BY THE BLOWING OUT OF THE LIGHT FROM THE GAS JET, AND TO A VIVID IMAGINATION, CURE FROM ASSURANCE, SYMPATHETIC ENLIGHTENMENT, AND WEAKENING OF IMAGERY

My childhood and adult days seem to have been singularly free from phobias or intense likes and dislikes, probably due to a very sensible rearing. Although my grandmother, who lived with us, was hideously afraid of thunderstorms and hid from them in dark closets, my father apparently counteracted this influence by taking my brother, sister, and me outside during storms, explaining the phenomena and calling our attention to the beauties and weird antics of the electric display. They were also sensible in not allowing us to criticize our food; we were expected to eat what was placed before us. When I was quite small my mother placed what I was supposed to eat upon my plate, and I ate it without any fuss. If I did not, I was sent away from the table. This might not seem a serious disappointment to many children, but to us it was the worst calamity that could have occurred. Our meal hours, ever since I can remember, have been one of the most interesting periods of the day. Our father was always present, and the talk centered around our experiences of the day. Each one's episode received the courteous attention of our parents. Everyone enjoyed humorous anecdotes. Our parents contributed their share, including such current events as they thought should be brought to our attention. Even political situations were discussed in a manner we could understand, and we were expected to participate in such discussions.

The only upsetting incident I can remember was an experience at the age of twelve when the dentist gave me gas. I didn't like the feeling of dropping off into space, and fought the effects of the gas. I also came to too soon and experienced the pain of the last extraction.

The home we lived in at that time had gas illumination. Imagine my horror when I learned from my playmates at this time that gas could kill people. I asked my parents about it, and they said that people had been asphyxiated from gas, due usually to carelessness. While they allayed my fear somewhat by their patient explanations, it must have lain dormant in my subconscious mind; for a few days later it sprang up in full force when a companion brought a newspaper article which related that a whole family had been asphyxiated from a gaslight that had been blown out by the breeze.

As I had always had a very vivid imagination and still have, I immediately envisaged our family snuffed out like that. This fear so preyed upon my mind that I could hardly sleep, even though my mother had assured me that she was always very careful about turning off the gas. When I finally fell asleep, I dreamed that I was suffocating and fighting gas as I had done in the dentist's chair. This unconscious fight against gas developed into a nightmare which awoke my parents. They came into my room and awoke me. Sobbing and screaming, I told them I smelled gas. My father took me around to each light and to the stove and showed me that each was turned off, even holding a match to each outlet to show there was no leakage. He brought me back to bed, and I was satisfied that everything was all right. The minute the light was turned out and my parents had gone back to bed, the old horror laid hold of me again. I knew I smelled gas and that we were all going to be asphyxiated. I went through the struggle in the dentist's chair again until I could stand the sensation no longer and called mother. The same process of assurance was repeated, but I could not be reconciled to being left to lie there and endure that fear. So my parents took me to bed with them, and then I found I could go to sleep. This nightmare recurred for over a week. I would make up my mind to be brave, would sniff and sniff, and decide that there was no gas escaping, but all in vain. My parents would have to take me to bed with them to quiet me.

I think I was cured by my father's quiet assurance each night that everything was all right, which he proceeded to prove by taking me around the house and showing me that the gas was turned off, and also by the fact that the sensation from the experience in the dentist's chair was dying out. When my vivid imagination could no longer bring back how I felt when I took gas, or portray those people dying from gas poisoning, I seemed to lose my horror of being asphyxiated. (K.H.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 28.)

Chapter X

DIFFICULTIES PRODUCED BY CRITICISM, SARCASM, RIDICULE, NAGGING, AND THREATS

1. What behavior patterns are developed by these stimuli other than those shown in the reports?

2. What methods of overcoming their evil effects other than those indicated in the reports can you suggest?

3. What is the attitude of mental hygiene regarding the employment of these types of motivation?

See also the reactions to unfavorable comparisons, superstitions, and different kinds of parental treatment (Chapters XI, XII, and XIII).

References

Burnham, pp. 477, 678.
Howard and Patry, pp. 332, 345.
Rivlin, pp. 150, 278, 323, 332-333.
Shaffer, pp. 105, 150 f., 154, 370, 504, 538.
Sherman, p. 176.
Symonds, pp. 45, 48, 96 f., 108, 133, 135, 244 f., 254.
Wallin, pp. 90-92, 95-99, 104 f., 123, 125 f., 169 f., 173, 175, 178 f., 181 f., 187, 189, 194, 214 f., 223, 238, 242, 264, 266, 321, 328, 351, 356 f., 399, 421, 455, 465.

EMBARRASSMENT, SHYNESS, AND SECLUSIVENESS ASCRIBED TO BEING LAUGHED AT BECAUSE OF FOREIGN PARENTAGE AND LANGUAGE HANDICAP; SPEECH TIMIDITY

One of my hardest early problems was to overcome shyness due to my language handicap. I was born in Russia and spoke only German until I entered school at the age of seven. Here children laughed at me and teased me because of my foreign appearance and language, and I developed a shyness and seclusiveness that I've had a hard time getting rid of. I had no trouble learning English, but as I advanced in school I always felt very backward when asked to recite, because I felt as though everybody thought I spoke differently. Even now I am greatly embarrassed when talking or reciting. I have tried to do much talking to overcome this handicap, but have succeeded only partly. (B.B.; F.; S.C.T.)

FEAR AND RESENTMENT AT BEING LAUGHED AT AND TEASED BY OLDER CHILDREN, RESULTING IN THE PERPETRATION OF RETALIATORY TRICKS

I lived in constant fear of being laughed at by persons slightly above my age. My brother was a great tease, and some of the boys of his set were plain bullies. I was constantly teased about everything: a mispronounced word, playing a harmonica too long at a school program, or my fondness for sugar. I didn't mind adults teasing me, and the boys of my size didn't dare. But boys and girls somewhat above my age made my life miserable by their gibes and jeers. I had more trouble from being teased than from all other things put together. If one or two started to annoy me, I could threaten to put a charm on them and obtain immunity. But a gang was my constant worry. I was rummaging around in the dictionary one day and ran across the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," which was exactly what I needed. The smouldering spirit of retaliation that had lain quiet since childhood burst into activity.

One bumpkin, who flicked my horse with a buggy whip as I passed by, discovered next night when he tried to vault from his seat to help his lady into the buggy, that he had been sitting on a ball of harness wax. I perpetrated similar successful pranks on many who attempted to ridicule me, and soon found that I was feared to the extent of being left alone. I justified my actions on the grounds of self-preservation. I was taking care of myself. Playing pranks as a mechanism for obtaining revenge soon led me, however, to commit a large number of pranks for the mere fun of it. (H.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 39.)

INSIDIOUS PERSONALITY DISTORTIONS ATTRIBUTED TO PERSISTENT, CAUSTIC NAGGING BY A DOMINEERING, INTOLERANT, UNAFFECTIONATE MOTHER WHO TRIED TO ARREST THE RESPONDENT'S MENTAL DEVELOPMENT, THUS LAYING THE BASIS FOR TIMIDITY, THE ACQUISITION OF A CAUSTIC TONGUE, THE FORMATION OF THE HABIT OF DECEPTION, AND OF THE PRACTICE OF DAYDREAM PLANNING OF CONVERSATIONS WITH WONDERFUL PERSONS AND OF GOOD TIMES TO COME; THE REALIZATION OF SOME DREAMS BECAUSE OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACT NATURALLY WHEN AWAY FROM HOME FREE FROM FEAR OF CRITICISMS

I feel that the basis of my difficulties, which still persist, lies in my home treatment and my relationship with my parents, especially my mother. I am the oldest of three girls, my sisters being two and eight years younger, respectively. My mother has tried to instill in us habits of neatness, thrift, and other virtues, but she has not succeeded, I think, because of her attitude toward us.

Mother has always tried to keep me on the same level as the sister who is two years younger. We were dressed alike until I was in high school. We were always given the same privileges. I could never stay up any later than she, nor attend more movies or similar amusements.

Therefore, I did not grow up any faster than she, and seemed much more immature than the girls in my class at high school. For this reason I remained one year behind in high school. A group of young people on the boat on which I was going to Europe at the end of my junior year bet on my age. The bets ranged from thirteen to fifteen, although I was seventeen.

While in school I had very few friends. I always had to come home right after school unless I had told my mother of previous plans for study in the library, for hockey practice, or for infrequent attendance at football games. Even while in high school I had to get permission from my mother to attend a movie. If she were not at home, I seldom went for fear of caustic comments when I arrived home and a wholly unpleasant evening.

This type of treatment led me to become timid, submissive, and neglectful of my schoolwork when kept at home. I remained in this mental state through high school. I made very few friends and seldom was invited out. For this reason I was a constant source of disappointment to my mother who had been popular as a young girl. I do not know whether this was the reason that she often spoke so caustically to me. From her I acquired a sharp tongue for which she often berates me. She does not realize that from her constant nagging I have acquired this bad habit. Yet if I inhibit the tendency and remain silent she says that I am sulky. What can I do? I have found it impossible to remain placid and calm for more than a week when I return home for a vacation.

At college I have overcome some of my timidity. I am able to meet young people and faculty members quite creditably; in fact, I enjoy a fair amount of popularity among the girls and the men who come to visit them. I am in love with an attractive but impecunious Harvard graduate. My mother will not learn about it as long as I can keep it quiet because she will not like the fact.

My mother misses the affection which she should get from my sister and me, but in our earlier years she did not treat us affectionately. She gets some comfort from my youngest sister who is at home while we are at college during the school year. When I entered college I had to learn the affectionate ways of my friends. Had I been emotionally prepared, my freshman-year roommate and I might have got on better. Now that we are apart we are the best of friends.

Because of my lack of friendships and good times during grammar- and high-school days, I started daydreaming, planning conversations with some wonderful person whom I would eventually meet and who would like me, or planning good times that I would some day enjoy. Some of these dreams have come true, not because of any obvious effort on my part but because I have been away from home and have been able to act naturally without fear of criticism from my mother. This freedom has not led to any excess or startling behavior but to an uneasiness often tinged with shyness.

My mother's criticism extended to my choice of clothes and the manner in which I wore them. I never selected a major addition to my wardrobe without her approval until I had spent some time in college.

All this has led to minor deceptions at home and in my letters home in order that the causes for friction would be lessened. And it has worked so often that I am afraid it has become a bad habit.

My mother and I have been out of sympathy so much that I am afraid we will never be on any terms warmer than friendship. I have tried to make up for it by turning to my father, but he, too, is frequently subjected to my mother's disapproval, not because he has done anything wrong, but because my mother always thinks that she is correct in everything. I do not remember her ever giving in gracefully to anyone in an argument except someone outside of the family whom she might offend. All of this sounds horribly critical of my mother, but I do recognize her virtues. She has toiled hard in our interest. I really wish that I could do more to show my appreciation, but antagonisms arise so frequently over minor matters that it is hard to stay at peace for any length of time. (R.V.; F.; U.S.; Age 21.)

A LIFELONG SINGING TIMIDITY AND INABILITY TO STRIKE THE RIGHT PITCH, AFFECTING SINGING IN THE PRESENCE OF OTHERS BUT NOT WHEN ALONE, ASCRIBED TO RIDICULE BY A BROTHER IN EARLY CHILDHOOD, RESULTING IN A LACK OF EFFORT TO LEARN TO SING AND A FEAR OF HER OWN VOICE; DETERMINATION TO CONQUER THE PHOBIA BY TAKING A COURSE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL MUSIC WHICH HAD BEEN SHUNNED FOR SIXTEEN YEARS

One of my earliest recollections is that of my youthful brother making fun of me when I attempted to sing. He would say, "M. sings like this," illustrating with loud, shrill tones. When asked how he sang, he would say, "Oh, I sing like a man," and he would proceed to utter deep, throaty tones. This sounds perfectly harmless and trivial. But sensitive as I was at that time it was enough to keep me from trying to sing in his presence. It has been only a very few years since I acquired enough sense not to be teased by him. This timidity in regard to my singing has continued all through my life. I never tried to sing either in elementary or in high school, and only since I have been teaching have I made any attempt to do so. I know I do not have any outstanding ability in singing, and will never be a prima donna, but I see no reason why I should not reach average proficiency if I could bring myself not to be afraid of my own voice. I never sing if I think someone will hear me very distinctly, although one of my greatest desires is to sing as a means of expression, as an outlet for my own feeling.

During my sixteen years of teaching, I have been compelled to attempt to teach my own music a part of the time. Justice compels me to say that I do not feel that I have made an absolute failure of it. During two years of this time I had to take over the music in the second grade because the teacher was absolutely tone deaf. The supervisor approved my work, but fortunately she never asked me to teach for her. I enjoy singing and sing a great deal around the house when alone and when driving a car alone. I sing or hum familiar tunes, mostly hymns, from the time I leave home until I reach my destination. And yet the sound of footsteps in the corridor near the door of my room or the sight of a person in the school yard near an open window is enough to make me postpone a music lesson until a more convenient time, even if I am in the middle of a song.

By way of illustration, let me cite a case to show how this self-consciousness and inferiority feeling apply only to singing (and not to other subjects) in the presence of anyone whether it be the principal, the janitor, fellow teachers, or patrons. The windows of my schoolroom open only a few feet from a garden owned by the minister of my own church. I often work in his presence, being a Sunday school teacher and superintendent of the Junior League of the church. I also give a talk once a month in the Sunday school on some phase of missionary work. The presence of the minister on any of these occasions does not give me any feeling of embarrassment or inferiority. But I cannot endure the ordeal of teaching a song in my schoolroom when the windows are open and the minister happens to be in the garden. On one occasion I espied him picking beans when I was in the middle of a song. In spite of the fact that I was reasonably sure he was paying no attention to what I was doing and would have been one of the last to belittle my efforts, I shut up like a clam. As usual my efforts to strike the right pitch again were in vain, so I went on with other work.

Fate has, indeed, been kind to me in allowing me to escape thus far with no more embarrassment than I have endured. I am not easily conquered in other lines. I may say in all humility and with no desire to boast, that I have a reputation for attacking any job regardless of how hard it may be. So I have resolved that, if possible, I am going to conquer this singing complex. Consequently, I am taking a course in elementary school music this summer, a thing I have shunned for sixteen years. I came with the determination to take it, even if I failed to make a passing grade. I knew I could not sit through the course for six weeks without learning something, and that this would at least be a step toward conquering a very real phobia in my life. (W.E.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 36.)

A PERMANENT INABILITY TO SING, LAYING THE BASIS FOR AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX, AND ALSO AFFECTING READING OR SPEAKING BEFORE AUDIENCES, THE RESULT OF A DEFINITE PROCESS OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING, ATTRIBUTED TO A HUMILIATING PUBLIC CORRECTION WHICH PRODUCED VARIOUS MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISTURBANCES AND THE FEIGNING OF HEAD COLDS AS A DEFENSE MECHANISM; EFFORTS AT RESOLUTION HAVE PROVED UNAVAILING

One unfortunate happening in my life has made so deep an impression upon me that it has been impossible even yet to recover fully from it.

When I was in the seventh grade all the girls' voices were tested for the school choir. Up to that time I had never given any thought as to whether or not I had a good voice. Three of us who were not selected the first time were retested and then accepted.

I remember going home filled with joy over the fact that I was now allowed to sing with the other girls, but my joy was short-lived. At the first rehearsal the teacher planted herself near each one of us as she listened to us sing. In one selection which caused her trouble, she suddenly pointed at me and exclaimed in a loud voice, "You are singing incorrectly. You're off pitch. You're singing like a monotone." I could feel the blood rushing to my face and the tears to my eyes. My throat felt as if someone had tightened a string around it until I could hardly swallow. After that it was impossible for me to sing.

My pride and feelings had been so severely hurt that it was impossible for me to tell anyone, not even my mother, what had happened. I never attended a choir rehearsal again unless I was compelled to do so, and then I never sang. I simply moved my lips in order to pretend that I was singing.

To this day the effects of that humiliation have never worn off. I simply cannot sing either alone or in the most crowded gathering. My friends have often remarked about it and asked me why I do not try to sing, but the mere thought of doing so makes me really feel ill. I have tried hard to overcome this feeling, but I cannot. When I make a real effort my throat tightens and my voice sounds like a croak to me. I imagine that everyone is looking at me and wondering why I do not keep quiet. If I feel too conspicuous, I pretend that I have a head cold which makes it impossible for me to sing. This has happened so often that my friends really know that it is a dodge.

This fear of singing nearly caused me to abandon teaching. I liked to study and never had any trouble with the preparation of my assignments. But when the time arrived for my practice teaching at Normal and I found that, because of high grades, I was scheduled to teach music, I broke down and cried before the supervisors and told them that I could not do it.

Thanks to their understanding consideration I was allowed to substitute art for music. I succeeded in my practice teaching and have succeeded very well in my later teaching. But I have never sung to or with my pupils.

This one incident gave me the worst inferiority feeling that anyone could have, not only along the line of music but, also, in reading or speaking before audiences. The only place that I do not experience that sense of inferiority is in my own classroom. I owe this to the understanding supervisors who helped me at the time I was ready to quit. (T.M.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 28.)

A SPEECH INHIBITION WHICH PREVENTED A BEGINNING PUPIL FROM RESPONDING DURING HER FIRST YEAR IN SCHOOL, ATTRIBUTED TO THE FATHER'S THREAT THAT THE TEACHER WOULD CUT OUT HER TONGUE IF SHE TALKED IN SCHOOL; EVIDENCES OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING STILL FELT

I had a pupil, eight years of age, in the first grade who would not respond in school in any way, shape, or form. On her way with me to school she would talk eloquently. She was a very good conversationalist. Upon talking with her father I found that he had informed her that if she talked in school I would cut out her tongue. It took almost a year of coaxing, "hiring," and other devices to get her to talk. However, before the end of the year she had almost recovered from this "complex." She did fair work but not as good as she would have done had she not acquired this inhibition. She informs me that even now many years later this fear creeps over her once in a while. She manages to keep on by the sturdy will power that she has. (From J.S.T.; M.; E.S.T.)

HOW ONE UNWISE CRITICISM AT THE AGE OF NINE BY A MOTHER PRODUCED A SEVERE STAGE FRIGHT AFFECTING PIANO PLAYING ONLY, SOMETIMES CAUSING THINGS TO GO BLACK AND THE LOSS OF POWER IN THE WRISTS AND FINGERS—AN INSTANCE OF SPECIFIC CONDITIONING

Although I do not find it particularly difficult to talk to an audience, give readings, or take part in plays, I am unable to play the piano well. This apparently is a form of stage fright, for at times I become panic stricken. Everything goes black, I lose my place, or my wrists and fingers become so weak I cannot strike the notes.

This probably is due to a chance remark of my mother when I was about nine years of age. A new church had been built in our rural community. As it was difficult to secure an organist I was frequently asked to play the hymns I knew in Sunday school. One Sunday I was quite proud of myself because I played a new piece the superintendent requested. But when I reached home, instead of the commendation I expected, mother asked me to play the same number for her, saying: "Something was wrong. It sounded queer in church."

I was crushed and had no desire to play thereafter, although I kept on with my piano lessons until I entered college. There my instructor told me that I did much better when practicing in the room alone than when she came into the room to instruct me. My dread of a recital was so great that she excused me once from participation, but after that I was compelled to fill my part on the program. I found that the difficulty of the number had nothing whatever to do with my fright. When I was an accompanist instead of soloist, I did better, but suffered terribly even then.

As a teacher I tried to overcome these feelings by taking part whenever requested to do so until two years ago when my home and piano were burned. Since that happened I perform only when necessary, but in all these years I have never fully overcome the condition developed by one unwise criticism. (B.V.; F.; Jr. H.S.T.; Age 39.)

DETESTATION OF SPANISH AND THE SPANISH TEACHER, EXTENDING TEMPORARILY TO A HATRED OF THE SCHOOL, ASCRIBED TO AN INSTRUCTOR WHO CRITICIZED A BRIGHT RESPONDENT SARCASTICALLY, PRODUCING A FEELING OF NAUSEA AND WEAKNESS ON GOING TO CLASS, POSSIBLY AS A DEFENSE MECHANISM, AND LATER RESULTING IN A DETERMINATION NOT TO RECITE ORALLY BUT TO PASS THE EXAMINATION IN ORDER TO DEPRIVE THE INSTRUCTOR OF THE SATISFACTION OF FAILING HER; THE TEACHER'S SARCASM PROBABLY A DEFENSE AGAINST HIS OWN CONFLICTS

When I entered a woman's college as a sophomore at the age of nineteen I found all my work easy and interesting except second-year Spanish, which I grew to detest. For a while this made me hate the school in general. I think that this attitude was caused by the sarcastic manner of the Spanish instructor toward me.

Foreign languages were never the easiest subjects for me, but I had usually received fair grades in them, either "B's" or low "A's." My preparation in first-year Spanish had been good, especially the grammar phase of it. I was conscious of the fact that I was not so good in reading or speaking the language, and was anxious to overcome the weakness. The first time I recited in the sophomore Spanish class the instructor criticized every mistake in a rather rude, sarcastic manner. After that he never missed an opportunity to be unpleasant to me and to make me feel that it was a terrible imposition to have me in his class.

His disagreeable attitude toward me was so pronounced that members of the class commented on the fact to me. One girl told me that in each class there was one student whom this teacher disliked, and that such a person rarely passed, but never had he shown such a marked aversion to any one as he exhibited toward me. For several weeks after that conversation I did little work in Spanish. I detested the teacher and the subject which he taught, although it had been one of my favorite courses the year before. When I went to class, I felt nauseated and weak. I suppose this was an unconscious attempt to provide a reason for avoiding an unpleasant situation. I was worried by the fact that I was doomed to fail Spanish. This really disturbed me greatly, for I had never had a lower mark than a "B" in any course before.

In the middle of the first semester I got a notice to appear at the dean's office. Such a notice signified that one had failed some subject. I felt rather disgraced as I waited outside the office for my conference. The dean was very considerate, asking me what was my difficulty in Spanish and expressing surprise that I should be failing Spanish when I was doing good work in my other courses. I told her that I disliked the teacher and the course and would like to drop it. This the dean refused to allow me to do.

That night I thought the matter over and decided that allowing myself to fail Spanish was foolish, for I was better prepared in the first-year work than most of the others in the class. Another fact that made me determine to pass was the belief that my failing would give the teacher too much satisfaction. For my course I needed a foreign language, and I was anxious to get through with the detested subject in my sophomore year. Since written work counted much more than oral work, I decided not to do any oral work in class because that gave the teacher his opportunity for criticizing me. Soon after reaching this decision I was called on to recite, and then I told the instructor that I was not doing any more oral work. When he asked me why not, I told him that it was because of his sarcastic attitude toward me when I did recite. Although that course was very unpleasant to me, I finally passed it. But I never liked Spanish after that and I do not like it even now. (L.M.; F.; Soc. Sci. T.; B.A.; Age 25.)

A DREAD OF MEETING PEOPLE, INAUGURATED BY A SNUB FROM A YOUNG LADY ON ACCOUNT OF RESIDING IN AN INFERIOR SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT, RESULTING IN SOCIAL WITHDRAWAL AND INABILITY TO MIX, STILL LARGELY UNCURED

I do not like to meet people. If I am invited out, my thoughts race ahead and I find myself imagining that someone may snub me or dislike me, and so I prefer to stay at home.

I believe that this tendency toward social seclusiveness began with an incident which occurred at about the age of sixteen when my family lived in a very poor neighborhood. My father had spent his youth there and felt that what was good enough for him was certainly good enough for the rest of us. Somehow I managed to associate with nice people. When I was in high school both mother and I realized that my friends could not be entertained in such a house as we had, but dad refused to move.

During my senior year in high school a friend invited me to his home. Because his family were socially prominent I had some fears about going. However, his people seemed very cordial, and I went there numerous times. The young man did not seem to mind coming to my home. His brother was going with a girl whom I knew, and on this particular evening she also was at his home. As we walked into the living room, greetings were exchanged, and I spoke to the young lady. She turned, looked me over, and then turned her back on me. Everybody in the room noticed the slight and tried to make things as cheerful as possible, but I was hurt. No one had ever done that before. We left the house shortly afterward, and, while the young man's father apologized and asked me to disregard the matter, I never went back again, although I continued to see the boy. After this incident I was informed on several occasions of the cutting remarks this young lady had made about where I lived.

As a result, I began to realize that people did not want me because of my home environment. Thereupon I never invited any of my friends to my house and by and by I had no friends, not even when I attended college.

When I received my teaching appointment, I was determined to move. We now live in a respectable neighborhood, where my little sister will have a better chance than I had. But the feeling still remains. Although I do not mind mingling with people as much as formerly, I still dread meeting people. (B.R.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 21.)

RESENTMENT ENGENDERED BY MOTHER'S FAVORITISM SHOWN TO SICK BROTHER, LEADING TO WISH RESPONDENT WERE A BOY; SPOILING OF THE SICK BOY BY PAMPERING; ATTITUDE TOWARD MARRIAGE PRODUCED BY BROTHER'S SCORN AND RUTHLESSNESS

Another feeling of resentment that colored my young life was the fact that my mother seemed to be partial to my brother, seven years my elder. His conduct toward me still lingers in my mind very vividly. Being seven years older, we never had friends in common. Since he was a boy, he could do things and go places that were denied me. But I do not remember wishing I were a boy until adolescence. This wish was probably due to this partiality. This brother was a very delicate baby, was given the greatest of care, and became strong in later childhood. He was never required to conform to the ordinary social forms and table manners.

One Christmas at the age of five or six, I made simple calendars for my family and friends out of magazines. Well do I remember the joy I experienced in making them. But my brother scoffed at them and told me that I need not give him one. Never have I forgotten the humiliation of this occasion. The fear of his scorn has never left me. Always his dealings with members of the family have been as ruthless as that. He seemed to have no regard for the feelings of others. Lately, having suffered many agonizing and humiliating experiences at the hands of his wife, he is a little more thoughtful. His conduct is partly responsible for my early attitude toward marriage. A great deal of my unhappiness has, I believe, been caused by disapproval and sarcasm. I have not become aggressive, but in the family I have not been without my sarcastic retorts. (R.R.; F.; Kg. Critic T.; B.S.; Age 25.)

CHAPTER XI

REACTIONS TO UNFAVORABLE COMPARISONS

OBVIOUSLY unfavorable comparisons may involve the elements of criticism, reproof, and sarcasm, which were considered in Chapter X.

1. What are the varying types of response to unfavorable comparison and favoritism as shown by the following case histories?
2. What are some other typical reaction patterns to these stimuli?
3. What are the kinds of situations most frequently leading to invidious comparisons?
4. In what kinds of situations are the effects usually unfortunate?
5. Under what conditions and restrictions may the mechanism of comparison be used to stimulate to greater achievement with a minimum of detrimental by-products?

REFERENCES

Symonds, pp. 234, 263, 274.
Wallin, pp. 138-141, 180 f., 185, 214 f., 217, 232 f., 267-271, 321, 335, 339, 342 f.

INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS WITH PERFECT PLAYMATE, FIRST INSPIRING TO GREATER EFFORT AND THEN, BECAUSE OF LACK OF APPRECIATION, GENERATING A PROTECTIVE BRAVADO ATTITUDE OF "I DON'T CARE"; OFFERED AS THE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION OF HER INVETERATE CARELESSNESS

One of B.'s playmates was a child who always did everything as nearly perfectly as a child her age could do it. When the two children were playing together B.'s mother was apt to praise the other child, compare B.'s work with hers, and then chide B. for the way hers looked. At first this inspired B. to try harder to improve her effort, but after this had happened repeatedly and nothing B. did was quite right, she adopted an "I don't care" air and a bravado protective attitude. Since then she has often wondered if she developed these attitudes to the point where they have become the carelessness so vitally important now. B., as a result of careless inattention to details, inclination to do things in the easiest way, and repeating the same mistakes, has lost hospital positions, one very recently. (C.E.M.; F.; Grad. Reg. Nurse; Age 29.)

AN AVERSION TO CARD PLAYING ATTRIBUTED TO INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS, PARTLY OVERCOME BY A FRONTAL ATTACK ON THE BUGABOO

Of the many maladjustments that I possess there is one that has greatly bothered me because of the social practices of the day, namely, a self-consciousness regarding playing cards. Often I have much preferred staying at home rather than spending an evening with intimate friends, simply because I knew I would be expected to play bridge.

My dislike of card playing is of long standing. When a child of about twelve a sister two years my junior and I spent much time with an aunt. Every evening my aunt, uncle, sister, and I had to play rook, the game of the hour. My aunt was more or less partial to my sister and never reproved her regardless of any mistakes she made. But it was quite different when I made an error. Since I was a rather sensitive child, my aunt's criticism more often than not brought tears. Regardless of how deeply my feelings had been hurt or how much I had cried, the next evening brought more cards, more criticism, and more tears.

As I grew older I shunned every gathering where I thought I would have to play cards of any sort. Before I realized it, everyone was playing bridge, and I found I was socially marooned.

I began to realize that to overcome this terrible antipathy I would have to face the situation and to do the thing I dreaded to do, so I have played bridge repeatedly. My friends have been exceptionally patient with me, and have pointed out weaknesses and shown me how to overcome them.

At this writing I have partially overcome some of my dread of card playing and at times thoroughly enjoy the games. But at other times, particularly when I am playing with someone who is especially well versed in bridge, the old fear reasserts itself and I become almost panic stricken, so that I cannot play the right card at the right time. (M.B.R.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 29.)

A DEEP-ROOTED FEELING OF INFERIORITY PRODUCED BY INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS WITH SUPERIOR SIBLINGS BY THE PARENTS AND BY TEACHERS, RESULTING IN UTTER INDIFFERENCE TO STUDY, WITHDRAWAL FROM SOCIAL CONTACT, SENSITIVENESS TO CRITICISMS, FUTILE HERO DAYDREAMS ABOUT SUPERIOR ACHIEVEMENTS, AND INTENSE DISLIKE FOR HER THOUGHTLESS TEACHER; RENAISSANCE OF THE PERSONALITY IN THE UNIVERSITY WHERE SHE WAS UNKNOWN; DETERMINATION AS A TEACHER TO BE SINCERE AND FRIENDLY AND NEVER TO MAKE ANY CHILD SUFFER BECAUSE OF UNFAVORABLE COMPARISONS

I have one brother and one sister, both older than I and far superior to me mentally. Because of this I was extremely unhappy all through my school days. My thoughtless teachers never failed to remind me that

I was far different from my siblings. Instead of mustering up courage to study and prove to them that I was not inferior, I became indifferent to everything. In the fourth grade it was discovered that my right eye was nearly blind and the sight of my other eye was poor. This may have been the reason for my extreme dullness in school. However, from about the third grade through high school, I cared absolutely nothing about any of my schoolwork. At home I would pretend to study, while in reality I was daydreaming, making a hero of myself in my schoolwork. I always managed in my dreams to be at the head of the class. Although I thought of superior achievements, I never did one bit of work to help me through school. I would not mingle with other girls or boys because I always felt that they were far better than I was. I would take offense at any word they would say, even if they were only kidding me. As a result of all this, I was graduated from high school extremely low in my class, and friendless.

At the time of my graduation at sixteen, my brother was a physician and my sister a schoolteacher, and everyone expected me to go to college. Although I absolutely refused to go, I was matriculated in the same college from which my brother and sister were graduated with honors. Because my standards in high school were so low the dean advised my mother not to enter me as I would make a worse failure of myself. My family was broken-hearted, but deep in my heart I was the happiest person in the world. The only thing I could think about was how wonderful it would be to be free from the naggings of my thoughtless teachers and their practice of comparing me with my brilliant brother and sister.

One day my mother told me that my sister had matriculated me in the primary teaching course in an institution connected with a large semiprivate university and that I had been accepted for the fall enrollment. That September I entered the institution where no one knew me to "make or break." I will never forget my college days, the happiest and most triumphant days I have yet lived through. I was everyone's friend and everyone was my friend. Friendships here acquired I will long cherish. No one here knew that I was once an extremely dull and unhappy being. The day I was graduated from college I was genuinely sorry to leave. Not only had I been happy at school, but I ranked near the head of my class and was liked by my teachers and classmates.

I would probably never have thought of my inferiority any more if I had not had the misfortune of being out of work for six months. Although my parents and sister and brother were simply marvelous to me, constantly encouraging me and going out of their way to make me happy, I could not help but feel offended. My parents gave me more money, pleasures, and clothes than I needed, and my sister and brother, who had good incomes, also contributed. But I became conscious of the fact that

I was entirely dependent upon others and could accomplish nothing myself, and thus I began to feel that I was helpless and that they were bestowing gifts of charity upon me. Of course, I knew that this was not true.

I now have a fine position, and the queerest thing is that it is a teaching position. To think that I should now be teaching youngsters, I who to this very day despise the thoughtless teachers who came so near ruining my ambitions.

It is a pleasure and a privilege to be in my classroom. I have promised myself that while under my guidance no child of my group will ever suffer because of ignorant comparisons and thoughtlessness. If I ever come to the point where my children will have to suffer on account of me, as I suffered on account of my teachers, I shall never want to teach again. The suffering occasioned by my early school life has taught me to put myself in the child's place. No one can appreciate the sorrows connected with my schooling during childhood who never experienced them himself. In my class my children are my friends and I am their friend. We work and play together. Perhaps my own experiences at school have taught me to be sincere, honest, and friendly to my children, for these three things I did not experience until my college days. (K.G.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 20.)

A DEEP-ROOTED INFERIORITY COMPLEX IN A CAPABLE WOMAN ATTRIBUTED TO INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS IN CHILDHOOD WITH A SUPERIOR COUSIN AND TO DOMINATION AND SNUBBING BY HER MOTHER, AGGRAVATED BY LACK OF RECOGNITION AND SILENT SULLENNESS SHOWN BY A QUEER HUSBAND; FONDNESS FOR BOOKS AS A DEFENSE AGAINST IRKSOMENESS OF IMPOSED MENIAL TASKS, LEADING TO CHARGE OF BEING LAZY; RENEWAL OF FAITH IN HERSELF BECAUSE OF CONFIDENCE SHOWN BY HER PRINCIPAL

Without doubt my inferiority complex was caused by my grandmother and other relatives. When I was a mere child, grandmother would flaunt before me the capabilities of my girl cousin, who was very bright and pretty, and wore beautiful clothes, while I was only a poor country girl who would never amount to anything. Strange to say, I loved this cousin. Although my mother gave me excellent care, she never bestowed many compliments. To this day I have never received much sympathy from her. She never would allow me to have any individuality of my own, even compelling me to wear a light gray wedding dress, because it was in style, when I wanted a dark blue one. She never would permit me to make a cake or any other delicacy. Since I could do only the menial chores, I did nothing but roam the fields and read the books supplied by my aunt during vacation. Because of this I was dubbed lazy. At home

I still have this reputation because I like books, although my principal has assured me that I am one of the very hardest workers he has on his staff.

I was graduated from the Wilmington High School in February, 1903, and in December of that year I married a man nine years my senior, who attended the church to which I belonged. People warned me that he had a very queer disposition, but I would not listen. He came from a good, but hard and proud, family.

After three of my four children had reached high-school age I secured a public school position at the age of forty in order that they might obtain a better chance for an education. The depression had forced me to continue teaching, and I have been compelled to work without one word of praise or thanks from my husband. In all the years of my married life, he has never given me one compliment. I suppose my husband cannot help it, as his mother's refrain always was, "Can you not do it a little better?" His harsh judgments in training children have caused much friction in the home and have been a detriment to the well-rounded development of the personalities of the children. Although his character is without reproach and he continues to be loyal to me in every way, he has made my life miserable at times by his harshness. Thus my married life has only added to my inferiority complex.

Before I started teaching I attended summer school in order to have my certificate renewed, and continued my studies in order to raise my certificate. During all this time the feeling of inferiority clung on. I was snubbed, criticized by the family, and often was not spoken to by my husband. My inferiority complex must be of the fighting kind as I have fought on in spite of the handicaps.

I think the thing that has helped me most was an incident when I was called to the office this year to answer a telephone call. My principal said, "Mrs. L., a teacher is calling from a neighboring district, asking to observe your work." I immediately replied, not thinking how it sounded, "Oh, Mr. H., I do not want to be observed. All I want to do is to go to my room, shut the door, and teach." As an afterthought I added, "Well, this is not a very good way in which to talk to my principal." The principal replied, laughingly, "I do not know what makes you feel like that. You can hold your own with any of my teachers." This remark acted like a spark of light in darkness, for I had been living very much in the dark because of my inferiority complex. I began to say to myself, "My principal has faith in my ability and he is a well-educated man. Maybe I am worth something after all." When my rating card came, he proved that he meant what he said. All of my supervisors had been kind and helpful; I had been put on a county program, and had had my work published, but nothing had the same effect as my principal's words, because they seemed so genuine. I hope I am cured of my handicap. (H.B.L.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 51.)

LIFELONG SELF-DISTRUST AND FEELINGS OF UNWORTHINESS ON THE PART OF AN INTELLECTUALLY ABLE TEACHER, ASCRIBED TO NOT BEING WANTED BY PARENTS, TO BEING UNLOVED, NICKNAMED AND TAUNTED BECAUSE OF FRECKLES AND UNRULY HAIR, AND BEING COMPARED UNFAVORABLY WITH BROTHERS, PRODUCING SILENT SULLENNESS AND PUGNACIOUS OUTBREAKS; ALSO LEADING TO ATTEMPTED COMPENSATION IN SCHOLASTIC EXCELLENCE, PARTLY STIMULATED BY AN INSPIRING TEACHER; MADE PHYSICALLY ILL ON RECEIVING FIRST TEACHING APPOINTMENT BECAUSE OF SENSE OF INFERIORITY. IRREPARABLE DAMAGE SUFFERED INSPIRES A FANATICAL REBELLION AGAINST PRACTICES RUINOUS TO MENTAL HEALTH

From early childhood I have suffered from the extreme diffidence and lack of confidence that characterizes the "inferiority complex." Long before I knew the name of this maladjustment it had me in its relentless grip and continues so to hold me in spite of valiant, though misdirected, efforts to overcome it.

It is still incredible that anyone should ask my opinion on anything or entrust me with an assignment of any importance, in spite of the fact that offices into which I have been forcibly thrust have been filled with a fair degree of satisfaction. I distrust my mental powers and my judgment in spite of the fact that I stood first in my high-school class and second in college. There was always the feeling of unworthiness and the certainty that something must be wrong with the grading or that the material in which I excelled was of necessity worthless.

This course has made possible an analysis of my difficulty and brought a realization of the wastefulness of human effort and the needless suffering endured because of ignorance.

My maladjustment, I now see, is the result of unfortunate early conditioning. An unwanted second child of an immature mother and a badly spoiled father, I was a sickly, cross youngster who received a minimum of attention and no sign of affection that I can recall. Suffering always by comparison with a handsome older brother and two sturdy younger brothers, I was early made to feel that my parents did not want a little girl at all. The brothers also reflected this attitude, so that the only attention I ever received was by way of censure, rebuke, disparaging remarks, and taunts concerning my mop of unruly hair and my army of freckles. My consequent silent sullenness and moroseness only aggravated the diffculty.

This attitude carried over into my school life, where I also became the target for taunts and epithets—"Skinny," "Freckles," "Curly Wig," and others—which developed in me a fighting spirit. Frequently nowadays, some former schoolmate, now a successful man-of-affairs, will attempt to embarrass me in public by displaying a scar or a broken tooth, mute evidence of my deadly aim.

As a compensatory measure, I determined to excel in my studies and, free from the usual distracting stimuli, I was able to achieve my goal. This achievement, however, only served to make my position at home and at school more intolerable.

My father's theory that education was not at all essential for a girl, interfered with the continuity of my schooling, for he decreed that for a part at least of three days a week, I must stay home to help with the work. By dint of great effort, I could sometimes manage to get to school at ten o'clock but sometimes not until noon.

An inspired teacher whom I shall never forget tried to instill a little confidence, but either her method was blindly conceived or the sense of inferiority was too deep-seated. She inspired in me an overwhelming obsession for learning so that I might become a teacher like her.

To my surprise, I was elected to a teaching position and became immediately so obsessed with a sense of unworthiness and inability that I was ill practically all of the intervening summer. No one will ever know the agony of that first year. But I struggled on with dogged persistence and blindly hit upon the idea that a change of environment would help in my fight against this arch enemy.

This did help and for nine years I pegged away driving myself to participate in activities tending toward self-forgetfulness. Although quite successful, an undercurrent of self-distrust has always been present. As president of the Woman's Club and coach of dramatic productions, I fought hard to forget myself but with every public appearance there was the same reaction until finally "the game did not seem worth the candle."

And now with the half century mark several years behind me, I sit in dumb silence in class- and teacher-meetings, still distrusting my opinions, still on guard as in my childhood with a mental set ready to resist disparagement which experience should have taught me does not always follow remarks which I am sometimes forced to make.

The damage seems irreparable, and the enlightenment offered in this course regarding the importance of early recognition and treatment of such maladjustments inspires a fanatical rebellion against the injustice that withholds from parents, teachers, and children the benefits of a healthy, normal adjustment to life's difficulties. (P.L.M.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 55.)

CHAPTER XII

EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS

THE STUDY of the primitive modes of thought and belief which still exist in civilized society alongside of the highest forms of culture and scientific thinking, is of perennial and absorbing interest to a large segment of our population. There is little need to add to our already extensive lore of superstitions, witchcraft, ghost stories, signs, wonders, omens, "conjure," sayings, and incantations—most of which have been transmitted orally as social tradition. The reports herewith submitted give some slight indication of the variety of primitive beliefs still in vogue. They show some of the processes of conditioning responsible for the continuance of such false beliefs, and the serious emotional disturbances and modification of behavior patterns often produced by emotionally conditioned errors of thought. Doubtless large racial differences exist (as between the colored and the white) in this area of our cultural life. A number of superstitious beliefs and practices are recorded in other divisions of this monograph.

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SUPERSTITIONS WHICH HAVE CONTINUED INTO ADULTHOOD ALTHOUGH PARENTS DISCOURAGED BELIEF IN SIGNS AND SAYINGS

One superstition which has pursued me for some time is embodied in the saying, "Sing before breakfast—cry before dinner." I religiously guard against even humming before I have had my breakfast, because I do not want to have trouble before dinner. Some day, perhaps, I shall try to muster sufficient courage to put the superstition to a test. A second superstition I respect is the one about sitting on some other person's trunk. I never do this because it is supposed to bring bad luck. Finally, I always like to leave a new house by the same door through which I entered, because of the "bad luck" that is supposed to follow one if the opposite is done. I can give no reason for my adherence to any of these superstitious beliefs, in view of the fact that my parents always discouraged belief in signs and sayings. (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; Univ. T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.S.; Age 26.)

A SUPERSTITION RECENTLY INDUCED BY THE STATEMENT THAT AN IMAGINARY CALL WAS A SIGN THAT SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN, AND THE SUBSEQUENT DEATH OF A FRIEND

Recently I heard my father call me several times while I was in my home, and I answered several times. When I told my mother about it, she said father was not at home, and that it was a sign something was going to happen. A week later a very dear friend of the family died. I have been superstitious about such a happening ever since that occurred. (W.N.; F.; U.S.)

THE SIGN OF THE QUIVERING LEFT EYE

I do not believe in superstitious sayings of any kind, although some seem to be quite true. I recall an experience when my left eye kept quivering for quite a while. Soon after my father died. This caused me to think over various superstitious sayings such as that when your left eye quivers it is a sign you are going to cry or look at a corpse. I did both. (B.E.I.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.)

FEAR OF CROSSING THE PATH OF A BLACK CAT AND AVOIDANCE OF BLACK CATS

Once, when I was on my way to grammar school with my brother, a black cat ran in front of us. My brother said that was certainly a bad sign. It meant an unlucky day. He told me never to cross the track of a black cat, as he had always heard something terrible would happen before the day was over. I believed this and imagined something dreadful was going to happen all through the day. I avoided black cats for a long time afterwards. As I grew older, when I had a black cat for my pet, it occurred to me how absurd it was to imagine this about a harmless animal. (W.N.; F.; U.S.)

A SUPERSTITIOUS NATURE, ATTRIBUTED TO MAMMA LOUISA'S TALES, SET ARIGHT BY PARENTAL INSTRUCTION

Living in the South, and having plenty of Negroes on the place ever since I can remember, have been strong factors in early creating within me a superstitious nature. How I delighted to slip off to the Negro cabins and listen to Mamma Louisa tell of ghosts, haunts, witches, and spooks! The air was filled with both good and dreadful creatures. I longed for a "left-hind foot of a grave-yard rabbit killed on the dark of the moon." My parents tolerated this foolishness until they observed me sprinkling salt in front of my bedroom door to keep the "witches frum acomin' tru de keyhole an askinnin' yuh!" For sometime thereafter I was subjected to regular instruction from my parents on this subject, and have never been susceptible to such beliefs since. Belief in the supernatural is, to my mind, a different conception from beliefs like the above. But it sometimes seems to me that many people who scoff at superstition carry their religious beliefs just as far as superstition will carry one. (G.D.Q.; M.; H.S.P.; B.S.)

WORRY OVER SUPERSTITIONS INSTILLED BY IGNORANT, SUPERSTITIOUS GRANDMOTHER

Much of the first six years of my life was spent at the home of my grandmother who had been denied the advantages of an education because she was a girl in the South during the Civil War. She was highly superstitious, and attempted to explain everything in terms of mystical causes. She had many "pet" superstitions in which she firmly believed: a fork dropped meant that company would come for dinner; bad luck would follow the stubbing of a toe on the left foot; and many others.

These superstitions took hold of me and caused much worry during the years of my childhood and adolescence. I have overcome them to such a great extent that I do not now remember them all, but it has required considerable effort and will power to rid myself of the notions. (T.C.R.; M.; State Director of Spec. Ed.; M.A.)

FEAR OF SUPERNATURAL AND DARKNESS FOSTERED BY LURID GHOST STORIES IN EARLY LIFE; CURE OF THE LATTER THROUGH IDENTIFICATION WITH LITERARY HEROES

When I was five my nurse died and a new one came who told us lurid ghost stories. From that time on I was afraid of the supernatural and of the dark. The latter fear I did not overcome until I was twelve, when I read *Ivanhoe* and other hero stories. One night I awoke when everyone else was asleep, and remembered that I had left a ring downstairs in the library. I particularly prized this ring and was afraid it might get lost. Although I was afraid of the dark, I was ashamed to be so unlike my heroes whose courage I worshiped. This prompted me to go for my ring, and as nothing molested me I lost my fear of the darkness, forever, I hope.

My fear of the supernatural persisted until a few months ago, when I decided that there is nothing to fear on the other side and that it is as wholesome and natural as this side. (B.L.A.; F.; S.C.T.)

EMOTIONAL DOMINANCE OF SUPERSTITIONS IN A NONSUPERSTITIOUS SUBJECT, ATTRIBUTED TO TALK OF DARKIES

Since I was born and reared in the South among Negroes it is natural that I should be subject to superstitions. My superstitious beliefs were strong during childhood. Some that I recall easily concern going in and out of the same door, never going out through a window, black cats, Fridays, 13, 3, 7, putting extracted teeth under the pillow in order to get a new one, carrying a lucky piece in the pocket, going back after starting, etc. Although I am not superstitious now, I find myself struggling hard at times to keep from performing some act of superstition, such as knocking on wood. I frequently succumb to the impulse to do so. The same is true regarding beginning work on Fridays. The stand I seem to take is one of "better safe than sorry." It sometimes takes quite a while for me to get over it if I doggedly refuse to comply with the urge of a superstition. I am probably weaker in this respect when it concerns my automobile. There seems to be a rather disastrous correlation between black cats and punctures! All of which I realize is thoroughly foolish, yet I cannot always combat the idea. Possibly my love of the mystic and romantic carries over into this field. (B.O.I.; M.; C.T. of Psych. and Ed.; B.A.)

BAD LUCK SUPERSTITIONS TRACEABLE TO REMARKS OF OLDER CHILDREN, PRODUCING RESTLESSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, AND APPREHENSION

I believed in a number of superstitions, apparently because of the remarks made by older children supported by an incident or two in which they coincidentally came true. Many of my superstitions were bad luck prophesies. The following are samples of bad luck indications: two or more persons passing on the opposite sides of a tree or a post, raising an umbrella in the house, passing under a ladder, jumping out of bed backwards, more than one drying hands on a towel at the same time, singing before breakfast meant crying before night. If any of these things happened I became restless, irritable, very alert, and nervous until a sufficient period of time had passed. I was overly anxious to "retire" as soon as dinner was over, so the bad luck wouldn't happen.

These fantastic and childish ideas were outgrown during adolescence when their absurdity was recognized as well as the uselessness of trying to observe these rules in order to prevent bad luck. (T.M.; F.; T. of Open-air Class.)

SUPERSTITIONS IMPLANTED BY COMPANIONS PUT TO THE TEST AND READILY OVERCOME, RESULTING IN ATTITUDE OF DISTRUST OF CERTAIN SCHOOLMATES

There were a few superstitions that came into my life early enough to constitute real annoyances. The insect called the death watch *(Kestobium rufovillosum)* presented a problem. Someone told me how the death watch ticked off the seconds for the next person to die. I was eager to hear one, and knew if I could get to it, I could fix things all right. I had put an alarm clock out of business not long before, so I was sure I could stop any watch. One day I heard it in an outbuilding. Imagine my disgust when I dug into the wall and found only a curious little insect ticking away in a rotten post, instead of a watch. I took it out, and found that it would tick if shut up carefully in a book. I worried the neighbor children by running after them with the ticking insect until my mother made me turn the little creature loose.

Some rascal told my brother and me that the pulse sound one hears while lying on the ear was caused by "a murdered man somewhere bleeding to death." A man was stabbed in a saloon brawl shortly afterward, and of course we "heard" him that night. The man got well, but the sound kept on, so we asked mother about it. She used a sea shell to make us hear the sound, then explained its cause, and headed off the superstition about hearing the sea in the sea shell. As soon as the explanation was made, we ceased to pay attention to the sound at night.

As adolescence approached, I found myself listening to tales of horsehair snakes, death bells, and what not until I found myself confronted with a number of semi-beliefs. I decided to put matters to the test. Everytime I would hear a "death bell" (a singing noise in the ears), I made a note of it. Over a period of several months I was unable to get my bell to coincide with someone's death. The horsehairs that I put into water failed to turn into snakes. Shingles did not turn up in the light of the moon or down in the dark of the moon exclusively. I discovered on close observation, that the tomcats killed the black kittens just the same as they killed the others. I also discovered that humans are very much alike anatomically. I had never seen many races of people, but I had heard plenty of weird tales about some of the few foreigners that came through the village. I saw a gypsy woman take care of her little girl, and I discovered that gypsy girls were not much different from other children.

Whether such experiences originated new attitudes, or whether they were merely contributory thereto, I am unable to say. But I began to assume an attitude of distrust toward some of my schoolmates who vouched for the authenticity of such superstitions. (H.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 38.)

SUPERSTITIONS AS A SOURCE OF CHILDHOOD MALADJUSTMENTS, NOW OUTGROWN

Superstitions of all sorts and kinds have had a great deal to do with my maladjustments as a child. I shall cite merely a few that illustrate what I mean.

1. My twin brother lived only fifteen minutes. Therefore, I would always be lonely, would prefer to play alone, and would be different from other children.

2. A child born on Friday is unlucky, will have great sorrow, and is apt to die a sudden death. I was born on Friday.

3. The younger children of a large family will always have poor health and are not as bright as the first children. I was number eight.

These oft repeated prophesies influenced my growing years and were no doubt accountable for much of my secrecy and the repression of my ideas and impulses.

4. A broken looking glass meant seven years of bad luck. I remember well the dismay that I felt when I unfortunately dropped a small mirror, and thought of the seven long years of dire calamity that awaited me. Sure enough, shortly afterwards I was bitten by a dog, and, of course, I attributed this to my bad luck.

5. "Find a pin and leave it lay, bad luck you'll have all the day. Find a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck." Oh! the joy I experienced in finding a pin, especially if it was pointed towards me. It was good luck to find a horseshoe, and bad luck to see the new moon over your right shoulder.

I suppose that everyone is superstitious about some things, although he does not realize it. I cannot now recall even one of these old timers that bothers me now. (S.B.R.; F.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 58.)

ROUTING OF SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS BY NONSUPERSTITIOUS FATHER, THROUGH READING *The Causes of Common Things*, AND THROUGH THE STUDY OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

Few boys had a greater temptation to be superstitious than I. Many old-time disseminators of ghost and goblin stories visited our home. The farmers sowed their seed and roofed their houses and the women made soap by the moons. Water veins for wells were located by the turning of a twig in the hand of a water witch. *Hick's Almanac* was a weather guide on every hand instead of our scientific weather bureau. The "Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum" of religious and political creeds were rampant in my locality. The dark, primeval forest, with its hooting owls, keen-barking foxes, and all other forbidding creatures, was less than a mile away. I soon learned to give practically no credence to the goblin and ghost stories, or to omens, for the carriers of such stories so exaggerated them that they began to sound out of reason. Father was a brave and non-credulous man. This helped me discount such stories. My superstitions were largely dissipated through reading simple nature study stories, in a little book entitled *The Causes of Common Things*. I was scientifically minded even before I entered high school. A year of work in physical geography completely routed my superstitions. My liberal attitude toward religious creeds, political tenets, and racial antipathies can be traced to the broad-gauged views held by my father on such questions. (M.C.L.; M.; S. Supt.; Ph.B.; Age 55.)

SUPERSTITIOUS OMENS REGARDING THE HOWLING OF A DOG AND DREAMS OF EATING ALONE

The protracted and distressing howling of a dog during the small hours of the morning tells me that someone is apt to die in the neighborhood very soon. My belief is based on the careful observations of a decade.

I never like to dream about eating alone, because almost invariably such dreams mean unpleasant experiences of some kind to me. Dreams of this kind happen during normal, peaceful sleep. (M.R.J.; M.; Col.; E.S.T.)

FEAR OF END OF THE WORLD IN 1920 CAUSED BY THREATS

I thought the world was coming to an end in 1920. I obtained this idea from my nurse who held this threat over my head whenever I did anything wrong. "You had better be good. The world is going to end in 1920." I really think she believed this as much as I did. When 1920 was over I breathed a sigh of relief and cast the idea aside.

Incidentally I may say that I was never superstitious. (F.K.; F.; Grad. Stud.; B.A.)

FREEDOM FROM ALL SUPERSTITIONS EXCEPT ONE, NAMELY, THAT GRASS ROPE PROTECTS THE CAMPER FROM SNAKES

I am subject to only one superstition. It is this: a grass rope encircling the sleeping camper will protect one from all species of snakes. I acquired this from an aged camper, who helped our party across the Rockies several years ago. He firmly believed in his grass rope, and insisted on our buying some when we reached the first town. These ropes we have kept with us whenever we have been on a camping trip, and I have never felt safe from snakes unless one of these ropes completely encircled my sleeping bag. A scientific monthly recently denied any truth to this superstition. I'm quite sure, nevertheless, that on our next camping trip, my grass rope will go along whether or not any of the others take theirs. (T.A.M.; F.; E.S.T.; B.A.)

CREEPY FEELINGS WHEN PASSING THROUGH A DARK ROOM OR HALLWAY, TRACEABLE TO HEARING SPOOKY STORIES AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, RE-EXPERIENCED TWENTY-THREE YEARS LATER WHEN BACKING AN AUTOMOBILE INTO A HEDGE

When I was about eight years of age I used to visit the home of a little girl in which the older members of the family enjoyed telling spooky stories as if they were true events. An aunt of theirs, who frequently visited them, took great delight in telling the following tale:

One of her uncles who visited a friend who lived in a very large farmhouse was told to sleep in a bedroom at the remote end of the house known as the haunted room. The uncle, who claimed to be brave, was pleased with the idea. It happened to be a beautiful moonlight night.

Toward morning, the uncle, who had a habit of lying on his stomach, thought he felt the covers being slowly drawn down his back. Not thinking much about the matter, he drew the covers up and went to sleep again. Later the same thing happened. He could see all around the room, leaned over and looked under the bed and satisfied that all was well, went to sleep again. When the same thing happened for the third time he pulled the covers up and jumped out of bed. The imaginary person pulled hard at the bedclothes, until the uncle reached the landing in the hall and then let go. According to the story, when this landing was reached the tension on the covers always was released. For a long time after hearing this ghost tale, whenever I went through a dark room or, in particular, passed through a hallway, I would experience creepy, cold feelings passing down my spine.

I thought I had outgrown this creepy feeling. But about ten years ago when I purchased a shift-gear Ford, with the operation of which I was unfamiliar, and backed across the street into a hedge, the same creepy, cold feeling immediately shot up and down my spine. For quite a while after this incident I experienced this unpleasant feeling up and down the spine whenever backing the car. (R.S.H.; F.; S.C.T.; Age 41.)

CHAPTER XIII

EFFECTS OF PARENTAL BEHAVIOR PATTERNS AND HOME TREATMENT

1. What kinds of home factors other than criticism or ridicule (Chapter X) or unfavorable comparisons (Chapter XI) produce mental upsets, regressions, or maladjustments? Catalogue the factors discussed in these reports, and list other typical "sore spots" and aggravating circumstances in the life of the home.

2. Make a list of the different kinds of mental maladjustments and disturbances produced by unwholesome home conditions.

3. What are most important objectives to be achieved in the mental hygiene program of the home?

4. What are the essential conditions of a happily adjusted family life?

5. What are the ideal relations that should be established in the child-parent relationships and the child-sibling relationships? How should the relations change from infancy to adulthood?

6. What is meant by over-protection, coddling, infantile fixation, parental attachment, father fixation, mother fixation, the Oedipus and Electra complexes, incest phantasies, infantile regressions, parental dominance, the authority complex, identification, projection, transfer of affect, autoeroticism, and rationalization?

7. What is the position of Freud, Adler, Jung, and other psychologists and psychiatrists regarding the significance of the early childhood stage of life and the home situation in the development and fixation of the fundamental character traits of the individual?

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LACK OF PLAYFULNESS AND PREMATURE DEVELOPMENT OF FEELING OF RESPONSIBILITY BECAUSE OF POVERTY; LACK OF ABILITY TO DEAL WITH PRACTICAL PROBLEMS BECAUSE OF OVER-PROTECTION

As I grew older I began to realize my mother's economic difficulties and began to suffer because of her limited finances. My one desire was to get grown and give her everything on earth for her happiness. This idea of economy saturated my being and caused me to miss the childhood happiness I should have had. After I realized that mother had to do without so many things and had to struggle hard to meet the taxes on the two little homes that father had left her, I never played any more. Mother would insist that I go out at times, but I never cared to. As long as she lived she never realized what was going on in my mind. When I first began to teach I received only twenty dollars a month, and I would give her the entire twenty. Of course, she still had to take care of me, but I was trying to make up for some of the happiness she had missed in her youth. Even when I began to make fair salaries I would give it all to her. She pretended to appreciate it, and she opened an account for both of us. She and I were to have a bank account opened in my name. Mother took care of this account and watched it grow out of my small salaries, so that at her death I was fairly independent.

However, I did not learn to grow up and attend to affairs like an independent woman, but depended upon mother to buy this, to tell me when to get that, and to do almost everything for me. When she died, I was helpless as far as managing affairs is concerned. Fortunately, I have a husband who does for me just what my mother did, always showing me how to manage in the best way. In teaching I can forge ahead and do well, but when it comes to actual life I must have someone upon whom to lean. Whenever I accept a teaching position, I can always manage that satisfactorily, but as soon as I reach home I become dependent. (P.K.B.; Col.; Vocational Counselor; B.A.; Age 30.)

TIMIDITY, RESERVE, LOSS OF SPONTANEITY, AND OF HUMOR, ATTRIBUTED TO REPRESSIVE FATHER WHO SUPPRESSED TALKATIVENESS, GAIETY, JOYOUSNESS, AND LEVITY; ATTEMPTS AT CURE

I possess a species of timidity and reserve which I attribute to conditioning in my early life. My dad has always been a hard taskmaster, expecting more of his children than was natural for their years. We three girls were to be seen, not heard; we talked little, and laughed less, especially at the table. In fact, laughter and boisterousness were unbecoming, especially in girls; consequently, gaiety, joyousness, and cheerfulness in our lives were repressed. This resulted in a quiet, serious-minded household. Not one of us had much sense of humor.

We had wonderful times when we were children, with nicer playthings and a larger place in which to play than most of our friends. Still that feeling was always present that dad must not be disturbed by any unnecessary levity. Even today, if any spark of humor is kindled in us, it almost always is done by an outsider.

This suppression or repression has carried over into all aspects of my conduct. I lack spontaneity in many things, being shackled by a reserve or timidity which I have never fully overcome. I know people with far less education than I have in comparison with whom I can't even hold a candle when it comes to public speaking. Although I desire to express myself, I am always willing to have someone else volunteer his opinion first.

When I was in college I was interested in the Y. W. C. A. Vesper services. I very frequently attempted to give a short talk as part of the service. But it never seemed to me to go over "very big." One day the dean came to me and said, "What you had to say was fine, but you have too apologetic an air."

This reserve, however, does not seem to affect me when I am in the schoolroom.

I am eager to overcome this timidity and often force myself into situations which afford opportunity for expression, but I am not always comfortable in the attempt. (W.K.E.; Sub. H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 31.)

YEARNING TO LEAVE HOME BECAUSE OF FATHER'S IRRITABILITY; CURED BY RETURN OF HOMESICK OLDER BROTHER

During my first and second year in high school I wanted to run away from home. My father was the owner of a hardware store and during the summer months I was employed by him to work in the store for a small wage. At times he was rather cross with me, especially when I could not do things to suit him. During our leisure time at the store we made various articles of furniture for the house. I liked to do carpenter work, and he attempted to show me the various details in cabinet making. Whenever I spoiled a piece of wood or did something wrong he was very cross. The usual outcome was for him to take the tool away from me and finish the task which I had begun. Upon many occasions I found that I could avoid unpleasant situations at the store by leaving and going home. Sometimes I would stay away for two or three days at a time, and as a result, I would not be paid in full at the end of the week. Quite often I would go home, pack my grip, and would try to leave the house. My mother would always hear or see me and would "smooth things over." However, I attempted to leave home many times.

My older brother, who had about as much temper as I did, walked into the store one day and told my father that because he was not appreciated at home he had decided to leave home and make his own way in the world. My father did not intervene or attempt to keep him from going, but instead offered him money to pay railroad expenses for his trip. After staying away for about a week my brother wrote for money to come home because he was sick. Afterwards I found that it was lonesomeness and not physical sickness that brought him home. However, he strongly urged me never to leave home under any circumstances, for it was very lonesome to be away. I had no more trouble with my father because the occasion seemed to soften both of us and we learned to control our tempers.

Suggestions

1. Children soon learn to imitate parents in such matters as temper, loud talking, etc. Had we both tried to overcome these difficulties there would have been no occasion for my desiring to leave home.

2. Parents and instructors should learn that a child at first cannot skilfully handle tools and that they should be treated with patience and kindness. Attempts should be made to show a child his mistakes in a manner that will not cause resentment. Practice, upon the part of children, makes perfect only if that practice is skilfully directed by one who is sympathetic with the learner. (P.L.W.; M.; Jr. C.T.; M.A.; Age 35.)

FEAR OF A DOMINATING FATHER TRANSFERRED TO ALL MALE BOSSES BUT NOT FEMALE BOSSES, ENGENDERING SUBMISSIVE ATTITUDE TOWARD MEN BUT NOT TOWARD WOMEN

I have had several bosses in whose presence I am somewhat nervous and inhibited in my thinking and speech. It seems that all my superior employers have dominated me to the extent that I am unable to converse with them without inhibitions or without a feeling of uneasiness. The condition still exists. I am able to converse with all types of people without experiencing an emotional disturbance, but when I speak to my boss I feel uneasy and inhibited. I may have a problem to discuss, but I make the discussion so short that my idea is never sold.

I ascribe the origin of this difficulty to my father's attitude. He was broad-minded in a way, but did not discuss matters very extensively, had a dominating personality, handled everything, had his own way, and dominated mother who played a submissive role. I always assumed a submissive role in his presence and always feared him. When I wanted something I always asked my mother, whom I did not fear, and had her ask my father. For instance, if I wanted money I could not ask my father, although he was generous, but asked my mother and usually got it through her.

I think I still retain the same attitudes toward other men and women who play the father and mother role. When I apply for a job if the employer happens to be a woman, I am at ease and am able to sell myself very easily, but if the employer is a man I am emotionally disturbed and, consequently, unable to express myself. I am much more humble in the presence of a male than of a woman employer, and of my father than of my mother.

I can feel equal and at times superior to a woman employer. To cite an instance: I am now employed at a school in which the supervisor is a woman, and the assistant, my immediate superior, a man. I am able to discuss matters with, and usually can sell my ideas to, the woman supervisor, but the assistant supervisor has a different effect upon me. I am afraid to ask him for certain things or to contradict him, although I may be sure that I am right.

I notice that this characteristic extends to other realms than "boss" situations. Generally I am the dominating personality in the presence of girls or women, but I play the submissive role with a man or a group of men. This is particularly true if the men are rather superior persons. I cannot, however, recall cases in which women have had a dominating effect upon me. (K.A.S.; M.; T. Subn. Delinquents; Ph.B.; Age 26.)

EMANCIPATION FROM FATHER-FEAR, FROM SUBSERVIENCE TO DOMINANT PERSONALITIES, AND FROM LACK OF COURAGE, BY FOLLOWING THE SLOGAN OF THE CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE, "NO MAN IS TOO BIG FOR ME TO TALK TO"

The emancipation of myself from my subservience to powerful personalities that I might become a courageous contender among my fellows, was no easy task. My father was a commanding, cruelly kind Scotch-Irish character. His word was law. It was difficult for me to discern kindness and sympathy in him, although at heart he was a very kindly and sympathetic man. I carried this fear or timidity into manhood. I knew I had to develop courage for life's battle, for I was choosing public work as a means of livelihood. I knew I could not get it from the schoolroom, for this father-fear was carried over here. Sad to say, many of us school men are without courage. To get it, I had to go to public life.

Once an intelligent and businesslike German solicited my vote for the office of alderman. I asked him for his platform. He replied very laconically, "No man is too big for me to talk to." We had in the town an attorney who had been bluffing the council. The German was elected to the council. In a quiet and unboastful way he carried out his platform. The statement and actions of this old German impressed me very much as a necessary trait in my battle of life. In my study of law I had experience with the wind-bag and bluffer. As I became better acquainted with these so-called big men I would discover more and more holes in their "boiler-iron." Their faults and weaknesses would become more and more apparent. Then as I became better educated, accumulated some property, and began to occupy more commanding positions, I began to have some standing among these so-called giants of influence. I have no hero-worship about me. As Kipling says: "All men count with me but none too much." My timidity was eventually resolved into a courage to stand up and be counted as a man among men. The old German's political slogan: "No man is too big for me to talk to," has become a part of my very fibre. I feel just as much at home among the learned as among the unlearned; among the powerful as among the insignificant. I feel that our whole school system develops too much femininity and not enough masculinity. The development of courage to face the battle of life is imperative in our modern civilization. I do not bluff, exaggerate, nor frighten anyone; but defend myself in social combat with a spirit of calmness, simplicity, and frankness. (M.C.L.; M.; S. Supt.; B.A.; Age 55.)

PECULIAR BEHAVIOR PATTERNS DURING THUNDERSTORMS, ALLEGEDLY ACQUIRED IMITATIVELY; SLEEPING WITH A LIGHTED OIL LAMP, NO MATTER HOW HOT THE WEATHER, LOCKING THE DOOR, AND REFUSING TO COME OUT UNTIL MORNING

Since early childhood, I have been friendly with a girl who has always had many peculiarities that she has never been able to overcome to this day, although she is now thirty-five and married. Her husband has to put up with all her odd traits.

Whenever there is a thunderstorm, she will stop whatever she is doing, go upstairs, lower the windows, pull down shades, light an oil lamp, turn off the electric lights, and get in bed with her clothes and even shoes on. Here she remains until the storm is entirely over, when she comes down a perfect nervous wreck with headaches and all sorts of ailments. In summer if there are any signs of a storm or if any dark clouds appear, you cannot get her to go out of the house no matter how urgent the errand may be. If the storm comes during the night, she gets up and puts on her clothes. I asked her why she did this. She replied that if the lightning struck the house, she would be all ready to run out. Her mother, a lovely woman, was subject to the very same antics during a thunderstorm. She began carrying the child up to bed with her from the time of its birth.

Another one of her peculiarities is sleeping with a lighted lamp in the room. Every night when she is ready to get into bed, she puts out the electric light, lights an oil lamp, and locks the bedroom door. She is then in her room for the night and will not come out until the morning for anything. No matter how hot the weather is, the lamp must burn. Her husband has had to put up with this idiosyncrasy, which she also seems to have acquired from her mother. From early childhood her mother placed a lighted lamp in her room every night.

Whenever she is away visiting, her hostess must provide her with some kind of oil lamp to keep from burning the electric lights if she is to feel comfortable and sleep. In case of a storm, she must be provided with a room in which she can do as she likes. (From S.E.; F.; C.; E.C.T.; Age 38.)

A PERSISTENT DREAD OF LIGHTNING, APPARENTLY INDUCED BY THE TERROR OCCASIONED BY THE NEWS OF A BOY AND ANIMALS STRUCK DEAD IN A STORM AND POSSIBLY BY PARENTAL BEHAVIOR PATTERNS; VIVID IMAGES OF TRAGEDY FOR DAYS; VARIOUS EFFORTS AT CURE ONLY PARTLY SUCCESSFUL

I am thirty-six years old, and still feel nervous and much concerned at the very first indications of an electrical storm.

When I was ten years old, a very severe electrical storm struck a barn at the home of a girl friend. A little colored boy who was standing in the doorway preparing to milk, was struck dead. This filled me with terror. For days afterwards I could see the doctors working on the boy, and men bringing out dead cows and horses. Since this happening I have always been afraid the lightning would strike our house or kill a loved one.

My parents are timid about storms, too. They always got us girls up, and took us downstairs if an electrical storm occurred during the night.

When electrical storms have occurred while I have been teaching, I have tried to show no fear, in order not to make the children timid. While outwardly I have shown no fear, inwardly I have been terrified. I believe I have grown braver since I got married. My husband tries to build up my courage. He tries to point out the beauty of the lightning and tells me that if my time to die has not come the bolt will not strike me. He will not pull the shades down nor sit quietly in one corner of the room as I would like him to do. Nevertheless, I still fear electrical storms, and dread to see summer come on account of them.

However, since pursuing this course I am trying to look at the matter objectively, and thus hope to acquire an integrated personality. (S.T.D.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 36.)

INTENSE AVERSION TO FUSSING, CONTROVERSIES, AND DISPLAYS OF TEMPER IN A GIRL WHO HAD LEARNED EARLY IN LIFE TO ACCEPT THINGS AS THEY ARE, AND TO DEPEND UPON HERSELF, ATTRIBUTED TO THE EXPLOSIONS OF RAGE TO WHICH SHE WAS SUBJECTED AFTER THE AGE OF NINETEEN BY A TEMPERMENTAL STEPMOTHER

My life up to nineteen was ideally happy. The fact that I was an only child made my parents most determined that I was not to be spoiled. Early in life I was taught to rely on myself and soon learned that crying and tantrums did not get me very far. At nineteen my mother died and a little more than a year later father remarried. Before the marriage the stepmother wanted to do so much for me that father fell for her charms. She had two children of her own from a previous marriage, a boy eleven months younger than I and a girl five or six years younger.

My early training in accepting situations and making the best of them, served me well in the rather difficult problem of accepting a ready-made family. I saw no reason for not being happy until two months later. To this day I do not know what I did or did not do that aroused a blast of fury from my stepmother one day upon my return from afternoon classes. I still remember the sick feeling that seized me. I tried to find out the reason for her outbreaks, but to no avail. As my attempts seemed to make matters worse, I decided that the best thing to do was to go on as usual and ignore the incident.

A few days later my father was the subject of her anger, and on other occasions her daughter or her son. We all incurred her wrath at various times. Between these episodes she could be very nice and attractive. But her outbursts of rage were harrowing experiences to me. We never knew what the next morning or the next hour would bring forth. These experiences continued during the eight years my father lived after his second marriage. I have since learned that this conduct pattern was characteristic of the early life of this woman and that her third husband is experiencing the same abuse.

Out of all this there developed in me an intense dislike for "fusses," fights, and any display of temper. I will walk away from a dispute at all times and avoid an argument especially if the disputants are adults. So keen is my aversion to fussing that at present I have resigned from my position rather than teach under controversial forces. In order to do my work well, I must have congenial conditions. (K.D.M.; F.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 33.)

A CONTINUING FEAR OF DOGS ATTRIBUTED MORE TO PARENTAL CONDITIONING THAN TO A DOG BITE EXPERIENCED AT SIX; WALKING A SQUARE OUT OF THE WAY TO AVOID PASSING A HOUSE WITH A DOG AND EXPERIENCING A FEELING OF PARALYSIS WHEN ENCOUNTERING STRAY DOGS

A fear of dogs that began in early childhood still exists. I will walk a square out of my way to avoid passing a house containing a vicious dog, even when I know he is securely chained. It simply paralyzes me to meet a stray canine.

I was not afraid of small dogs before the age of six when I was bitten by a playful pup. But my fear is probably due to parental influence. My father, although very fond of dogs, would not allow me to have one because he was afraid it would bite me. Had I been allowed to have a dog for a pet I am sure this fear would have been overcome. Instead, it was aggravated.

At a comparatively recent pet show in the school where I am teaching, I was chosen to be one of the judges. Although I am ashamed to admit it, I was very much afraid of all dogs entered and during the judging I stood behind another judge who is a mere wisp of a girl. I hope no one there, especially the children, know how relieved I was to finish the judging.

This is a case of early conditioning which I feel can be overcome when I have a chance to become acquainted with dogs. (B.E.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 32.)

FEELING OF LONELINESS, INJUSTICE, AND RESENTMENT ASCRIBED TO EARLY DEATH OF MOTHER AND UNSYMPATHETIC TREATMENT FROM GOVERNESS; BECOMING RECONCILED AS OTHER CHILDREN LOST THEIR MOTHERS

My mother died when I was about three years old, and a housekeeper and governess took her place. My father's work kept him away from the home during the day, but upon his arrival in the afternoon my misconduct of the day was reported. My father was severe in judgment and often punished me for acts which were a result of misunderstanding.

I developed a feeling of loneliness. There was no one to whom I could take my troubles and my problems. While I really never knew my mother, what she would have meant to me was deeply impressed upon me by seeing the sympathetic treatment my companions were receiving at their mothers' hands.

I began to feel that I had been deprived of my rightful heritage. I developed something of a feeling of resentment. God had been unfair to me. I had companions, engaged actively in games and sports, in fact was a real boy, but developed no real friendships. I became shut-in, non-expressive, and inhibited. I still felt that the world had been unfair to me, but of this I never spoke. Gradually, as I saw death take the mothers from other homes, I became reconciled to my lot. I saw that mine was not a very unusual case. (B.I.J.; M.; H.S.P.; B.A.)

INSATIABLE INDULGENCE IN READING AS A COMPENSATION FOR A HARSH HOME LIFE, CULMINATING IN THE BELIEF THAT THE DEEPEST TRUTHS WERE INTUITIVELY AND ROMANTICALLY PERCEIVED, AND IN A DISTRUST OF AND CONTEMPT FOR MATTER-OF-FACT WORKERS

Since memory runneth not to the contrary I have always been an insatiable reader. Long before the age of ten I was reading the current novels from the public library, along with books for children, history, fairy stories—in short, a conglomeration of incongruous literary materials. I should have been amazed had anyone suggested such a regime as a directed, systematic reading program. I read with avidity, with curiosity, with catholicity of interest, but not with distant goals in view. I interpret this supersaturation in printed words as an effort to substitute for unsatisfactory reality (very harsh conditions in the poverty-stricken home of a drunken father) the more pleasant domain of fancy. Out of it there grew a philosophical leaning, culminating toward the end of the high-school years, whose danger I did not appreciate for years. It began to seem to me that the deepest truths of life were intuitively known, that the romantic and emotional apprehensions of what is called the "heart" were the clues to the real nature of the universe and human values. I mistrusted people who were grubbily and stodgily unromantic, who plugged away at cold, impersonal tasks, who looked at the world about them with cold disillusionment. Divine enthusiasms should be enough to provide sustained energy and interest in one's work in life. Work persevered in without such enthusiasm was an indication of the worker's essential mediocrity. I not only failed to get my feet on the ground, but had a species of contempt for those who felt that it was important that one's feet should be on the ground. I accumulated a fund of assorted information, ideas, ideals, and emotional sets which remained in virginal innocence of any matching-up with reality. Schoolwork was almost as interesting as any other reading, and I led my classes so easily and uniformly that I conceived the idea that mental progress was a comparatively effortless thing—a delusion that was pounded out of me in a number of bruising college courses later. At this time I even had periods of being a smart-aleck, and once or twice a teacher for whom I had been shining found it necessary to deflate my egotism. (K.D.A.; M.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.A.; Age 32.)

COMPLICATED MENTAL CONFLICTS, INVOLVING FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY, FEAR OF LOSING FRIENDS AND OF MEETING PEOPLE (ANTHROPOPHOBIA), AND OF BEING RIDICULED; SELF-HATRED, SELF-PITY, STUDIED ALOOFNESS AND WITHDRAWAL FROM SOCIAL CONTACTS, AND ATTEMPTS AT CONCEALMENT OF SHORTCOMINGS; ALLEGEDLY DUE TO NOT BEING WANTED, TO PAMPERING BY THE MOTHER, TO ENFORCED ASSOCIATION WITH GIRLS, TO DEPRIVATION OF BOY COMPANIONS, TO BEING TREATED AS A GIRL, AND TO THE APPLICATION OF DERISIVE NICKNAMES; ATTEMPTS AT SUBJUGATION OF THE DIFFICULTIES UPON RECEIVING A TEACHING POSITION

From the time I was a child, I led a lonely existence, although I may not have seemed lonely, for I have managed to surround myself with a group of superficial friends wherever I have gone, who, however, I have felt would prove unfaithful. Outside of my own family, no one would miss me if I were gone. Many there are with whom I have had a speaking acquaintance, but none whom I could take into my confidence and really talk to. This is not because I didn't like them—many I liked very well—but I just couldn't manage to bring myself close to people because of the fear they might not like me and might even make fun of me as others had done. This feeling has caused me to have a very deep horror of meeting people. When I did meet them, I shut up like a clam, for I felt they were thinking how utterly negative I was. But I preferred that they should belittle me and drop me from their minds, rather than laugh at me. Naturally I avoided meeting people so that I might avoid experiencing this fearfully uncomfortable feeling and acquiring an intense dislike of myself for not being able to acquire friends. I became evasive and self-conscious, and a pervasive feeling of inferiority overwhelmed me so that eventually I even began to pity myself and wish that I were a lower type of person who could be friendly, rather than a friendless person living on a higher level.

Although I have known the causes of my maladjustments for many years, I have been too weak-willed to try to correct them. It seemed such a hopeless task. Only within the last year or two have I made any progress at all in the attempt to overcome my discomfitures.

My difficulties apparently began at birth, for, I am told, my mother wanted a girl baby. When a boy arrived, she was bitterly disappointed. While she decided to make the best of it, she was resolved to rear me along her predetermined lines. Father, who was more concerned with difficulties between mother and himself, had little to say about the matter. Before I was very old, their differences had grown so large that they had separated and a divorce soon followed. This left me without the guiding hand of a father as I went with my mother, who continued to rear me along her chosen pattern. She treated me more like a little girl than a boy. I was pampered, overprotected, and dressed in beautiful clothes until I had become an exceedingly spoiled and dependent individual. As I grew older, I was given piano lessons which kept me so busy that I had little time to play with the boys of the neighborhood. This pleased mother immensely as she thought young boys too rowdy. She kept impressing upon me the importance of learning to play the piano and the good it would bring me later in life. She dilated on the unimportance of the neighborhood boys, emphasizing that their continual playing would never benefit any of them. I harkened to her admonitions and always complied with everything she advised. My playmates were my cousins, whom I really enjoyed being with, but the trouble was that all nine of them were girls. I was the only boy in our family circle. This pleased my mother and at first did not bother me. But trouble was brewing. My pretty clothes, my girl friends, and my easy ways won for me a hated nickname, one I cannot hear now without a feeling of revulsion. I soon found that boys did not like to play with me and that I had no boy friends. To boys I was a girl, and it wasn't long before they called me "Sissy," a name that was to stick and to torment me until I finished high school. Whenever I approached a group of children on the street, "Sissy" was hurled at me until I hated to make an appearance. I even declined to go out with the few friends I had for fear they might hear that awful name so frequently that they too might learn to dislike me. Although the few who did not indulge in tormenting me became my close friends, I did not rely on them too much or press our friendship for fear of losing their friendship by some foolish action on my part. I didn't want them to know me too well either, for by this time I had become convinced that

I was a wholly undesirable individual. It puzzled me that my cousins could overlook the fact that I was a sissy, but I attributed this to the fact that blood was thicker than water.

Following my graduation from high school, I went to college in my home town. Probably because I had grown older and was not seen around very much, the name "sissy" gradually disappeared, although I am certain I made no active effort to rid myself of the hated name. I just drifted and allowed things to come as they might, replacing activity with studying and playing the piano. I contacted students as little as possible. As in my high-school days, I still hated to make friends for fear they might find some idiosyncrasy in me that would make them laugh. Therefore, although I became acquainted with many in a superficial way through no effort on my own part, I continued to follow my old rule of not letting people know me too well, hoping that in that way they would like me longer. This is a bad rule to follow, as I found out, for when people do not get to know you, you are not an individual to be taken into account, but just one of the mob. As I became conscious of this, my inferiority feeling increased. I realized I had nothing to offer anyone in return for their friendship and their positive personality. From lack of contact with other than relatives, I took little interest in others' affairs. Hence when I did get in a group, I was at a loss to know what to talk about. Afraid to meet people and not knowing what to talk about after I did meet them, I decided I would make no more attempts to secure close friends, since it brought me only misery, and that thereafter I would be satisfied with bare acquaintanceship with people.

When I graduated from college I received a position as teacher of music in a small coal-mining town and I thought that in my new surroundings I might perhaps be able to "fool" the people. But I was wrong. The children there had never had a male music teacher before. From the first moment when I opened my mouth and sang in a high pitched, falsetto voice, necessary in teaching elementary music, I was lost. The first year in this position made me more miserable than I had been during previous years. I had a position demanding respect, yet my pupils made fun of me. Here a nickname even more deadly than the former sissy was attached to me. I became "Percy Pitchpipe" which finally boiled down to "Percy," the new generation's name for sissy. It was at the end of my first year here, although I was determined to leave, that I decided to fight my complex and to effect a change. I realized I couldn't keep on running away from myself and that I would have to undergo a change. The taunts of the children also served to arouse in me a desire for improvement. They, unknowingly, did more to effect a change in me than any other single factor.

The following summer I came to the Duke Summer School and forced myself to meet strangers, although I still did not relish doing so. But I found that no one seemed to think or act as if I were a "siss" and many people really seemed to like me. I talked to people, went places with them, and decided I wasn't so inferior. Here I met superior people. I found that I could dance better than most of them could, I could hold my own on the tennis courts, swim and dive with the best of them, and I noticed that my personal appearance was equal to most of the students. I asked myself the question, "Why should I feel inferior to everyone?" At home I had a job. In fact, I am one of the few of my early childhood days who have progressed in education and who are holding positions. All this made me feel that I must go home and make good in my teaching position.

The following year I continued to teach in the same mining community, but instead of being mean and revengeful to the children who had tormented me, I became friendly. Although taunts continued to come from them for a while, I talked with them, came down to their level, and tried to understand them. Little by little a friendly attitude arose between my pupils and me. I also began taking an active part in community work, giving musicals and plays and performing at the church, all of which I had refused to do the previous year. Since I had followed the plan of being seen as little as possible, I had not cherished the thought of giving public exhibitions. But I had now come to realize that my plan of life must change if I were to gain the respect of my community, the thing I desired more than anything else in the world. And my efforts did bring me success. People who had not liked me before, began to take an interest in me, for they could at least see I was anxious to please. I received more invitations and I accepted them. At the end of my second year I really liked my teaching position. I was now dubbed "Percy" only by older boys, the so-called "tough boys" of the town, so I decided that I would try to win them over also the following year. Accordingly, when I went back to my position the following year, instead of spending all my time with the higher-ups of the community, I continued to meet the tough fellows and engage them in conversation. While talking with them I made certain that my voice was low pitched (I had managed to lower it somewhat), so the boys would not leave me before I could make any effort to effect a friendship. I thus managed to talk to the boys often. After they learned to know me they seemed to realize that I wasn't so bad after all and that I enjoyed many of the things they did, such as fishing and hunting. It wasn't long before they began to respect me and I was able to rid myself of the hated nickname.

Neither my mother nor my friends at home ever knew of the difficulties that handicapped my teaching career, for I was ashamed to tell them. They thought everything was all right with me after people quit calling me "Sis." They didn't know I lived through that same stage in my teaching community where my cure was effected by my own efforts in facing the truth instead of just sitting around and taking whatever came to me.

Last year, my third year of teaching, was my most enjoyable one. Toward the end of the year, freed from worries incident to my personality handicaps, I was able to spend more time with the children. They in turn began to realize that I was doing all in my power to make school enjoyable for them. If an entertainment was to be given, I was in charge; if a field trip was planned, I was the pilot. Thus a genuinely friendly attitude has arisen between my pupils and me, and I now look forward to my best year with them next year. But it took three years to arrive at such a happy state.

At the present time I have no feelings of inferiority, I am not afraid to meet strangers, I really enjoy being in a crowd, and I no longer hate myself. But I have not been able to get rid completely of two handicaps. I am still self-conscious and fearful that my old faults may shine through at times. And I am afraid when I talk to people alone. I can carry on in a crowd, but alone with one other person my old habit of shutting up becomes dominant again. This handicap prevents me from acquiring intimate friends. Were it not for these two quirks, I would be completely happy. But I shall set up as goals to be accomplished the overcoming of these impediments in the years to come. (W.Y.O.; M.; T. of El. Music; B.S.; Age 24.)

DISLIKE OF RELATIVES, RESULTING IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY QUIRKS, SUCH AS DOUBTS, SECLUSIVENESS, VINDICTIVENESS, AND EVIL FOREBODINGS, ATTRIBUTED TO THE DISPOSITION OF THE RESPONDENT'S MOTHER TO BELITTLE HER FATHER'S FAMILY AND TO THE CALLOUSNESS OF HER MOTHER'S FAMILY TOWARD HER MOTHER WHEN HER FATHER DIED

I really believe that I have an obsession in regard to relatives. At an early age I can remember hearing my mother comparing her family and that of my father's in no favorable terms. I think even then I resented the comparisons. Years later when my father died in my fourteenth year, my mother realized that she had made a great mistake. She found out that her relatives could not take the place of the man she loved, and that they were concerned with their own immediate families. She learned that a sister with five dependent children was not their problem. My mother was extremely proud. While she did not expect aid from her family, she did expect sympathy and love, but she received neither. Friends were more solicitous about our welfare than they were. All of this made a lasting impression upon my plastic mind. I remembered the sarcastic things that had been said about my father and his people. Feeling very bitter towards mother's relatives, I concluded that the less you see and know of your relatives the happier you will be. Later on I was impressed by a very apt remark: "One can't choose one's relatives, but, thank God, one can select one's friends."

As I grew older, I ignored all overtures of friendship from both sets of relatives. Several years ago I married a man who is of Scotch descent. Needless to say, he is of a very clannish family. While they are lovely people, I always feel hemmed in by an undercurrent of uncertainty and doubt. I think I know how a caged wild animal feels.

If I only could spend one holiday with my own immediate family I might be satisfied or might succeed in submerging my opinions and desires. But so far I've never been able to decline an invitation and enjoy my freedom. I've been made to feel I was rude, selfish, thoughtless, inconsiderate. Under those conditions what I fight for loses its zest. How can I overcome this? It makes me very unhappy, morose, retiring, and even at times vindictive. I have become a changed person. I feel that if I keep on in this state something dreadful will happen. This doubtless sounds very silly, but it's very real to me. I have tried to overcome this attitude. At times I can even laugh about it; but then something occurs which brings it back in its old light. I realize that I must either adjust myself or break off all ties. I realize that others must be considered and perhaps in thinking about them I may be able to forget myself. Perhaps this course, which I have enjoyed and which has helped me understand myself, may solve my problem. (M.H.; F.; H.S.T.; B.A.; Age 31.)

Chapter XIV

THE EFFECTS OF THE SCHOOL SITUATION AND OF TEACHER ATTITUDES AND BEHAVIOR PATTERNS

MANY of the violent animosities of childhood are directed toward parents and those who stand *in loco parentis*, namely, teachers. Sometimes the child's hatred for the teacher represents an unconscious projection of a father or a mother antipathy. Sometimes it is due to the child's own refractoriness and personality shortcomings. The teachers are not always to be blamed for the nervous tension and lack of rapport or *Gemütlichkeit* between the pupils and the teachers. But it is unquestionably true that many children's maladjustments are directly traceable to defects and maladjustments in the personality make-up of their teachers. Eligibility requirements for teaching usually place the emphasis upon scholarship and skill in teaching technique. Important as are these requisites, the possession of a wholesome, well-adjusted personality is even more important. A teacher with an abnormal, disfigured personality, the victim of unsolved complexes, conflicts, inhibitions, repressions, phobias, or obsessions can exert a far more deleterious influence upon the child's personality development than an ignorant, unskilled teacher. The personality of many children has been mutilated by hard-boiled, unsympathetic, ill-tempered, brutal, neurotic, or mentally warped teachers. Some of the reports in this section and in other sections supply pertinent illustrations.

1. Is the statement correct that "the child may make the repression but the educator makes the conflict"? (Morton)
2. Do many teachers teach "merely to satisfy their unconscious sadism or feelings of inferiority"?
3. Is it true that many women become teachers from motives of sublimation, "the relation of teacher and children being a substitution for the really desired relation of mother and child"? (Freud)
4. Is it true that some pupils fail to achieve because of inhibitions produced by teachers who have failed to sublimate their sexual, self-assertive (egotistic), and other conflicts and repressions?
5. What, upon the basis of your own school experience and your study of the problem, are the personality qualifications most essential for teachers?

6. What personality traits in teachers exert the most inimical and ruinous effects upon teaching?

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Sherman, pp. 6, 113.
Symonds, pp. 1-15, 80, 121 f., 128-206, 218, 222, 230 f., 234, 241-257, 259-262.
Wallin, pp. 43, 47 f., 50-54, 92, 100-107, 109, 153 f., 157 f., 160 f., 163 f., 184 ff., 191 f., 217, 238 f., 333, 432, 450, 454 f. (See also the writer's chapter in Charles E. Skinner, ed., *Educational Psychology*, Chapter XXI, especially pp. 619 ff.)

EFFECT UPON NERVOUS STABILITY OF A SYMPATHETIC AND OF AN AUSTERE, EGOTISTICAL PRINCIPAL

After I graduated as a teacher I was given a position in a class that was very hard to discipline as they had had so many changes of teachers. Six or seven substitutes had been obliged to leave because they could not control the class. I realized that I must put forth my best efforts. I forgot everything else and put my whole thought into my work. As I stated before, I had an inferiority complex. The fact that others had not succeeded seemed to stimulate me to do my best. What helped me most was the presence of a kind and sympathetic principal. When he came to the room I felt at ease and felt that he was a friend who would assist me if I should need assistance. He always gave me a word of encouragement and praise. I stayed with this class until the end of the year.

At the beginning of the next school year in September I was sent to another school on a permanent contract. The class was much easier to discipline than the other class, but the supervisory conditions were entirely different. The principal was a different type of man from the other. He was austere and never smiled. He walked around the room with arms folded and with a very important air. I felt that he was watching every move made and that everything I did was wrong. It had such an effect upon me that I was frightened whenever he came into the room. I felt I could not teach under him, and suffered a nervous breakdown which I would not have had if I had continued under the other principal. (T.E.C.; F.; S.C.T.)

MINOR FEARS AND ANXIETIES PROBABLY HEIGHTENED BY EXCESSIVE AUSTERITY OF THE FIRST SCHOOLROOM

Fear of little things, largely imaginary, was quite a factor throughout my early years when I lived near a small village. I shrank from going upstairs alone even in daytime, and was afraid to extinguish the light before retiring. I was timid about going along the country roads, although nothing had ever harmed me. On coming to a piece of woods I would always run as fast as I could, looking behind me at intervals as I ran. I was afraid of thunder but not excessively so. There was no parental fear to cause my timidity because I was dealt with most kindly and considerately.

My first schooling was in a school where the least infraction of rules was dealt with severely. Although the little ones, like myself, were not punished to excess, we saw what was meted out to the large boys, and this was sufficient to keep us watchful of our every action. I always studied my lessons with great diligence during these early days, being particularly diligent in the preparation of all home assignments, since a missed lesson meant remaining after school hours until a perfect recitation was forthcoming. Examinations were always preceded by anxiety and accompanied by a certain amount of worrying and a feeling of unpreparedness, which continued with me until the examinations were concluded. (C.I.S.; F.; T. of Cripples.)

AN AUDIENCE FEAR TRACED TO A THIRD-GRADE TEACHER WHO PLACED THE RESPONDENT ON HER DESK AND FORCED HER TO READ

I am always frightened when I have to talk before an audience, even a class in school. I think this can be traced to an experience in the third grade in school. When I did not read loudly enough in class, the teacher placed me on her desk in front of the class and made me read. (R.V.; F.; U.S.; Age 21.)

AN INSTANCE OF EARLY SPOILING IN THE HOME AND ANTIPATHY TOWARD SCHOOL DUE TO UNFORTUNATE TEACHER CONDITIONING; THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ILLNESS DODGE AS A MECHANISM OF ESCAPE FROM A DISLIKED TEACHER

When B., my nephew, whom I idolize, was four years old he could count to a hundred and recite from beginning to end "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" and several other long childhood rhymes. He looked forward with much pleasure to the time when he would start to school in the large town on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he lived. He took great pleasure at the age of five years and eight months in buying pencils, tablets, and the things that all children like to have on the first day of school.

But an unfortunate thing happened at the very begininng. A substitute teacher was placed in charge of the class; her purpose seemed to be merely to entertain the pupils until the regular teacher could report. She must have had a hard time, as the children told of her screaming at them and of her efforts to keep them quiet.

By the time Miss R., the regular teacher, arrived one month later, my nephew was thoroughly disgusted with school. He wanted to stay home every morning, although his mother, who had been a trained nurse, cajoled him with promises of how different it would be when the regular teacher would arrive. But the mischief had been done when she returned; B.'s enthusiasm seemed dead, and he plodded to school complaining or offering excuses every day.

Miss R., with fifty-two pupils in her room, could not give much individual instruction. When asked one day how B. was getting along, she replied that he was very spoiled and that during the first two weeks he would not read unless he could sit in her lap or stand near her desk. While I knew that B. was a victim of early spoiling, for which I was partly responsible, I never dreamed that the situation was as bad as that. Whenever one read to B. at home, he had to sit in the reader's lap or on a davenport right beside her or in a large chair alongside of the reader.

With the aid of his mother and his teacher, B. was promoted into the second grade, but when asked if he liked school he would reply that he hated it. Summer brought freedom from schoolwork and happiness for B.

When the school opened in September, B. was up early and complaining because he had to go to school, while I departed for my teaching job. When I returned home the following Friday I had never before observed such a change in a child. He had grown pale and thin and looked positively sick. His mother related that every morning when he awoke he would ask if he had to go to school that day. When told that he did, he would cry and say he was sick. On the third day she found that his temperature was almost 100°. On the fourth day he vomited and said he was not going to school; his mother nevertheless took him to the schoolhouse door.

Saturday morning when he awoke he asked if he had to go to school. When assured that he did not he showed no signs of illness, he was happy and ate his breakfast, and his temperature was normal. On Sunday morning when assured in response to his inquiry that he did not have to go to school he ate a hearty breakfast, and his temperature was again normal. Monday morning when his question brought the information that he had to go to school there was a recurrence of fussing, fuming, and finally vomiting. The performance continued throughout the week, and his mother had to take him part of the way to school. When I arrived home Friday and saw what a sick-looking child B. was, I told his mother I knew he would die if he had to continue going to school. She then told me he was to be transferred the following Monday from Miss R.'s second grade (which enrolled forty-eight pupils) to the special class for nervous children and children requiring special attention taught by Miss H. The following Friday when I returned, I found an entirely different boy. He was happy and his physical appearance had improved. While his mother had to contend with the same fussing and complaining the first three days, at the noon hour of the third day, B. told his father to hurry his lunch as he wanted to get back to the schoolhouse. When asked why he was in such a rush, B. replied, "My teacher likes me, she called me 'Hon' this morning."

At the present time B. enjoys school and is anxious to be off. There is no more fretting or illness. B. loves Miss H. and hopes he can always stay in her room. However, his mother still has to help him with his lessons, as Miss H. says he will not do anything for himself.

Recently I learned why he would not do anything for Miss B. Miss B. reproved B. for talking during his first or second day in the room and told him she was going to put his name on the board. B. protested that he was not talking and asked her please not to put his name on the board. Miss B. replied that he was no better than the rest and wrote his name in yellow chalk. B. cried all afternoon as a result of this yellow listing. (C.S.A.; F.; A.B.; Age 37.)

A FORTY-YEAR ANTIPATHY TO FACING AUDIENCES ASCRIBED TO AN UNSYMPATHETIC TEACHER, WHO PUT THE RESPONDENT THROUGH A SEVERE ORDEAL BECAUSE SHE DID NOT READ WITH DUE EXPRESSION; AID FROM MENTAL HYGIENE COURSE IN OVERCOMING MALADJUSTMENT

The maladjustment that has caused me most distress all through my school life and later life to the present time, has been my dread of appearing before audiences. I can trace this aversion to my very first year in school. I was a child of Quaker ancestry, naturally quiet and reserved, and reared in the days when most people believed children should be seen and not heard.

My parents did not start me to school until I was about seven and a half years of age, as I would have had a long walk alone. At this time my brother had become of school age, so we started school together. I was amply prepared to enter second grade as my mother had taught me to read, write, and spell. But Miss J., my teacher, did not give me a ghost of a chance to try for the second grade but put me in the first grade with my brother, who graduated from high school in my class. Looking back at my first two years in school with that teacher, and the mental torture I lived through because of her, I am amazed that even in those days such a hard and unsympathetic teacher should have been allowed to teach school, especially to teach very young children.

This teacher's pet hobby was teaching her pupils poetry. She placed much emphasis upon the delivery of the poems. The poetry drills came the first thing in the morning in connection with the opening exercises, the same poems being taught to all the pupils in the room, who ranged from the chart class to those in the sixth reader. "Believe it or not," by the end of our second year my brother and I could recite every word of

Poe's "Raven"—of all things to teach small children! Miss J. would teach a section of the "Raven" each morning, calling the sixth-reader pupils to repeat the section first. Each pupil on down through the classes was expected to repeat the section. By the time it was our turn, we beginners could also repeat the passage; we were afraid not to be able to do so.

I can recall the very day when, at the age of eight, my dread of facing an audience originated as well as if it happened yesterday, and it has been forty years since that day. I had been called upon to read the lesson and had read it without a mistake in pronunciation or in recognition of words. But I had not read it with the emphasis Miss J. thought I should put into it, so she stood me up in the front of the room before the whole school and had me reread it. However, since my emphasis did not suit her—emphasis and expression were a mania with her—she had me read the lesson over and over again after her, yelling at me a little louder each time the part that she wanted emphasized. Finally, when I could endure no more, I burst into tears. Even at that early age I felt I had the sympathy of most of the older pupils in the room, but this did not help much, for I could also feel the jeers of two or three of the big, bad boys who delighted in teasing small children. From that day throughout my school life I dreaded to stand before my class and read or recite. I never had any trouble with any of my studies, and my written work was done with ease. Anyone who has not had a similar experience in an audience situation will be unable to imagine the strain I was under when I had to stand before a class and give oral or written reports. I still am dreadfully timid about giving reports before an audience and feel the greatest sense of relief when the last page is read.

I feel as though this course will help me to gain confidence in myself. I realize the best thing I can do to overcome this difficulty is to meet the situation squarely face to face and not sidestep it, as I have been doing whenever possible.

Although I feel my first teacher has done me irreparable damage, I sometimes think my suffering may have saved some other child from a like fate because of my experience. If I had not had the bitter experience of my first two years in school I might have unconsciously hurt some child's feelings, and caused him to become unfavorably conditioned for the rest of his life as I was.

I have made it a special point to treat all children fairly and make no child feel the chagrin I had to endure. It gave me the greatest satisfaction the other day when my nephew, a freshman in high school, told me the high-school boys were discussing their likes and dislikes for their previous teachers down through the grades, and added: "Aunt L., there wasn't a boy who said he had anything against you. They all agreed you were the fairest teacher they had ever had. The fellows said you were one teacher who could help them without making them feel cheap." I remonstrated that may have been because he was in the group that they spoke so well of me, or that they had a more hazy remembrance of me than they did of some of their other teachers, as I was their second-grade teacher. "No, Aunt L.," he replied, "boys are not like that. They are not deceitful. If they had had anything against you they would have said so. They are not like girls." (K.L.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 48.)

[Long before this paper was written, the respondent asked to be excused from presenting a report in the class, one of the requirements of the course. She was told that the report might be deferred to the close of the semester and that she would surely build up the necessary confidence in the interim. She did and presented an excellent paper.]

A SPELLING DEFICIENCY AND TEACHER HATRED PRODUCED BY THE FALSE ACCUSATION OF CHEATING LODGED BY A HIGH-TEMPERED, HYPERCRITICAL TEACHER WHO HIT THE RESPONDENT DURING A SPELLING LESSON

The first years of my school life were very unhappy ones. They were spent in a rural school with a high-tempered teacher who evidently believed in the old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Although I was never subjected to the rod except once in the third grade, I always feared or expected it! She had a practice of pouncing upon some of the other children for misdemeanors or unpreparedness, using the fire-shovel, the old hickory, a ruler, or a book, whatever happened to be the most convenient at the time. This and her frequent unwise criticisms of the other children and me kept me in a state of constant dread when my class was called to recite, for fear I would receive the same kind of punishment should I give a wrong answer when called upon.

My unfortunate experience occurred at the age of nine in the third grade while I was having a written spelling test. The school was furnished with two-seat desks, and my seat mate was a fourth-grade pupil who was also taking the test. I wrote the word that was being dictated, covering it with my hand. Unconsciously and without a thought of cheating, I glanced at my seat mate's words. Before I had time to think the teacher had stealthily crept up behind me and inflicted some awful blows upon my head with the speller she held in her hand. Not being satisfied with this punishment, she picked up a ruler from my desk and hit me several times across the hand. All of this was done before she explained her conduct or asked me to explain mine.

This very unjust punishment and the false accusation of cheating which she made against me in the presence of all the pupils humiliated me beyond expression. For weeks it was so difficult for me to face the class or to enter into any activities, that I preferred to be left alone, unnoticed.

This experience created a dislike for the teacher, who never retracted her false charge, and whose pupil I had to continue to be for three more years; and it killed my interest in spelling. From that day until the present time I have never felt at ease when I had to write, spell, or pronounce words. All through college, in fact, all through life, my spelling has handicapped me dreadfully. The older I get, the more conscious I am of this deficiency. It has handicapped me in this course especially. Knowing that the technical terms had to be spelled with sufficient correctness to be understood later, I have been more concerned with how to spell the words than with their meanings. The struggle with the spellings has left me with vague, confused, and disconnected mental images until I have had the opportunity of reviewing the notes with another student.

I never write a letter, paper, or report to be read by anyone without constantly referring to a dictionary. (W.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 28.)

A SPELLING DIFFICULTY ATTRIBUTED TO A SENSE OF INJUSTICE PRODUCED BY ENFORCED COMPETITION WITH A SISTER WHO WAS APT IN SPELLING BUT POOR IN ARITHMETIC, AND BY DEPRIVATION OF OPPORTUNITY TO "SHOW OFF" IN ARITHMETIC

This example of a scholastic handicap acquired through emotional conditioning is not my own; hence I can give only a general statement of its probable cause, but it may interest you. My youngest brother spells miserably. Through high school and college he passed those subjects in which spelling was an important factor only because some member of the family corrected themes and reports and then stood over him to insure correct copying. To this day the efforts of the entire family are required to spell out one of his letters before we are even reasonably sure of its contents. Since he graduated creditably from a highly technical engineering course, his general intelligence is probably average. R. maintains that his spelling deficiency dates back to a family incident in his early school years.

An English teacher, who spends his vacations with us, believes that everyone can and should spell correctly and that anyone who does not is just lazy and indifferent and must be cured of these two habits as early in life as possible. He not only preaches this doctrine; he has practiced it on all of us from our primary days by standing us up in front of him and giving us words to spell, praising or blaming according to results. I can't remember that this habit caused any particular difficulties with the two older members of the family, perhaps because we spelled well and the rewards were ample. R., however, always had some trouble with spelling, and had to compete with a sister who enjoyed spelling but who, to quote her own words, was "just plain dumb" in arithmetic, a subject in which R. excelled. As a child he often stormed: "Why can't uncle ever ask us to add or multiply? Then he wouldn't think D. is so brilliant and I am so dumb." But proficiency in arithmetic meant nothing to uncle. All my mother's efforts to make R. master his spelling lessons always brought the same response: "What's the use? I can't ever spell as well as D."

Perhaps I ought to explain that R. and D., close together in age and younger than the rest of us, have always been very good friends. R. has always been proud of D.'s other successes, even in competition with himself. His reaction in the matter of spelling was not a case of jealousy, either expressed or hidden. It seems to have been just a deep-seated sense of injustice at never being given an opportunity to show his good points with the result that he grew indifferent to the subject responsible for his trouble. (From G.N.S.; F.; Home Economics T.; Age 39; B.S.)

HUMILIATION FROM INABILITY TO OVERCOME A SPELLING DEFECT

Because the teachers in high school knew how sensitive I was and because the regents accepted my spelling paper, it was thought best not to tell me that I was an abominable speller. This was also my stumbling-block in the normal school. When they found it was impossible to make a speller out of me they allowed me to graduate. Had they known how much humiliation I suffered on account of it, they would have advised me to enter some other field. I have now passed my fiftieth birthday and have studied spelling more diligently than any other subject since I was twenty, but after thirty years have not been able to conquer this demon and never expect to do it now.

In the early days of teaching I talked it over with some of the higher ups, and their advice was always, "Get to work and learn it; you owe it to the profession." But none of them knew what a difficult task it was.

When I began taking extension work some of the professors were kind enough to tell me that my spelling kept me from getting a higher mark. Only once did I ever get an "A." It was such a surprise to me that I went to the professor and told him about my spelling. He gave me the only encouragement I ever received, and it was that he was a poorer speller than I was; he had written many books, and when the publishers complained, he told them they were able to spell, but not able to write that book. (P.H.G.; F.; S.C.T.)

INTENSE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING AGAINST ARITHMETIC, PARTICULARLY ADDITION, CAUSED BY BEING HIT ON THE FINGERS ON ACCOUNT OF FAILURE TO ANSWER A QUESTION IN ARITHMETIC, APPARENTLY PRODUCING AN ARITHMETICAL DISABILITY AND A TENDENCY TO EVADE THE TEACHING OF ADDITION

At the age of seven while in my second grade I was out of school for a month because of an ear operation. On my return to school the teacher was explaining addition. Because of my failure to answer a question she hit my fingers with a ruler. Little did she realize what an intense dislike for arithmetic she aroused in me. I continued my dislike for every phase of arithmetic until I was in the eighth grade, when I was thirteen and had a teacher who thoroughly enjoyed teaching arithmetic. Although she helped me overcome some of my aversion to arithmetic, I have never been able wholly to overcome it, especially so far as it concerns addition. I often find myself trying my hardest to evade giving my children instruction in addition. Arithmetic has become the most difficult thing for me to teach. I think that it is twice as hard to teach something for which you have an intense dislike. (H.C.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 24.)

THE ACQUISITION OF A DISLIKE FOR SCHOOL AND UNDESIRABLE HABITS, AND LACK OF PROGRESS IN READING, THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DUE TO THE TEACHER'S ATTEMPT, AT THE DEMANDS OF THE PARENT, TO FORCE A LEFT-HANDED BOY TO WRITE WITH THE RIGHT-HAND; GREATER SCHOLASTIC PROGRESS MADE AFTER ATTEMPT WAS ABANDONED

J. entered my first grade at the age of six. He was a dominantly left-handed child, and no effort had ever been made to have him use his right hand. But his parents insisted that I teach him to write with his right hand. I tried to tell them that scientific investigatons showed that it was unwise to try to change the hand preference because of the effect upon the child's nervous system. To these parents, who were without much education, this was just so much babble. Inasmuch as the older children had all made good grades, they thought J. would, too. Furthermore, they were willing that he should make poor grades just so he would learn to write with his right hand. So I proceeded, against my better judgment, to try to teach J. to write with his other hand. In spite of the fact that the other four siblings had been very bright, J. accomplished nothing except the development of many undesirable habits and attitudes and an utter dislike for school. Fortunately, I saw the utter futility of my efforts, and also the imminent danger to J.'s mental composure, so I endeavored to win him all over again, saying nothing further about the right hand. After a due amount of time J. began to read. By the end of the year, he was a fair reader but was poor in any work which involved the use of his hands. He is now at the age of thirteen in the first year of high school, still using his left hand in written work, still a problem child, although regarded as bright. Having since taught two more from the same family, both very satisfactory in conduct and scholastic achievement, I cannot avoid the question, "How far-reaching in its effect was my insistence upon J. using his right hand?" From that time, in spite of a few parents' protests, I have never made any attempt to teach a left-handed child to use his right hand, although I have had several left-handers in my classroom. (W.E.M.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 36.)

INTENSE DISTASTE FOR HISTORY BY A SUPERIOR STUDENT, ASCRIBED TO THE ADVERSE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING PRODUCED BY THE USE OF A TEXT IN THE FOURTH GRADE THAT WAS BEYOND THE ABILITY LEVEL OF THE PUPILS

Ever since I was in the fourth grade, I have actually hated history. It is not an innate aversion to the subject, for I can remember enjoying primary readings in history, such as tales of Columbus, Magellan, and the early history of the American colonies.

However, when I was in the fourth grade in a one-teacher rural school in which eight grades were taught, with an average enrollment of sixty, I was given a history book which was too difficult for that grade. It was used by the fifth graders with whom we recited. I can see some of those pages yet with the long, difficult sentences and the difficult names of the early Spanish explorers. I received no satisfaction from the attempt to read that material. To make a bad situation worse, our teacher required us to memorize the material in the heavy-type topics at the beginning of the paragraphs. Often she would write the headings of these topics on slips of paper and have us draw one from the bunch. While one or two other classes recited in the front of the room, we rebelliously wrote a summary of the paragraph indicated by the topic which we had drawn. Day by day my hatred for even the word "history" grew. From that year until I was a senior in high school, history was a "kill-joy." During that year I took ancient history with fourteen freshman boys on the advice of the principal that it would be an excellent background for many branches of college work. The teacher was far above the average, and the class was enthusiastic over the subject. Consequently, I developed a very keen interest in history for the first time in years. I'm sure that I never enjoyed a course more. I received a final average of 98.

With this new attitude toward history, I went to college and registered in a United States history course under an instructor who had a reputation as an excellent teacher and student of history. But my old response to history soon returned. In this course we not only had to learn the events in chronological order, but had to figure out the causes and effects all the way through.

With this reawakened revulsion toward history, I worked all year in inner rebellion. Although receiving semester grades of "B" and "A," I believe that twice as much energy was required for that course as for the chemistry or advanced biology work, largely due, no doubt, to the mental conflict. Again I resolved to shun history whenever possible.

If this antipathy for history wasn't based on the dislike which I developed in that crowded rural school, I cannot account for it. It is positively the only subject I ever really hated. In fact, I have always enjoyed studying. I received first honor when graduating from high school and earned over three hundred honor points in college. At graduation, I was one of the ten in my class to be elected to membership in the Phi Kappa Phi. I mention these facts merely to show that my dislike for history is the result of emotional conditioning. This lack of interest (and success with great difficulty) has applied to history only. (K.L.C.; F.; J.H.T.; B.S.; Age 27.)

HATRED AROUSED IN A SCHOOL BEGINNER FOR A TEACHER BY UNJUSTIFIED AND HARSH PUNISHMENT, TRANSFERRING BY A PROCESS OF EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING TO OTHER TEACHERS AND CONTINUING UNTIL THE AGE OF TWELVE. THE EXPERIENCE HAS LED RESPONDENT TO ASSUME AN ATTITUDE OF FORBEARANCE TOWARD LITTLE FOLKS

One of the most serious difficulties that I encountered in early life was produced by the poor psychology or lack of understanding of child nature on the part of my first schoolteacher. I first attended school in a one-room country school of the ungraded type, furnished with homemade desks, all of the same size. Needless to say, the little folks were extremely uncomfortable as they were forced to sit most of the day on benches which brought their feet clear of the floor and which were so broad that it was impossible for a six-year old to find any support for the back. An added difficulty was produced by the fact that the teacher had to take care of about thirty-five children of all ages.

Because of the overcrowded condition I had to sit on one of these seats at the extreme front of the room. In the corner nearby were piled all types of books for the pupils in all grades. Twice a day the first graders were gathered in a group by the teacher for the purpose of spelling the words of the primer. For the remainder of the time they had to sit in patient stillness, while the teacher was directing the activities of the other pupils. The uncomfortable seats, the enforced quietude, and the strangeness of the situation became too much for the spirits of the beginners and especially for mine.

It was during one long tiresome afternoon with no distraction that my attention became fixed upon the above-mentioned pile of books. Just a few inches from my head and leaning invitingly at a precarious angle toward me was a tier of illustrated pamphlets depicting Old Testament life. Fascinated by glimpses of the pictures so tantalizingly displayed just out of reach, I looked around to see if I were observed, and finding the coast clear, I reached out my hand to take the top picture. But disaster overtook me. As I attempted to extricate the picture which intrigued me most, the unstable mass came tumbling on my head and on the floor with a crash that echoed like a small earthquake in the schoolroom. For one terrified instant I sat spellbound, but only for an instant because the enraged teacher came striding in my direction, with left arm outstretched and a peach tree switch in the right hand. This switch fell upon me with the unjustified wrath of the misguided school "marm."

After quiet had returned, except for my sobs, I attempted to figure out what I had done to deserve punishment. My childish sense of fair play would not permit me to feel that I had received a square deal. No harm had been intended nor mischief plotted. From that day forward for a number of years I entertained an animosity toward my schoolteacher.

After two or three years this teacher was removed, but my hatred was directed toward her successor. This continued until about the age of twelve, when the idealism of the early adolescent period began to have its effect. I then decided that it was better to assume a new attitude toward those in authority, and particularly my schoolteacher. From that time forward with but minor exceptions my school life was marked with respect for my teachers.

The adult effects of this childhood experience have revealed themselves in an attitude of tolerance and forbearance toward all little folks. The writer never assumes that they are imps of Satan until all efforts to demonstrate the contrary have proved fruitless. (M.T.G.; M.; Supv. P.; A.M.; Age 48.)

SHYNESS IN THE PRESENCE OF VISITORS, ATTRIBUTED TO THE EMBARRASSMENT PRODUCED IN A YOUNG BOY BY A TEACHER WHO PLACED HIM IN FRONT OF THE CLASS AND TRIED TO FORCE HIM TO PRONOUNCE "MOTHER" CORRECTLY; AGGRAVATION OF THE CONDITION BY SUBSEQUENT PATERNAL SCOLDINGS AND INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS; ENROLLMENT IN DISTANT SCHOOLS AND CAMPS UNSUCCESSFUL AS CURATIVE MEASURES; IMPROVEMENT FROM BEING FORCED TO ASSUME SOME OF SICK FATHER'S DUTIES

J., now a young man of twenty-three, is one of the five children of a successful lawyer. The entire family, with the exception of J., is socially inclined and does much entertaining. J. is timid about meeting strangers and avoids them whenever he can. In order to overcome his timidity, his family has sent him to various distant schools and to summer camps in Vermont, but this has not produced any noticeable improvement.

I believe that the origin of J.'s maladjustment can be traced to an experience in the first grade. The teacher, Miss M., notably the old maid type, attempted to train him to say "Mother" instead of "Mumsie." But J., with a streak of stubbornness in him, would not say it. The teacher, however, persisted until it became an issue between her and the pupil. When the teacher went with him into the second-grade room she stood him in front of these older children and again proceeded to teach him to say "Mother." But no good came of this. J. subsequently disliked the teacher and all school activities and became shy in the presence of strangers.

His father at this time was overworked and nervous. The sight of J.'s shy behavior and apparent dullness in school irritated the father to the extent that he scolded J. severely about it all and showed his preference for J.'s brother.

Through illness the father has now become completely dependent upon J. to assist him in walking and doing the field work. This has necessitated J.'s meeting and dealing with strangers. The father's dependence upon him is flattering to J., and he has improved materially. (From S.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 26.)

AN AVERSION TO SPEAKING BEFORE GROUPS OR DELIVERING ORAL REPORTS, TRACED TO THE CORRECTION OF A MISPRONUNCIATION AT THE AGE OF TEN BY A VERY CROSS TEACHER, CONTRASTED WITH THE ENJOYMENT OF TAKING WRITTEN TESTS

At about ten years of age when I had a very good but very cross teacher, I participated in an oral reading class. The selection had not first been read silently. Consequently, when I was asked to read aloud I was so interested in the content that I did not read it fast enough to satisfy the teacher and I was also careless with my enunciation. I happened to say "min" for men. Immediately the teacher loudly called "men." I was so embarrassed that I sat down and could not finish the story.

Since then I have dreaded speaking before groups. Even when I gave the valedictory upon graduation from high school I did not experience any joy. I still dread speaking before groups but feel perfectly at ease in my home room when teaching before visitors.

On the other hand, I enjoy examinations, and so do my pupils. I never let them feel the dread of an examination, but lead them to look upon an examination as a means of finding out what they have not mastered and need to study. My pupils also are given every available opportunity to speak before audiences and they do enjoy it. I would rather take a dozen examinations or write book reports on a dozen books than give one oral report.

I am fully convinced of the strategic role that teachers play in their contacts with children. (M.I.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 36.)

A CONTINUING AWE OF TEACHERS, OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN BUT APPARENTLY ACQUIRED IN EARLY LIFE, LEADING TO SHUNNING OF PERSONAL CONTACTS WITH TEACHERS AND LACK OF AFFECTION FOR THEM

Another fear that has caused me much distress, is the fear of my teachers, although I have never allowed this fear to keep me from taking courses. I can only think of a few years of my life that I haven't been a pupil in school or in extension courses. So I have had many teachers. But to this day I stand in awe of my teachers. The fear of their presence, the fear of their disapproval, has been most distressing to me. As a child, if I were talking in a group and a teacher joined the group, I would close up like a clam. I could never approach a teacher except for school information. After getting the desired information I would leave at once. Whenever I was forced to go to a teacher's room, I trembled as I rapped on the door and waited for the ogre to appear.

This fear has existed as far back as I can remember. I do not know how it started. Perhaps something happened the first year I was in school that I have forgotten. Perhaps someone tried to tell me what ogres teachers were before I entered school. Or is it due to the fact that teachers appear superior? Do teachers give children an inferiority complex by appearing so superior? I have respected all my teachers and admired many of them, but none have I adored or loved as I would have liked to do. I feel that I have missed much because of some inhibition that I acquired early in life. (H.F.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 40.)

AVOIDANCE OF EARLY EMOTIONAL UPSETS THROUGH CAREFUL UPBRINGING. FEAR OF TEACHER FROM PUPIL'S REMARKS AND ASSOCIATION OF TEACHER WITH VACCINATION, OVERCOME THROUGH BESTOWAL OF MERIT SLIPS

My parents say, "We never made any of you afraid of anything as a form of punishment or restraint. You have never been taught any superstitions. We were careful of your diet and would not tolerate the forming of food fads." They report that I was never afraid of darkness, snakes, or animals; nor unduly sensitive, emotionally disturbed, timid, introverted, disobedient, insubordinate, selfish, stubborn, or given to temper tantrums or hysteria. They do tell me that as a small child I feared thunder, but that I naturally outgrew this, possibly due to the fact that my family were fond of outdoor life and spent several weeks of each summer camping. The knowledge of insufficient shelter and a more primitive association with the elements possibly have been responsible for overcoming this particular fear. Whether this assumption is correct or not, I did overcome this fear with no conscious effort on my part.

However, there is one fear which stands out and colors my entire first year at school. I feared the teacher wholeheartedly and unreservedly. I would run home from school every time I had the opportunity, and I became so proficient in this that I even eluded an older child who had been instructed to watch me. As I remember, there was no particular phase of my association with this teacher responsible for this conduct. It came, rather, as a result of impressions made upon me by the remarks of other children and through an association I had built up between vaccination (which was a trying ordeal for me), school, and teacher; the teacher being thought by me to be responsible for all these "evils." My father, who always had been very lenient, finally became exasperated with me and one day forcibly returned me to school. That settled the running home mania. However, my fear of and hatred for that teacher continued for some time. She finally won me over by awarding merit slips for good behavior. A few of these I still have carefully packed away among my treasured childhood possessions. I have never since feared or hated any other teacher or school situation.

I have never feared strangers, audiences, or people in general. Being the youngest child in a minister's family and the "pet of the parish," I made regular appearances at the church festivities and so from the time I was very small, knew no fear of audiences. Rather, I enjoy mingling and associating with people. I have never worried over schoolwork or any task, and always considered "lessons" more of a pleasure than a hardship. I do not give up easily and do not take orders very willingly or gracefully, but am willing to admit it when I am wrong. (D.K.L.; F.; S.C.T.)

Chapter XV

ATTITUDES OR BEHAVIOR PATTERNS INDUCED BY PHYSICAL HANDICAPS, DEFECTS, OR APPEARANCES

IT IS well known by workers with physically handicapped children, that frequently their worst liability is not the physical handicaps to which they are subject, but the personality maladjustments which have arisen as a result of their mental reactions to the handicaps. Frequently the attitudes and maladjustments that result are due not so much to any direct effect of the disability as to the attitude assumed toward the underprivileged one by the parents, teachers, siblings, or playmates. This is true whether the treatment takes the form of coddling and overprotection or of disparagement, ridicule, or application of jocular or sarcastic epithets.

1. Show, from an analysis of the reports, the different kinds of situations which make the individual conscious of his physical shortcomings, the different kinds of reaction tendencies and personality distortions that result from physical shortcomings, and the different attitudes assumed toward them by the subject or by others.
2. Outline the methods of overcoming and preventing personality liabilities from physical shortcomings.
3. The psychic reactions to physical limitations are often distinctly other than inferiority-fear responses, although the inferiority-fear complex is at the root of the child's behavior patterns. Describe the nature of the varying behavior patterns engendered by the inferiority attitudes produced by physical handicaps.

References

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Morgan, pp. 239-265.
Richmond, pp. 192 f.
Shaffer, pp. 152 f.
Sherman, p. 44.
Symonds, pp. 52 f., 73-75, 78, 166, 228 f.
Wallin, pp. 116, 166-183, 210 f., 326 f.

SENSITIVENESS, SECLUSIVENESS, BROODING, AND FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY AND DESPERATION ENGENDERED BY IMPAIRED HEARING; ARTS OF DECEPTION USED TO CONCEAL THE DEFECT; METHODS ADOPTED TO RECONSTRUCT THE PERSONALITY; INTELLECTUAL OVERCOMPENSATION

It would be difficult to exaggerate the annoyances, discomforts, embarrassments, and emotional strain that are produced by the affliction of deafness. The victim is considered dull, stupid, disinterested, indifferent, and queer, all because he cannot apprehend the voice vibrations around him. He is in the world but not a part of it.

I became slightly deaf the year of my graduation from normal school. At the present time I can understand ordinary conversation if the speaker is near me and expresses himself plainly. I cannot always hear children across the room, nor can I readily locate noises or voices.

As a result of my impaired hearing I gradually developed an inferiority complex. I became sensitive, retiring, and sullen, and spent most of my time brooding and moping. As time passed, I shrank more and more from social contacts; I accepted few invitations, avoided people in general, and constantly tried to conceal my defect.

Having decided early in life to teach, I could not easily switch to another field. The realization that I would probably not be given a diploma if the faculty members discovered my predicament, started my tactics of concealment. I devised all sorts of little tricks for "getting by" the instructors without exposing my deafness. Although I made good grades, it was at the cost of great nerve strain. All went fairly well until I reached the stage of practice teaching. There was no side-stepping this apparently hopeless and impossible task. Yet you may be surprised to learn that the critic teacher rated me high and did not even discover my handicap. The fact that the section was small was in my favor, but the secret of success in this task lay in my ability to work and plan. I arranged my lessons so as to avoid discussions and confusions. This is one of the little arts that the deaf acquire. Overcoming a handicap is similar to overcoming a superstition. At first you are afraid of a superstition, then you defy it, and then you discover that nothing happens. That gives courage. "Courage begets courage in the same way that fear begets fear" (I. E. Bisch).

After graduation I was recommended as an elementary teacher in a large city school system. I cannot express to you my feeling of despair upon arriving in that city, nor describe the many heartaches experienced during my first year of teaching. Besides classroom problems, there were teachers, supervisors, and parents to be faced. I wanted to shrink from them all, and resorted to the old trick of concealment. Becoming desperate, I finally took a course in lip reading. While the course did me very little good, my association with the hard-of-hearing was a real inspiration. I found that they thought nothing of their affliction, but joked about it as if it were any ordinary physical ailment. It was during this period that I decided to admit that I was deafened, to face the issue squarely, and to take the consequences. To my surprise, I grew much happier. I began to realize that by trying to deceive others, I had merely deceived myself, and had built up a barrier which shut me off from people. This discovery made me feel more at ease. My fear of being found out was gone and that gave me courage. Again: "Courage begets courage in the same way that fear begets fear."

Having assumed a more wholesome attitude toward deafness, my philosophy of life changed. I cultivated attitudes of optimism, confidence, helpfulness, sincerity, and intellectual and emotional poise. The following quotation from a letter written by my former supervising principal concerning me to a school official, which I chanced to run across several years later, suggests that my efforts were not without success:

"I was greatly impressed by her devotion to her work, her initiative, her thorough grasp of material and technique, her understanding of children, and her attitude of loyalty toward her associates. Her one handicap, that of partial deafness, was largely overbalanced by her careful attention to details and by her keen powers of observation."

The quotation seems to show that I had conquered my handicap. I did it by practicing overcompensation in intellectual pursuits. Deafness had served as a personal challenge, a "green light" to go forward in professional advancement. Has my overcompensation produced undesirable effects, such as conceit and superiority complexes? I cannot answer that question objectively, but, subjectively, the results have been the reverse for I constantly realize my inability to cope with life's problems. In practicing overcompensation, one must also practice common sense.

I do not seem to have followed any set procedure in trying to overcome my physical handicap. Each new experience has been a leap in the dark. But I might formulate the rules that have brought results as follows:

1. Study yourself.
2. Face the facts squarely.
3. Stop reproaching yourself.
4. Develop attitudes of optimism.
5. Look at the situation objectively.
6. Be self-confident and self-reliant.
7. Practice overcompensation.
8. Keep doggedly at it.

(B.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 45; M.E.)

MORBID SENSITIVENESS FROM CROSS-EYEDNESS AND WEARING GLASSES, LEADING TO CONCEALMENT OF THE GLASSSES WHEN AWAY FROM PARENTS; OVERCOME BY THE CHALLENGING REMARK OF A COLLEGE TEACHER

At the age of three and a half I recovered from a severe attack of whooping cough which left both eyes crossed. Not until I became five years of age would the doctors operate, in consequence of which my vision was permanently weakened and I had to wear glasses. At this time my family moved from England to America, where I started school. How I recall the jibes and taunts of my school chums: "She talks funny. She is cross-eyed. Let's call her four-eyes."

Naturally an inferiority complex started. When I was on the street and in school I would hide my glasses. The only time they covered my eyes was when I met my mother or dad. All through high school I suffered headaches and heartaches. In college a professor took me into her confidence and told me that I had ability and that I did not show it. This talk acted upon me like an electric shock.

From then on I forgot about my glasses. I only used them to peer into personalities. Although my eye condition has become somewhat serious since I have been studying for my degree, my outlook on life has changed. Why, almost everyone wears glasses. (C.R.L.; E.S.T. of Art; Age 26.)

ANXIETY AND UNSOCIABLENESS PRODUCED BY SENSITIVENESS REGARDING EXCESSIVE TALLNESS AND LEANNESS, AND BY CUTTING REMARKS AND NICKNAMES; SERIOUS RUMINATION REGARDING OPERATION TO SHORTEN THE OVERGROWN MEMBERS; SUCCESSFUL RESOLUTION THROUGH THE STUDY OF CHARACTERS IN STYLEBOOKS AND IN LITERATURE AND THROUGH THE COMPLIMENTARY REMARK OF THE DRAMATIC TEACHER AND SELECTION OF RESPONDENT FOR A MAJOR ROLE BECAUSE OF HEIGHT

Well do I remember the worry and anxiety caused by my extreme height and leanness. I was tall, thin, gawky, and awkward. I was head and shoulders above the children of my own age and had to pay full car fare, when children two years my senior and above the age limit were paying half fare. Friends and children on the street would twit me, Even worse, when they didn't I was in a constant state of worried expectancy.

The maladjustments which ensued, as I analyze them at the present time, were numerous. I became shy, sensitive, afraid of cutting remarks, and not very socially minded. Odd to say, neither my parents nor friends ever knew the agony I was suffering. I wore a mask of indifference, but oh the internal chaos!

I remember that as a child of ten or eleven I would lie awake nights wondering what could be done about my unfortunate lot. I analyzed the situation in a childishly scientific way. When sitting I was like other children, but whenever I got up and stretched out my length, what a difference!

Johns Hopkins Hospital, a world-famed hospital, was in my home town. I wondered very seriously whether some famous surgeon at Johns Hopkins could not aid me. Head to hips and knee to ankle seemed satisfactory; hips to knees seemed to be the cause of the trouble. Couldn't a famous surgeon cut off about four inches of thigh and make me normal in height?

How I dreamed and daydreamed about this cure! A year or two later in school we were about to read about Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane. I felt as if I were dubbed "Ichy"—and so intensely did I worry about it that it is a wonder the thought did not convey itself to the mischievous minds of my classmates—life would be no longer worth living. Fortunately, I was spared this epithet, but another "opprobrium" took its place. They called me "City Hall on broom sticks." Was ever a child so miserable?

My mother was a dressmaker. On whiling away time looking through her pattern books, I was suddenly struck by the fact that all the stylish figures in these books were tall and thin. I did not see any fat ones. I further discovered that Jo in *Little Women* was tall and bony but an admirable girl, that the heroines in books I read were generally thin, thin in a mid-Victorian sense, and that the fat characters were the humorous ones, the ones at whom the fun was poked. Hence it occurred to me that maybe being thin wasn't as bad as I had been thinking. Suddenly a metamorphosis of attitude took place; a new conditioning process was at work.

One day when I was a sophomore in high school the unbelievable happened. The dramatic teacher was preparing "The Dream of Fair Women" for a tableaux. When the teacher looked at me and said, "N., you are good and tall, you may take the part of Helen." Was I hearing right? Were my ears playing me false? "Good and tall," the words were music to my ears.

My unhealthy mental and social attitudes vanished as if by magic. My height was an asset and not a handicap. It gave me the leading role in a highly prized school production. Johns Hopkins and its famous surgeons no longer occupied my attention. Life, due to a chance remark and a consequent internal change, was worth living after all. (T.B.N.; F.; C.; Vice-Prin. in H.S.; M.A.; Age 45.)

AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX APPARENTLY INDUCED BY DIMINUTIVE SIZE, FROM BEING CALLED A RUNT, AND FROM BEING ADMINISTERED A BEATING BY A NEWCOMER: OVERCOME BY THE DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH AND PROWESS, BY FACING THE SITUATION, AND POSSIBLY THROUGH COMPENSATORY FEELINGS OF SUPERIORITY

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' 'round
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bit to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

—Eugene Field

Boyhood days held many petty fears for me. Cracks on the sidewalk had to be scrupulously watched in order not to break my mother's back. When I was carefully avoiding cracks I fell or stumbled into someone. My playmates and I always feared bats because they "tangled your hair" and always "carried lice." We never opened our mouths near Grandfather's watering trough because there were yellow lizards there. I don't recall ever fearing the dark, but at night I always rode my pony at a dead run past the cemetery. There has come with maturity a freedom from such fears, due, no doubt, to a realization that there was no real cause for fear.

The third verse of the poem brings to memory a series of events which prove to me that an inferiority complex can be overcome. I awoke one morning a very much disillusioned lad of fifteen. The day before I had suffered a very severe beating at the hands of a "feller 'at had just moved on our street." He had called me "Runt," and the battle was on. The fact that the word had caused me to see red meant that I was already conscious of my small stature. That morning I realized more fully my dreaded handicap and knew that I would very likely always be small. The complex was born, and it continued to grow for two and a half years.

During the remainder of the vacation, and even when I was home the next summer from college, the thought of my handicap was ever present. However, during my freshman year I became interested in wrestling. The 115-pound class was open to me, and I determined to work hard. Secretly I hoped that some day I would find an opportunity for revenge. The tumbling and strenuous exercise had given me a set of muscles to be envied, and I made the team. Although small in stature, I proved to be stronger than other boys who were much larger.

Vacation came. This time the battle was as much one-sided as before, but that night in bed I didn't fear any goblins, because I was secure in the knowledge of my triumph. From that day the thought of being inferior began to leave me. I do not believe the victory cured me but that it was rather the turning point. The gradual realization that even though nature had not endowed me with a large stature I could still measure up gave me confidence. The method of cure was logical thinking combined with actual facing of the fear-producing situation. (M.R.J.; M.; H.S.T.; A.B.)

HOW ONE NEGLECTED, OVERGROWN, REPULSIVE GIRL OF THIRTEEN SUCCEEDS IN GETTING INTO THE LIMELIGHT IN SCHOOL BY PRETENDING ILLNESS, BY THROWING A FIT, AND BY BECOMING UNCONSCIOUS—THE ILLNESS FORM OF DEFENSE RATIONALIZATION

I have noticed an interesting form of rationalization in my room in an overgrown, dirty-looking girl of about thirteen, who is very repulsive in her manner and appearance with oily skin and clothing not always clean. Although she craves attention, the other boys and girls do not go near her nor ask her to play with them. She often complains of feeling ill and about once a week she has a very bad fit and falls unconscious. This arouses the sympathy of all the children who gather around her and pity her, and pet and pamper her during the rest of the day. She seems thereupon a normal happy child, for she has all the attention she wants. Her parents have taken her to the family doctor, but he has never told them very much. I believe it is just a form of rationalization which she has adopted to attract attention to herself. (From K.L.; F.; E.S.T.)

A FEELING OF INFERIORITY, ATTRIBUTED TO A SCHOOLMATE'S CRITICAL REMARK REGARDING RESPONDENT'S CLOTHES, WHICH AN OVERPROTECTING MOTHER HAD INSISTED ON SELECTING, WHICH HAD MADE HER FEEL RIDICULOUS, AND WHICH ALSO RESULTED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AWKWARD MANNERS AND SPEECH WHEN MEETING STRANGERS, TENDENCIES TOWARD RECLUSIVENESS, AND INABILITY TO MAKE FRIENDS; PARTIAL RESTORATION OF CONFIDENCE WHEN PRIVILEGED TO SELECT HER APPAREL, AND COMPENSATORY RELIEF FROM FINDING SHORTCOMINGS IN THE APPAREL OF THOSE WHO CAUSED HER EMBARRASSMENT

At thirteen I developed inferiority feelings due, in part at least, to my mother's persistence in buying my clothes without giving me any choice in the matter. My mother did not approve of the "plain Jane" type of person that I was and selected clothes that appealed to her but not to me. When I wore the things she had selected I generally felt very ridiculous, although others may not have noticed anything wrong.

I lived on a farm and was not bothered with this feeling of inferiority until I entered high school, where I sat near a girl who made it a business to discuss everyone's clothes, including mine. The very things she expressed about my clothes were the very things that I had been secretly feeling, and convinced me that my opinion regarding my clothing had been right. This made me very uncomfortable.

As a result of this experience, I found it very hard to make friends. Whenever I met anyone I did not know very well, I thought of my clothes, became very awkward in manners and speech, and generally could think of nothing to say. I stayed away from people as much as possible, often slipping away unnoticed when callers came in. I made very few friends during this period, although many of my schoolmates have since become my friends.

Just before I left this school my mother became very ill, and I had to do my own buying. While mother generally criticized my choice, the privilege of selecting and buying my own apparel gave me a new confidence.

As I grew older I compensated for my feelings by looking for something I did not approve in the clothing or grooming of the people who caused me embarrassment. When I succeeded in finding it, I obtained relief from the knowledge that the person in question was just as human as I was, and I immediately felt at ease. Although I have almost overcome this difficulty, it still bothers me occasionally. (L.K.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

COMPENSATORY SUPERIORITY AND ARROGANCE IN A SHY, RETIRING GIRL WHEN SHE WAS ATTRACTIVELY DRESSED

About ten years ago among the pupils who came to me in September was a little girl named Rose, poorly dressed and very shy and retiring. She was eleven years old. During the year she could not be persuaded to go to the board or contribute to any oral discussion.

The next year the teachers went up with the grade, and in the seventh grade Rose felt just as inferior as ever, but she seemed more pleased than any of the other pupils to have me for a teacher again. I had visited her home the first year she was in my class, but when visiting the newcomers I again called on Rose's family. The Italians are always most kind to their children's teachers, and, the two older sisters being away, Rose was my interpreter. She was not so shy at home, and seemed to take good care of three younger children.

It had always been the custom in our schools to help the families with clothes; the teachers bring in whatever they can find at home and spend a vacant period or a noon hour fixing them to fit the girls or boys.

A red dress which one of the teachers brought in seemed to be just what I wanted for Rose. It was altered for her, and after her hair was nicely arranged with a ribbon to match she was taken to the mirror, where probably for the first time in her life she saw that she was a nice looking girl.

She was highly pleased when she was told that she could take the dress and other things with her home as her very own. From that day Rose was a changed girl. She took part in all activities and oral recitations, and the next year graduated with more confidence in herself than any other member of the class. The next year she entered high school but soon withdrew for financial reasons. She went to work in a department store, and continued her studies in part-time and night schools. She had always wanted to be a stenographer, and when she finished her course with all the confidence of a professional she came to us for a recommendation. The first job did not last long because of her overconfidence and conceit, but a friend of ours gave her a position and, knowing her struggle, helped to make quite a good stenographer out of her.

She is about twenty-one now but a great disappointment to us all. She works all the time but feels so much above her own people that she has not lived at home for a year, although her people are honest, hard working, and willing to do anything for their children. (P.H.G.; F.; S.C.T.)

DESIRE FOR GLASSES AND FOR A BROKEN ARM, RESORT TO OUTDOOR LIFE AS A MEANS OF ENHANCING PERSONAL APPEARANCE

I thought eye glasses were most charming, probably because a cousin whom I admired wore them. When I was about ten I complained of my eyes hurting me. I was taken to an oculist and, although I cannot recall whether or not I could read the eye-chart, I was given glasses. After I had the glasses I did not want them, but mother insisted that I should not ruin my eyes. A year's experience cured me. I was then taken back to the oculist, and my eyes were found to be normal.

I also wished for a broken arm. I thought people with broken arms always looked so nice and clean. But my arm was never broken!

My sister was very pretty and people often remarked about her beauty. In order to overcome this unfavorable comparison and win admiration, I took to outdoor life. I rode horses and finally won a few favorable comments. (F.K.; F.; B.A.)

CHAPTER XVI

PERSONALITY DIFFICULTIES PRODUCED BY ATTITUDINAL SETS AND BIASES

THIS SECTION contains a variety of difficulties, all of which can perhaps be rather loosely regarded as related to various attitudes or prejudices. The development of acceptable attitudes is one of the most important functions of the institutions of society, particularly the home, the school, and the church. Many of life's shipwrecks can be attributed to narrow, selfish, infantile, antisocial prejudices.

1. Make an inventory of the different kinds of difficulties of attitude and the maladjustments produced by them as shown in these reports.
2. List the causes of the attitudes as revealed in the reports. Do you regard the explanations as accurate? Suggest more basic reasons for some of the difficulties.
3. Show from your own experience or from the literature the influence of mental sets or attitudes upon the individual's reaction tendencies, habit responses, beliefs, and ideals.
4. What are the important elements of the "mental hygiene of attitude"?

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LIFELONG AVOIDANCE OF AND AVERSION AND STRONG FEELING TOWARD UNMARRIED MEN, ATTRIBUTED TO THE FACT THAT, AS A CHILD, RESPONDENT WAS TAUGHT THAT IT WAS "TOUGH" TO PAY ATTENTION TO BOYS; AN INSTANCE OF THE PERSISTENCE OF EARLY CONDITIONING

My attitude toward the opposite sex has always been peculiar. I was taught at home that it was very tough to pay any attention to boys; so to avoid acquiring that bad name, I avoided them as if they were poison. I wouldn't be seen talking to a boy. As I grew older, I thought that it was all right for grown-ups to associate with boys; but I was not grown up and, accordingly, passed through the years in which a good wholesome time with boys and girls would have been good for me, feeling that I was not old enough and that such association was wrong. Later on any teasing I got about the opposite sex bothered me to the extent that I chose to avoid them rather than be teased. I also felt that I was doing something wrong in associating with men. Although I know better now, I still experience the same feeling, and my first impulse is to turn my back upon any attention paid me by men regardless of how fine they may be or how much I really like them. The result of all this is that I feel strange and confused in the company of men, and cannot act naturally, or do and say the thing that I want. This applies only to unmarried men. I am natural to my friends' husbands, and thus I am liked more by them than by the unmarried men. But I am not a man hater; many times I have secretly loved different men. Because I do not want to face the teasing, I have not revealed the fact to anyone, and have made it my special task to ignore these men for fear they might become aware of the truth. I have not worried, as have some of my girl friends, over the fact that I may not get married. Although I am happy and contented now, and marriage does not worry me, I would marry if the right opportunity came. (B.C.V.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 31.)

INTENSE SCORN AND DISLIKE FOR MEN, ATTRIBUTED TO IDEA MEN WERE LOATHSOME BECAUSE PARENTS FORBADE THEM TO TOUCH HER

My parents kept a store next to our home in a small bayside town. For sanitary reasons they strictly forbade all men to pet or touch my sister and me. The men were oystermen, crab-pickers, etc. My parents insisted that we comply with their request. My timidness in asserting myself caused me to look upon men as the pest of life. My father died when I was two years, three months. Having no men about home, I never learned to like them. They represented to me a species of humans less desirable to associate with than horses or dogs.

Education and sheer will power have forced me to accept them as human. Through later contact my dislike has faded. Nevertheless, although I am very fond of boys, I care little for men and do not value them highly. (M.M.M.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.)

A HAUNTING FEAR OF GOING BLIND, NOT COMPLETELY ERADICATED AT THIRTY-SIX, DUE TO OVERHEARING A MEANINGLESS REMARK AFTER A VISIT TO A GRUFF-VOICED OCULIST WHOM THE RESPONDENT FEARED BECAUSE OF ADVERSE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING TOWARD DOCTORS, PRODUCING AN HYSTERICAL UPSET WHICH MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE RESPONDENT TO EAT HIS MEAL, AND ALSO SUBSEQUENT ILLNESS—AN ILLUSTRATION OF HOW MALADJUSTMENTS MAY BE PRODUCED BY FALSE INTERPRETATIONS AND LACK OF INFORMATION

I will endeavor to describe an experience that resulted in the development of a fear which to this day still leaves me with a feeling of uneasiness, although I realize it is utterly foolish.

When I was a boy of ten I had difficulty in reading the written work on the blackboard. Subsequent examination by the school doctor showed that I was greatly in need of glasses, but my grandmother with whom I lived, my mother having died when I was six years old, was a stern woman of the old Puritan type who did not believe in medical examinations and, consequently, paid no attention to the notice. Because a second notice was sent home and because I received a poor report card, my father took me to an oculist.

I shall never forget this experience. The oculist, a large man with a bristly red beard and a deep gruff voice, seemed to me more like a blacksmith than a doctor. His clumsy attempts at gentleness and his assurance that he would not hurt me, only served to make me more nervous. I had been previously told by my grandmother what terrible things doctors did to people. With this preparation I became unreasonably terrified, although the strict German training under which I had been reared did not permit me to show any emotion, as that was considered a sign of weakness and cowardice. I suffered in silence because I could never live down the disgrace of letting my father think I was afraid. As was the practice at that time, some drops were put in my eyes, and I was sent to the waiting room, while father had a further consultation with the doctor. After this we returned home for dinner. But I was in a too nervous condition to eat anything. The censure I received for not eating only served to aggravate my condition. I was finally ordered from the table and told to go to my room. Unfortunately, I could not help overhearing the conversation regarding my father's conference with the Herr Doktor. He said I had a bad case of astigmatism and might have gone blind. To my childish mind this meaningless, but ominous, word could only mean something dreadful. My imagination ran wild, and I actually shook with fear, fear of unknown disaster. At length I determined that knowledge however unpleasant was better than uncertainty, and I decided to get the dictionary and find out what this awful thing was. Needless to say, I could not find the word because I did not know how to spell it. About this time, the drops in my eyes began to function, and the printed page actually faded before my eyes. I thought, "My God, I am going blind." What I suffered that night and during the following week I cannot describe. The terrible fear of blindness, and the fact that I did not dare mention my fear, caused me to become so ill that I had to remain indoors, while the usual home remedy (castor oil) administered by my well-meaning grandmother only served to make me worse.

At length the day that I was to be fitted with glasses arrived, and I had to go for them alone. Although I discovered to my surprise that I could see and see well, the thought of blindness still haunted me, and it was a long time before I became freed from this phobia.

This childhood experience left a profound impression on my mind. To this day I avoid, until absolutely necessary, a visit to the oculist and then go with a feeling of uneasiness. Nevertheless, when I pass an oculist's place of business I have to make a conscious effort to keep from peering inside in an attempt to see the test card and ascertain whether I can read the letters thereon. Although I have done my best to overcome this fear, and common sense and knowledge of what astigmatism really is have helped somewhat, deep in my inner consciousness there is still a haunting fear that some day I may go blind. The fact that I have related this experience for the first time and put it in writing has made me feel that it is foolish. Perhaps this may help to erase it from my mind. (S.M.E.; M.; Teacher in Trade School; Age 36.)

PERIODIC DEPRESSIONS, PESSIMISM, HATRED OF LIFE, DEPRECIATION OF SELF, AND SUICIDAL INCLINATIONS HELD IN CHECK BY CONSIDERATION FOR MOTHER; SUBLIMATION THROUGH DEVOTION TO YOUNG PEOPLE; FEAR OF UNEMPLOYMENT; LIMITATION OF AMBITIONS TO MODEST SUCCESS

I am a victim of periodic melancholia. I know that the cause of it is largely physical, and I am trying to learn how to regulate my health habits in such a way as to avoid the spells of depression to which I am subject. I have found from experience that they are brought on by mental causes also. I may be feeling just as fine as anything, when suddenly something happens to touch off my inferiority complex or my melancholy trains of thought, and I am reduced to the depths. The game then does not seem to be worth the candle. Why continue to live when I know how it is bound to end? I feel at such times that I have never been happy and never will be. I feel doomed by my temperamental defects to a lonely, increasingly miserable old age; and I wonder why anyone who hates life should be forced to go on living. If I had the courage at such times, I would have got out of it long before this. The thought of my mother and of her grief has restrained me. She, I feel, is the only person who would really care if I did such a thing; and I do not feel that I have a right to rob her of the bright hope she has always had through religion, that somehow it will all turn out all right. So, as long as she lives, I know that I will never do it, although many times I wish that I could.

I think I early felt this sense of futility which has often made life almost impossible for me in later years. I remember my feeling of utter despair when I did anything that I considered irrevocable or was humiliated or disappointed in any way. I was always easily discouraged, and ready to cry easily. My mother often said she had never seen anyone so easily affected by little things. Like Alice in "Ben Bolt," I blushed with delight if you gave me a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown. On rare occasions when I was teased unmercifully by my brother or pressed too far by the tension of a family quarrel—both my father and one of my brothers had violent tempers—or felt too keenly what I considered the injustice of my father's treatment of my mother, I lost my temper and screamed and raged like the others.

Now, I don't want to leave a false impression about myself. Although I have a very poor opinion of myself along most lines—except of my intellect—I do not want to do myself an injustice by creating the impression that I am absolutely self-centered. I do not think that I am. I do extend my sympathy to other people, especially those who, like me, have been misunderstood. That is the reason why I am interested in abnormal psychology. I should like to help as many of the world's unfortunates as I can through my knowledge of psychology and my belief, in spite of temporary lapses, in religion as the only cure for the world's unhappiness. In fact, I have succeeded in sublimating to a large extent through my interest in the young people whom I have been teaching. I have been told by many of them, by word of mouth and by writing, that I have helped them more than anyone else. Of course, it gives me pleasure, which I think is legitimate, to have them say such things. But one of the fears that have haunted me has been the fear of unemployment. It seems that the spectre I have always feared is about to become real to me at this age; for teaching jobs are scarce, and I have an unfortunate way of antagonizing those who have authority over me, by perhaps a mistaken ideal of showing moral courage when a principle is at stake. For this reason, even my hope of a career has had to be laid away in its shroud, along with my other hopes. I know now that, with my temperament and lack of endurance, it is beyond my powers to plan for any great success in life, such as I once hoped for; and I am content to limit my ambitions, just so long as I am able to make my living at something in connection with which I may also do someone else some good. (M.N.; F.; C.T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.A.)

THREATENED MENTAL DERAILMENT IN A YOUNG WOMAN AS A RESULT OF TRANSFER FROM A SIMPLE HOME TO A SOPHISTICATED COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY ENVIRONMENT. LOSS OF CONFIDENCE, AND FEELINGS OF MENTAL AND SOCIAL INADEQUACY AND UNREALITY, EXAGGERATED BY SIMULTANEOUS NEWS OF FAILURE IN A GRADUATE COURSE AND THE SUICIDE OF A GIRL FRIEND; CONCEALMENT OR RATIONALIZATION OF FEELINGS, OR COMPENSATION IN FORCED GAIETY OR CALMNESS, FLIGHTY CONVERSATION, DAYDREAMING ABOUT FORMER SUCCESSES, SECLUSIVENESS, AND SUPPRESSION OF EMOTIONS, FOLLOWED BY NEGLECT OF STUDIES FOR SOCIAL WHIRL; ANALYSIS OF CAUSATIVE FACTORS; THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTIONS

There are times in our lives when traits of character or personality tendencies become magnified and thus can be more easily observed and diagnosed. Times of stress may reveal to us the true nature of our personality mechanisms. Many of us are seemingly alike until put to the test, when differences in endurance, competency, and diversity of character traits are vividly brought out. Last winter, at the age of twenty-three, I received a few blows which brought a sharp realization of some of my most vital problems. I, therefore, refer to this magnified portion of the picture first and then shall trace the contributing and causal factors as I have analyzed the situation.

Last winter I lost all confidence in myself. What previously seemed potential abilities, now meant nothing; my previous ambitions seemed far beyond me; and I even began to question my mentality. This was not a passing mood, but a persistent feeling which I could not throw off or get relief from. In order to conceal my despondency and perplexed state of feeling from others, I went to the other extreme of hilarity, forced gaiety, and flighty conversation. Sometimes I entertained irrelevant ideas and experienced a feeling of the utter superficiality of the entire environment. Everything seemed so absurd and futile. I felt like a detached piece of society, if one can feel that way. Withdrawing from everyone, I rejected invitations and would not go anywhere, offering the excuse I had to stay at home and study. This I felt I must do. But after my visitors had gone, I could not keep my mind on my work. I worried about my social relationships, and began to feel a social as well as mental insecurity. My attention easily wandered, and I was unable to write my papers. The dean asked for a book report in which we had to describe the intellectual and emotional reactions produced by the reading, or any special trend of invigorating thought which it produced. The purpose was to indicate the "give and take process" which takes place in reading a book. To attempt such a description in my state of mind was an impossible task, and my paper was an unintelligible conglomeration. I was desperate to know what to do, and took refuge in certain regressive tendencies, such as daydreaming about former pleasantries and successes, longing to get away from everything, and certain nervous actions that were unusual for me. I concealed my feelings as much as I could, appearing very calm and quiet. In other words, I developed decidedly introvert tendencies. I couldn't sleep and sometimes felt as if I could not stand it any longer.

What had happened to me and what was to be done? The only way to describe my feeling of complete loss of self-confidence is to say that I was frantically slipping over a precipice with only a twig left to which to hold. I experienced intense depression and a feeling of mental inferiority and social inadequacy, and I reacted introvertively. I became extremely afraid of criticisms and of being laughed at. This, in turn, resulted in further withdrawal into my shell and outward acquiescence. I was not indecisive in my convictions, nor easily led against my convictions; but I was very unaggressive in the expression and projection of my opinions. My sensitiveness tended to inhibit my responses. There is a certain value in being able to control the emotions, yet the best thing that could have happened to me during this crisis would have been an explosion, permitting a more balanced reaction and a little exercise of self-assertion. Instead, I avoided rather than faced the facts, resorted to rationalization, and regressed to an earlier stage of emotional fixation.

Some of my faults I was totally unaware of before the shock I suffered last winter. Now, after a lapse of several months I can see how my early experiences contributed to my recent difficulties. From a study of the latter I think I have gained some insight into how to resolve future personality problems. "There is no progress like progressing," and I do not believe I can ever be so seriously shaken again. Although I am far from having solved all my problems, I at least know what some of the fundamental ones are.

The three principal factors which were directly responsible for the climax that produced my mental upset were: first, I received a grade of "C" in nine hours of work which meant that they could not be counted as graduate credit and I would not be able to get my degree in June, as expected; second, I was approaching the climax of an emotional conflict between two cultural levels; and third, on the fatal day that I received news about the grades, I received word that my best girl friend of my senior year in college had committed suicide. These three things caused a temporary crumbling of the entire foundation of my personal integrity. Space only allows for an analysis of the emotional conflict, on which, however, a major part of the trouble hinged. The other two causes were the obvious, concrete ones which anyone could recognize and which received most of the blame at the time.

The developmental history of my difficulty can be divided into four periods: first, the early family relationships and home environment; second, the high-school or early adolescent period; third, the college adjustment period; and fourth, the period of postgraduate work. This division coincides more or less with these four educational stages.

1. Early childhood; introvert, daydreaming tendencies, partly objectified in club work, play, and leadership activities.—I enjoyed a healthy and happy childhood. Most of my ancestors were farmers, and my father's folks were strict Quakers. My own parents were very religious, but they did not particularly conform to any religious sect or creed, nor were they superstitiously religious. Their philosophy was based on love of humanity and faith in and fear of an Almighty Power. Training and discipline never seemed to be severe at home. We were given a good deal of freedom to "flower as we would" in the out-of-doors. Yet moral and religious values were firmly instilled. At first, dancing was very much objected to, but later there was no disapproval of school dances and functions. Drinking, smoking, Sunday movies, and such indulgences were regarded as immoral. Church activity was greatly emphasized. Training in habit formation was both rigid and lax. On smaller matters, such as saying "excuse me" or eating everything that was put on our plate, there was no rigid enforcement. But we were held firm in the fundamental principles of conduct. Altogether we were given freedom to develop in accordance with the principles of right and wrong that had been taught us.

My mother and father were very congenial and greatly devoted to us, but very undemonstrative. My father was deliberate in manner, quiet and understanding, but firm in his demands. Mother was rather nervous and subject to worry. Any humanitarian and idealistic tendency that I may have was greatly fostered by my mother, who was essentially a dreamer with the kindest heart in the world. I admire and love my parents very much.

I spent my first ten years on a farm in Iowa, after which we moved to Minnesota. I have two sisters and one brother older than myself and two sisters and two brothers younger. We had to work hard, but had time for play. With so many, we never lacked for ideas in devising our own amusements. I loved to ride horseback and often herded cows on the prairie. Rarely did I take a book or magazine with me because I did not have access to any; and thus I began to reflect and eventually to daydream. Since I was a favorite with my teachers, they asked questions about my future plans; so this set me thinking about many of the great and adventuresome things I wanted to do. The stimulating morning air, the rising sun, the fleetness of my horse made it easy to rise to thoughts beyond my own environment and wonder about the outside world. As I plowed or raked hay from morning to night, new ideas and interests crowded into my fantastic thoughts. However, boys' and girls' club work was introduced into our community, and I was able to objectify and crystallize these longings into creative activity. I became president of the club, won many prizes and trips to state fairs, and to Chicago, and so forth. These successes were very encouraging to me.

Externally I was always very self-possessed and happy-go-lucky. Of all the members of the family, I seldom was known to get excited or to worry over anything. Outwardly, I always manifested the greatest calm and poise, although inward calm may have been absent. My mother remarked last winter, "It's so unlike you to be upset and downhearted and depressed about things. What has happened?" Although as a child I didn't seem to be excitable and emotional, an introvert tendency was apparent. I kept a great deal to myself, did not talk very much, and tended to inhibit the expression of my feelings. Once my oldest cousin, M., was visiting us. Sunday morning, she asked to take one of us home with her on horseback. Immediately the other children piped up, "Let me go. It's my turn, mama, she went last time." I wanted to go as much as they did, but said nothing. Then because I had not raised a rumpus, I was allowed to go. I don't know, but perhaps my introvertiveness was fostered by rewards such as this. I was never bullied, so to speak, or run over by anyone. I was never severely repressed by my parents. I was commended by people who would say, "H. is so quiet, you would never know she was around." Whether my reserve toward my feelings was natural or otherwise, it became thoroughly ingrained. When hurt about something, I waited, reviewed the whole situation, tried to rationalize it, and then would conclude that it was rather common to flare up over such a comparatively small matter. Much may be said for this mode of reaction, but it may lead to the formation of the habit of extreme introversion and eventually morbidness, inactivity, and unresponsiveness.

Thus my early reactions were introvertive in type, I manifested potentialities for daydreaming, phantasy, and idealism, but was able to objectify these tendencies in club work, play, and leadership activities.

2. *College preparatory stage, a period of easy adjustment and satisfactory accomplishment.*—My college preparatory work was taken at a school of agriculture, a six months' school. The students were from farms, and there were little class distinction and feelings of differentiation. The campus and dormitory life afforded great opportunities for social and cultural development. I was very competent in athletics, and soon was participating in everything—athletics, glee clubs, debates, Y.W.C.A. work, class duties—and even as gang leader in the dormitory. Until my senior year, I had few dates, preferring to be with the "gang" and expending my time in school activities. With the aid of scholarships, I was able from the age of fifteen to make my own way independently. College was a distinctly idealized concept to me, a mysterious unknown world. With the encouragement of my superintendent and teachers, however, I was willing to attempt it.

The main facts about this period are these: (a) my adjustment was easy, being with those of my own class, and I developed remarkably in every respect; (b) my widespread activity and successes afforded opportunity for objectification of my ambitions and took the place of my otherwise natural interest in the opposite sex; there was no feeling of inferiority or even lack of opportunity in this respect, but my choice was one of preference; (c) my attitude toward college was one of awe, fear, and idealization.

3. *College adjustment period and its intellectual and emotional strains and stresses.*—With a very vague realization of "what going to college" constituted, I left in the fall of 1925. I did not realize what a new and vastly different world I was thrust into. As I look back, I wonder that my adjustment proved as successful as it was. The seat of the trouble was a sudden intense feeling of inferiority, which dominated me completely the first year. My mother also had an inferiority complex. She had always wanted further education or at least an opportunity to study music. She felt her handicap so strongly that she retreated into home life as the best escape. Accordingly, she stayed at home a great deal and made endless sacrifices to give us the chance she had missed. This

tendency of mother's left a trace on my mind, conscious or unconscious. The college environment brought into relief my inferiority feelings. (a) I felt like an ugly duckling, a clumsy, awkward farm girl. I became very self-conscious about my awkwardness. My hands were used to hard work, milking, and so forth. (b) My clothes were homemade, and my wardrobe was very limited. I had to make my own money and to spend sparingly, which made me different from most of the other students. They lived in cities, talked in a sophisticated manner, spoke unconcernedly about various big social affairs, with emphasis on chauffeurs, evening gowns, night clubs, and so forth, until I seemed to have nothing in common with them and felt ashamed to be from the farm where they had only cows, pigs, and the like. (c) Scholastically I was subjected to greater competition, and also felt that I was handicapped by an inferior background. I had graduated from the grade school when in the seventh grade, and had to stay out and work one year. My high-school work covered only three years. In English especially I had to work doubly hard. There was little time for athletics, and I was backward in making contacts with the girls. There was little left to serve as a compensatory balance for this widespread feeling of inferiority. During this year the defense mechanism that served as refuge was an intense longing for the old environment and a regression to my successes there. To a large extent my phantasy-life concerned itself with these early experiences. To avoid being conspicuous and arousing criticism, I shunned people whenever possible, or I responded timidly and reservedly. Most college men I idealized from a distance.

During my second year I became hostess in the senior dormitory, which forced me to meet people and be somewhat social. My roommate, who divided the work with me, was a senior and was struggling with an inferiority complex herself, which she tried to conceal but which to a certain extent crystallized my own feelings. The most redeeming feature of my college career was the opportunity I received that year to play the part of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. As I grew into the part I was forced to act the queenly superior type, and this facilitated ease and dignity in meeting future situations. Secondly, it brought recognition on the campus. I performed quite successfully and gained a new confidence in myself. I was rushed for a local sorority but did not accept because I felt they had not asked me for myself but because of the play. The next year, when I really wanted to join and my name was brought up for rushing, one of my former friends who had been hurt, objected on the ground that I could not bring any money into the sorority. Rationally, I recognized the triviality of this, but emotionally it crystallized my doubts, and after that I could never quite respond with a feeling of equality and competency. The main effects of this experience were to cause me to devote more attention to my career, so that some day I could experience superiority in this, and, because of my hurt feelings, to become more introverted.

The summer of my sophomore year I worked in Yellowstone Park and there felt at one with the communality of the group again. Everybody was from college and was there to work. I enjoyed everything there, and my broadened and varied contacts developed a confidence for which I was very grateful. The next summer I came to Chicago to work, staying at the Y.W.C.A. Until this time I had been subject to a certain emotional fixation. I still idealized those of the opposite sex in a very immature way, trying to think of them in the same way that I did my girl pals. I avoided and refused to recognize the things which conflicted with my early training and views. I was gullible, and had the utmost faith in humanity. This summer, when I was twenty, I regarded some of the girls at the "Y" as very immoral and shunned any contact with them. Sometimes I was very lonely, being shut off from the beautiful surroundings in the out-of-doors, and being unable to obtain any recreation or activity. This tended to drive me further into daydreaming. I built up fantastic concepts of reality and phantasies regarding my career, and built aircastles around a young man then in Europe, whom I had met in Yellowstone.

My senior year added no new problems. At the end of my four years of college I had many assets to my credit, but I had developed a defence mechanism which has created certain problems of which I was unaware at that time. I had developed an idealism around which I had built a wall to ward off contact with reality, and this produced emotional upsets and probably emotional fixation. Unconscious rationalization served as compensation in my scheme of adjustment. The mechanisms of rationalization, avoidance of reality, phantasy, and introversion, which took root in my freshman year, tended to grow upon me. A small tendency easily becomes a problem if conditions are favorable. After four years they had become more subtle and complex in my case and less readily referable to the original causes.

4. Postgraduate stage.—The next important step in my adjustment career was the fall following graduation from college, at which time I began postgraduate work. Why did this become a revolutionary period in my life? First, like a fairy story, some lovely friends insisted on giving me an opportunity to get my M.A. degree, and gave me beautiful things which made me very happy. This kindness, together with financial support, tended to remove a great part of my previous feelings of inferiority and anxiety, and my hurt feelings. The principal factors which had caused so much internal strife previously were now removed. I felt as if I were now accorded an equal chance. The university offered so many stimulating events and opportunities socially, intellectually, and otherwise, that

I felt like a starved child led to a feast for the king. Perhaps I acted like one, too. I didn't want to miss anything: the plays, the operas, the balls, the lectures, and so on. But time was limited, and choice was necessary. Class preparation became the easiest to neglect. I let one, two, three assignments slip by for lack of time. Then the assignments became harder because I had not kept up. Procrastination usually brings dread. It was easy to retreat to the more pleasant and successful activity—outside jobs, personal work, and social events. At the same time I was rationalizing that in the future the extracurricular experience would be more valuable than theory. My retreat from my schoolwork assumed the form of overcompensation in outside activities. In other words, that part of my life which had remained dormant in college was now awakened and greatly stimulated. With increased participation in outside activities came neglect and retardation of other growth processes, such as the graduate studies. Then came the inevitable conflict. My position was somewhat like that of a college freshman, except that my experience was more acute. The basis for it had been fostered and fortified by four years in college. My early religion and idealistic views were forced into conflict with modern, practical, and realistic ideas. Before I had ignored the latter ideas and cherished the former. Now, however, the situation was changed by my emotional reactions. My natural human urges came into conflict with my primitive philosophy, and I was unable to reconcile my urges and my strong feeling of guilt induced by my early convictions. My feelings and conceptions were divided against each other and the result was utter confusion. Then at the climax of this emotional upset, I was faced with the cold fact that I had failed in my schoolwork; I felt greatly ashamed, and suffered deep humiliation and a great mental upset, as already indicated.

In the crisis that confronted me, I was forced to marshal all my energies to grapple with the situation. I believe I successfully solved my major difficulties. Although I have to wrestle with my problems continually, I find that they may crop up in disguised form. Some remedial measures I now try to follow are as follows: (1) I try to maintain physical health through regular hours, healthy food, cleanliness, and plenty of good exercise and play. (2) I try to build healthy attitudes: (A) By objectively facing the facts in the case. If repelled or emotionally upset about something, I try to realize why and to determine what is to be done about it. I strive to understand my own impulses, including my rationalizations. (B) I try to maintain vital interest in my work. For every reflective, introvertive mood, I produce at least one overt act. I measure the results of this inner contemplation in terms of concrete accomplishment. I try to form the habit of forming new habits. I try to be objectively self-critical, and to transfer feelings of sensitiveness to an interest in other people. (G.D.H.; F.; Grad. S.; B.A.; Age 23.)

SERIOUS STRUGGLES OF A PARADOXICAL, CYNICAL, INHIBITED ADOLESCENT OVER LIFE'S PROBLEMS, SOME PROBABLY TRACEABLE TO MOTHER'S MALADJUSTMENTS AND SCHOOL SITUATIONS; RELIGIOUS DOUBTS; ANTAGONISM BETWEEN SISTERS DUE TO PARENTAL FAVORITISM; SUPPRESSED SEXUAL EMOTIONS OR SEXUAL ANAESTHESIA PRODUCING INDIGESTION WITH TEMPORARY SEXUAL AWAKENING LATER; HATRED OF LIVING; INFERIORITY FEELING AND SUICIDAL INCLINATIONS; DOUBTS REGARDING THE SOUL; A FLING AT THE WAYS OF FLAMING YOUTH; AVERSION TO MARRIAGE AND HATRED FOR MEN; PARTIAL SUBLIMATION IN TEACHING

My mother was of a very restrained type. She brought up my sister and me to believe she was the ideal parent, incapable of erring, friendly in an aloof fashion, until I broke through her ambitions, dreams, and pretensions. She constantly estranged me from my girl friends by pointing out my subservience to one friend in particular. My fine devotion to this girl was ruined by her interference. She always objected to too intimate friendships. Isolation from close friendships with girls had shaken my confidence in my contemporaries. I was criticized for being very frank and dictatorial while in the grade school. When I realized the truth of this my dislike for my sarcastic tongue made me an introvert, and I am still keenly sensitive to people's approval or disapproval.

In the first year of high school my religious or moral character developed, reaching its zenith the following year, although I was religious enough in college to take all the Bible courses given. At this early period I became a fanatic and so made my family miserable with my intolerance. I even tried to eliminate slang from my vocabulary, an unheard-of thing among my free-speaking associates. I was neurotic from inhibiting every natural impulse, until I had analyzed the causes of my trouble. Periods of intense exhilaration over various aspects of nature, and periods of despondence and long weeping spells at the sordidness of life, developed. I began a ten-year struggle to accept the realities of life. The restraint I placed upon natural impulses was encouraged by mother, resulting in great happiness or misery and a total lack of desire to do anything active. Dancing was my only recreation aside from regular gymnastic work. A lethargic state resulted in which I sought moderation, which I had decided was the secret of living well.

During this phase of extreme restraint I decided that selfishness was the basis of every action in the universe. This discovery sprang from the cynical attitude I had developed. Now I see the truth concerning this fact; then I saw merely the dross. Because of this revelation the tender sensibilities of my classmates were repulsed by me. Was I trying to compensate for my lack of popularity by disclosing to them startlingly unpleasant facts about life?

I learned that people did not want the sordid truth despite my great ambition to discover it. Life to me was an unbeatable taskmaster, making a man go to work early, deluding him into marrying, forcing him to face constant failures as well as an unappreciative family. But I decided that people desired and needed to know all the pleasant things in order to be fortified to face the disheartening routine of their miserable little lives, in which details assume undue proportion because of the narrow limits of individual experience and knowledge.

When I was sixteen our new principal gave us Freud's *Psychoanalysis* and similar literature to read, a fact which complicated rather than solved my problems. He also told me that my twelve-year-old sister should have a knowledge of sex life. When I told my mother and father, they were dumbfounded. They seemed to think that I was born sexless and without curiosity. Father was furious with the principal for even thinking out loud about sex, and mother refused to talk to my sister on such a topic. Therefore, the task fell on my shoulders, and I did it in all the terrible seriousness of that age. I never knew what V. thought of the explanation, for she was not talkative. However, her attitude toward men was always more natural than mine.

Within the family there was an odd situation which produced difficulties and serious thought. Mother was partial to me and dad to my sister. This resulted in antagonism between sister and me. It produced a secretive feeling which kept her within herself and led her to gain her desires by underhand methods when necessary. When I, out of the magnanimity of my wisdom, declared a truce with life, I decided there were difficulties enough without wrangling constantly, and that it would be far better to try to make those around us happy. I told my sister this, and proved my friendship for her with the result that an extraordinarily fine companionship developed. I likewise thrust a few of the glaring facts of life and pertinent suggestions upon my mother at this time, thinking she would be my friend and would understand my problems and my solutions. This was the means I took to gain an atmosphere of understanding and accord, which I have found indispensable to my ease of mind since that time.

I had been learning for two years how to mask my contempt for men, chiefly during contact with them at dances. This contempt began when I was in the fourth grade. I let a clever little boy who sat back of my seat see the definition I had written of a "spring." When the marks were announced we had scored the same. The teacher announced that we had the same definition wrong, so she would deduct five from both of the marks so the mistake would not happen again. But she took five off of my grade only, and this was proof to me of woman's partiality to man.

That year I was also made wiser by one of the boys with whom I had come from the kindergarten when he forsook me to play with some new girls. The following year I had my seat moved to the front of the room when he had his moved back of me. So pride must have been instilled by mother despite her despair.

I had likewise learned that boys were a singularly filthy group. So, despite their natural attraction, I began my period of scorning the male sex. Later the smutty facts regarding sex which my cousin had learned from boys and which she related to me confirmed my scorn of men.

When nineteen, however, I met a clean-cut boy to whom I became attached through propinquity. I knew that at the time and never thought I was in love. This resulted in awakening me to a physical response to men, mild enough to be sane, but accompanied by indigestion occasionally. By the way, indigestion is the only manifestation of the emotion called love that I've been able to attain! Neither of us, through our two years of close association, knew the meaning of passion.

During college I hated living. I developed an inferiority complex which increased my introspective habits for the first two years. Then Dr. L. W. told us her opinion about the egotistic girl who moped by herself in a corner; whereupon I started my rehabilitation by talking with everyone who sat next to me on the trains I commuted on. Mother had been ill during my first year at college, and my sister developed tuberculosis the next year; these events were undoubtedly factors in my failure to adjust to college life. I knew exactly how I could step off the train into the river any day that proved too impossible. I accepted the fact that I was just stupid, and was thoroughly surprised when I learned, during my senior year after I had taken three years to get up courage to inquire, that I ranked well with the upper third.

At this time the tragedy of life was impressed upon me by the situation my father was in. He was a railroad agent who had acquired a fifteen-thousand-dollar home, supplied me with a college education, and supported my sister four years in a sanatorium. Constant strain and effort and no recompense! I did my utmost to fill a life which looked very forlorn, knowing I was a poor substitute for my sister, and planning, as mother had urged me to do, to leave home after college, to forsake my father just when he needed me to cheer his life. I could see the ruthlessness of this decision. I had given up companionship with young people in my home town in order to keep the reputation of my parents uncriticized and because of lack of attraction for any of the boys or girls thereabouts. Railroad people are not literary, and my interest lay in the field of literature. So I planned to go to a city where I would have friends aplenty and freedom to act as my interests would lead.

A week after I left home to live and work in C. with my cousin, my father died, leaving my sister in the sanatorium crushed by this blow, and mother broken by the suddenness of this exigency. Father was such a sturdy, bluff, hearty, clear-seeing, practical person that his death convinced me of the non-existence of the soul. My imagination was powerless to comprehend how the virility of that man could pass off into an ephemeral soul. It was easier to believe he had reached the end of a hard struggle. I felt life had never compensated him for his labors, despite Emerson's philosophy.

But I was not to be daunted. I returned to C., but also to gain understanding of the ways of modern youth. It was to understand rather than to practice these ways that I desired participation for a brief period, to smoke like a lady and never go under from liquor. Petting parties I avoided due to overfastidiousness.

Incidentally, I learned that my forte was not office work, so I arranged next fall to go to an institution for the feeble-minded. Institutional life sounded good to me after my worldly wanderings!

At this institution I found a friendly haven. Association with two neurotic girls, however, must have had more influence on my subconscious mind than I supposed, for I became engaged that spring. This was perhaps a result of the problems of my family and a desire to be of importance among my colleagues. The result upon my development was that I learned, through the physical attraction of this boy, what passion means, unexpressed.

Then, through my sister's death, my pragmatism was strengthened, my engagement was broken (after this boy's ego was saved through the realization of the incompatibility of our natures), and my life became centered in my work. I had learned with Donn Byrne,

> No matter how much we love our brother,
> Who can be wise to save another?

I have sought a peaceful reconciliation with the facts of existence, and this seems to have been achieved in the last three months. My present situation is most felicitous: professional appreciation, mastery of my technique (a special-class teacher), and a moderate amount of companionship with my friends.

What if I need a date once a week to keep me cheerful? What if I need loving to keep me from growing too callous? My mood must be right in order to be optimistic for my children; I have a premonition that I shall not marry because of this complex which still makes me contemptuous of those who become too intimate. Thus my sex-life seems to be a bit marred but subservient to my mind. At last I have succeeded in arousing professional ambition. I found life quite intolerable as I grew up, with no incentive sufficiently powerful to give me a real desire to live. I still believe that life is miserable and the only reason for living is to help others be just a little happier. But I no longer tell this to those healthy people who know what they want. So I hope to become egotistic enough to derive great joy from the small pleasures and small successes that are mine. (W.H.; F.; S.C.T.; B.A.)

SERIOUS MENTAL CONFLICTS, ENGENDERED IN ROMANTIC JEWESS IN LOVE WITH A GENTILE, DUE TO RACIAL AND RELIGIOUS PREJUDICES AND TO HER MOTHER'S OBJECTIONS TO HER INFATUATION, LEADING TO ATTEMPTS AT CONCEALMENT, THE PRACTICE OF DECEPTION, AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF FEELINGS OF INSECURITY AND INCONSISTENCY, CONSTANT WORRIES, INSOMNIA, LOSS OF APPETITE AND WEIGHT, NERVOUS IRRITABILITY, AND CRYING SPELLS; BODY PROTESTS (CONVERSION PHENOMENA) ON THE PART OF THE REJECTED SUITOR AND THE DISAPPROVING MOTHER

Although I am not an orthodox Jewess, religion and race have played a large part in my life. Despite the fact that my parents and intimate friends have tried to instill in me a pride of race, I am sorry to say that their efforts have not been very successful. The repressions, inhibitions, and mental anguish produced by religious and racial situations are at the basis, I believe, of the personality maladjustment that I have today. I would not go so far as to say that I am ashamed that I am Jewish, because that would be rather a paradoxical attitude to take in view of my knowledge that many Jews have been outstanding figures in the world. Feeling as I do about my religion, I have read widely concerning the religious beliefs and the great achievements of my race. That the Jews furnished more than their proportion of supporters to the colonial cause I have unimpeachable evidence. The greatest name among French actresses is Rachel Felix, the daughter of a Jewish peddler, and her only rival in European fame is another Jewess, Sarah Bernhardt. The greatest historian of the Christian church is Neander, whose original name was David Mendel, and whose father was a Jewish peddler. I believe that I have familiarized myself with the outstanding accomplishments of the Jews purely as a defense mechanism. But the fact that I am fully cognizant that I have sprung from a mighty race has not protected me against the "slings and arrows" of prejudice against the Jew.

The first experience I ever had that awoke in me an awareness of the prejudice against the Jew happened in the sixth grade. Ours was the only Jewish family in the town, and naturally all my friends were Gentiles. During an argument one day on the playground, one of my most intimate friends called me "Christ-killer." Although this same girl and I are practically inseparable today, I have never forgotten the incident.

From this time on I began to look for evidences of prejudice among my neighbors and friends. A phrase like "Jew him down" used to rankle in my mind and still does. I recall that as a child I used to take great pains not to let strangers know that I was Jewish.

In high school I learned that I was very attractive to the opposite sex, and this fact served to lessen some of the stings of my earlier experiences. Boys, both Jew and Gentile, vied with each other for my favor. This inaugurated a new problem, that of securing my mother's permission to go out with Gentile boys. When I broached the subject, she would burst into tears and say that she would rather be dead than have to put up with such a situation. She exacted a promise of me never to marry a Gentile. She told me that peace and harmony can never reign in a marriage in which the parties belong to religions so widely apart on certain dogmas. Consequently, I went out with Gentile boys without her knowledge, since there were so very few eligible Jews in the vicinity. Loving my mother the way I do, I believe this constant sneaking and prevarication undermined my health. I began to get very thin and irritable, and lost my appetite.

After graduation from high school I entered a college near my home, taking up teacher training and music. Conditions at home were practically the same, although I wheedled my mother into allowing me to go to school dances with Gentile boys. Although the fact that I had become quite an accomplished pianist increased my popularity in school, I could not shake off the feeling of inferiority that any mention of my religion would evoke. At one of the several concerts I gave at school, I met a young attractive Jewish man who appealed to me very much. At last, I thought, I had found the solution to my problem. My mother was very pleased, to say the least. She encouraged the "match," and the romance flourished. By this time I had graduated from college and once again I was confronted with the prejudice against the Jews. A girl possessing only a teaching certificate was elected to fill a vacancy in our public school. I was the only candidate with a degree and a high scholastic standing, but I was not elected. The following year when I received an appointment I felt I had only imagined the prejudice the year before. I began giving piano lessons and found little time for introspection. Thus my first year of teaching was one of peace of mind and contentment.

The following summer I was permitted to leave my mother's wing for the first time, when I went to a summer resort with my two sisters. This taste of freedom went to my head, and I tried to cram as much excitement into two weeks as was possible. I had taken great pains to conceal the fact that I was Jewish. Therefore, when my Jewish boy friend came to visit me at the resort, I found that I could not stand to have him near me. When I compared him with the Gentile men I had been seeing at the resort he fell short in every detail except intelligence. Being incurably romantic, I have found that the men of my race are either void of romance or else I haven't been fortunate enough to meet the right one. This may sound as though I am emotionally immature (and I have been told just that), but to me, love is the most important thing in life. I dwell too much on thoughts of marriage, children, a comfortable home, a feeling of security, and, most important, love.

When my boy friend came to the lake and I found that I did not love him—that is, if I know the true meaning of the word—and I told him so, he pleaded with me to tell him I was only jesting. I had always admired his poise and distinction, and therefore to see him almost groveling, disgusted me. He left the resort, and a few days later I received a telegram asking me to come home at once as he was very sick. I did so. Realizing that I was the cause of his illness, I was gripped with feelings of compunction and told him that I was sorry that I had treated him so foully. I began seeing him again, purely out of pity. Consequently, my second year of teaching was anything but serene. To top all this anxiety, my mother (now sixty-six), with whom I used to sleep, awakened me one night by her groans and shaking. I found her gasping for breath, and blood coming out of her mouth. It was some form of a convulsion caused ostensibly by her heart. I have never completely recovered from that night's shock, although I have been much calmer during the two successive spells she has had. Shortly after this episode, my hair began getting gray and I became thinner than ever. Not wishing to aggravate my mother's condition, I pretended affection for my Jewish friend, whom she loved very much. He pressed me to marry him, but I feigned interest in acquiring three years' teaching experience before I would marry.

Now my major problem has arisen. I have fallen in love with a Gentile who wishes to marry me. This raises all sorts of complications for which at present I have no answer. In the first place, it would probably kill my mother if I should take such a step. If she were well and healthy, the situation would be only slightly different. Then there is the Jewish boy who is expecting to marry me. I dealt him one terrible blow, and therefore I would be no less than an ogre to do the same thing again. There is also the question of prejudice that I have made the central theme of this paper. My shattered nervous system could hardly stand the strain of having my husband's friends (I am speaking of the Gentile) treat me condescendingly. Then there is the problem of our children. The Jewish religion has been too deeply rooted in me for me to disregard it entirely, although I think (I am not sure) that I should be willing to allow my children to go to my husband's church. All I would ask is that they believe in God and not believe that Christ was the son of God. I don't think I could stand that.

This brings my sketch practically down to the present moment. About a month ago before I came to this university I was seized by all sorts of imaginary aches and pains, depressions, moodiness, irritability, and crying spells. I visited a doctor for a thorough examination to find out if I had tuberculosis, cancer, or any similar dread disease. He assured me that there was nothing radically wrong, but that I was in a terribly run-down condition. I have been taking a tonic, and I feel much better, but I believe the prime reason for the improvement is that I am away from the scene of all my problems.

I have been avidly reading our textbook on mental hygiene to see if I can analyze myself and thereby find a possible remedy for my maladjustment. I mentioned my constant thoughts of love and marriage. I do not believe that a healthy, normal individual permits such thoughts to clutter up his brain so constantly. I believe that if I were not Jewish, and were allowed to pursue any course I should choose, I would not be subject to such thoughts and introspections. I read in Dr. J. E. Wallace Wallin's book that a feeling of security makes for emotional stability. But I completely lack this feeling. I feel as though I am standing on the brink of some horrible disaster, and I cannot shake off this feeling. I attribute my feeling of insecurity to my sister's saying that the law of compensation will some day be applied to me. She was referring to the time I seriously hurt my boy friend by saying that I no longer cared for him. As a result, I am constantly worrying, even about trifling details of no importance whatsoever. At the end of the day I find myself taking an inventory of the day's happenings to see if I have anything to worry about. I cannot go to sleep at night until I have "worried myself out," so to speak.

Perhaps in closing I should mention another maladjustment that may or may not be a result of the experiences I have related. I am terribly inconsistent in my thoughts and feelings. I may have my mind definitely set on some subject, but I am swayed ever so easily by a chance word or remark. I hesitate to rely on my own judgment, and therefore constantly seek the approbation or condemnation of others. Curiously, though, I usually seek their approbation by actually "putting words in their mouths."

This paper is rather incoherent, perhaps necessarily so, because of its nature. However, I hope the picture I have drawn is clear enough, because I sincerely would like some aid in getting out of this mental rut. (W.M.A.; F.; E.S.T.; B.S.; Age 24.)

[Various remedial suggestions were proffered the respondent by the author. What would you suggest?]

MENTAL CROSS-CURRENTS, QUIRKS, AND WHIMS; DIFFICULTY OF ACHIEVING SATISFACTION, POSSIBLY BECAUSE OF UNREALIZED AMBITIONS OR EARLY SPOILING; FINICALITY ABOUT PROPER PLAYMATES; PREFERENCE FOR OLDER PERSONS AND DESIRE TO GROW UP; LOVE AND HATRED OF SOLITUDE; PERSONAL DISLIKES BASED ON JEALOUSY; SOPHISTICATION AS DEFENSE AGAINST SISSYISM, MILD DISSOCIATION, AND PROCRASTINATION. COMPENSATION IN READING

I have never been satisfied for any length of time, because my ambition always reaches beyond my attainment, or perhaps because I was a spoiled child, though I was never aware of that fact. I always wanted the wealthiest, most aristocratic and most sought-after children to be my best friends. Consequently, I missed a lot of fun because I would not play with just anybody. Naturally I compensated by reading. In fact, I read too much.

When I was quite young, I liked being alone or with grown people. They were always so nice to me. They thought I was such a "perfect little lady." I hated to go to children's parties, but mother made me go. I remember that on the way to one very particular party, when I was about seven years old, I begged my nurse not to make me go in, but she did. At the party I had the prettiest dress, so I went home exuberant. After that it was easier to go to parties. I still had feelings of inferiority, however. I never felt very intimate with children. I was extremely sensitive and never would take the initiative in starting a game, and yet if the others did not do so and did not invite me to participate, I felt hurt.

I always wanted to grow up. My games usually consisted of "playing lady." When I was around eight years old, mother made me invite a girl to my party whom I disliked, seemingly because she was "pop-eyed." I think that in reality I was jealous of her because her family was wealthier than mine. Anyhow, she invited me to spend the day with her, and we became fast friends because we both liked to "dress up." She has always been my most intimate friend. When we were younger, however, I was jealous of her. She always won the games and told the best stories.

I repeat I never felt satisfied. If I meet very interesting people and they become my associates, I feel that there are more interesting, better accomplished people to become friends with. I never feel that I have reached my limit. Whereas I used to prefer solitude, I now dread it and hate it.

I have always struggled between what I wanted to do and what was right. My mother's judgment has always seemed infallible, and I never considered disobeying her, though obedience often conflicted with my desire. I suppressed the desire and as a result I'm a bundle of inhibitions and crazy quirks that I can hardly recognize as belonging to me. For instance, mother would impress on me that it was not nice to kiss boys, though at times I had a natural desire to be kissed.

When I was around thirteen, to avoid being considered a sissy, which in reality I was, I began trying to appear very sophisticated. Ugh! Now I do not know which part of me is real and which part is affected. It is a wonder I did not swing to the other extreme and become wild. I suppose I did not because my mother was still the censor in my life and because I still retained the ideals which she had instilled in me.

All through grammar school, I always made "A's" on every subject, except for "C" in history and geography, once each. Instead of being proud of my marks I was always ashamed of them. None of my friends made such grades, and the only people who did were sissies, so I thought it was sissified for me to make high grades. This is a complex that I have not quite overcome. It left its mark. When I went to high school I never studied, because I was trying to rid people of the impression that I was studious. Unfortunate for me!

This paper is rambling and unconnected. That is the way I think—just another maladjustment. I always think of something I should have done but did not, something I should have added. I could rearrange the paragraphs, putting sentences in their proper place, but F. is a lazy girl and an awful procrastinator. (C.J.F.; F.; U.S.)

[This report has been considerably rearranged by the compiler. It is obvious upon casual observation that this capable girl is a maladjusted personality.]

ANXIETIES AND WORRIES ON THE PART OF AN AMBITIOUS GIRL, WHO BECAME A GRIND AND DID NOT LEARN TO PLAY; DEVELOPMENT OF ROMANTIC NATURE FROM ATTENDANCE UPON SUPERIOR PLAYS; EMOTIONAL OUTLET IN WRITING STORIES AND POEMS; NERVOUS BREAKDOWN THROUGH DISAPPOINTED AMBITION OR OVER-ZEAL; AWAKENING FROM A REALISTIC, PROPHETIC DREAM, WITH RENEWED VIGOR AND FREEDOM FROM ILLNESS FOR OVER FIVE YEARS

Anxieties and worries have hampered me in many ways. I have missed a great many pleasures through anxieties about my work, worrying that I would be unable to finish it if I took a pleasure trip, or attended a party. Throughout my school days, my studies came first. I was required to assist with housework at home, so I never really learned to play. I was extremely ambitious to excel. Once, while suffering from an ulcerated tooth, I attended high school for several days with a face swollen twice its natural size and tried to smile at the jokes of my less sympathetic schoolmates. I went to the dentist each afternoon and in the evening prepared my lessons, in spite of my suffering. I became so ill that I nearly collapsed. My parents were notified, and my brother took me home. I cried because I was obliged to remain at home and lose my high marks and persuaded my mother to see my teachers and get some homework assignments for me. This continued application gave me a reputation for being a "grind." I would have had very little companionship save for the fact that ours was a large household. I was, however, too busy to feel lonely. My uncle declared that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He occasionally took me to a theater or gave me the money to go. I went to the plays I thought were instructive and of some assistance in my work. I saw every Shakespearian production, such as those enacted by Robert Mantell or Sothern and Marlowe. I witnessed productions by Mrs. Fiske, Henrietta Crossman, Forbes-Robertson, John Drew, and Ethel Barrymore (the latter was then at the height of her career). These were golden memories, and I developed a romantic nature with a love for the dramatic. Some years later, I began to write stories, most of which never saw the light of day. A few I submitted for publication, but those few rejections discouraged me. I have a shoebox full of such effusions, poetry and stories that served as emotional outlets. My family joked a great deal about my literary productions. I was sensitive to ridicule, but I have thought many times that such a means of emotional expression would be better for many young women than "petting parties." Some of the modern magazines which ask for stories of personal experiences, though "trashy," give some people an opportunity to express their emotions in a harmless way. "Talking out" mental disturbances is now recognized by psychologists as a valuable means of adjustment.

These anxieties over my work continued to grow worse until I had a "nervous breakdown," presumably due to overwork (teaching at that time forty-seven to fifty-one pupils). In the light of later psychological study, I believe it was really due to disappointment because I had not succeeded in forging ahead in my profession. I wanted to advance myself, but was constantly admonished that I was mighty lucky to have a "steady position." After this illness my ambition suffered as well. I still enjoy studying but in a leisurely manner. I now like to browse in the fields of literature instead of rushing toward a goal. I had found, as Shakespeare said, "Vaulting ambition oft overleaps itself."

This application to a task had served a good purpose, however. I had learned actually to like work, although when I made this statement, as I frequently did, it was greeted with jeers. In later years, when circumstances forced me to do the work of two persons, people asked me, "How can you do it? You will break down." I would smile and say, "I don't mind it." However, I did gradually feel the strain, partly because of the suggestion of kind friends. Although I became ill, I was determined not to "break" again.

On the verge of collapse one night I was scarcely able to drag myself home. I sank down on the bed without removing my hat and coat. I lay exhausted thinking, "I must get up. I have work to do." I must have fallen asleep with this thought on my mind. Suddenly it seemed as if someone lifted me under the arms and my sister (who is dead) spoke: "I'll help you, Dolly" (her pet name for me). She raised me upon the pillow to a nearly sitting position and said something which I could not recall except the words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." This dream was so realistic that when I awoke I was really sitting up against the pillows with my hat removed. Of course, I did it myself in my sleep, but the peculiar thing was that I felt no fatigue. After arising, I worked all evening, and from that day, over five years ago, I have never experienced a day's illness. After this experience, a woman friend wanted me to embrace the doctrine of Christian Science, but I was unconvinced. Sometimes when very tired, I think I hear again the words of the "dream" which I am fully convinced was a psychic experience. (V.E.; F.; S.C.T.)

CONTINUANCE OF EARLY EMOTIONAL PATTERNS; UNDISPLAYED SELF-REPROACH BECAUSE OF UNCONTROLLABLE EXPRESSIONS OF COLD, DIGNIFIED RESERVE TOWARD PROFESSIONAL WORKERS, DUE POSSIBLY TO MOTHER'S ALOOFNESS TOWARD STRANGERS AND RESENTMENT AT HAVING NEW ACQUAINTANCES BROUGHT TO THE HOUSE, OR TO EFFORT TO APPEAR SUPERIOR BECAUSE OF BECOMING THE MAN OF THE FAMILY DURING EARLY ADOLESCENCE, OR TO ASSUMPTION OF AUSTERE DEMEANOR AS A DEFENSE AGAINST THE FEELING OF YOUTHFULNESS IN ADMINISTRATIVE POSITION DEALING WITH OLDER PERSONS

I am possessed of an inhibition that I can best designate as a studied "reserve." This condition manifests itself in an appearance of coldness, aloofness, and lack of interest in other people's affairs. By nature I am not cold nor aloof, nor do I lack interest in people. On the contrary, I like people, find a keen pleasure in close association with them, and am highly sensitive about offending them. Nevertheless, in my daily contacts I find myself unable to treat others with spontaneous warmth or to create the atmosphere of friendly interest that I feel.

Peculiarly, this reserve is active chiefly in the field of my work, and among persons with whom I am not well acquainted. Among my relatives and close friends it is entirely absent; with them the barrier disappears; I treat them with full freedom and camaraderie. But the inhibition presents a serious problem in my dealings with my colleagues and with those over whom I am in authority, often hampering the proper handling of situations, causing co-workers and subordinates to misconstrue my attitude, and rendering a portion of my professional life distinctly unpleasant.

On one occasion, one of my teachers was stricken with a severe attack of gall disorder which necessitated his absence from school for several days. When he returned, my only greeting to him was, "Well, I'm glad you're back again." Now, I think highly of this man, both personally and professionally. My real impulse was to show my sincere concern over his illness and my pleasure at his recovery. I did neither. Some strong counter-impulse checked all spontaneous expression of feeling. This is but one illustration of numerous similar instances. After an encounter such as this, I am beset with feelings of regret and self-reproach, which, however, are never uttered.

The cause or causes of this peculiarity are unknown to me. I can only guess at certain contributory reasons. My mother, although warmly affectionate with her family and comradely with her close friends, always exhibited a marked aloofness with strangers. As a child, when I made new acquaintances, and especially when I brought them to my home, she showed her disapproval, sometimes warning me against "picking up with strangers." Everyone, except our relatives and a very few bosom friends of myself or my sisters, was *persona non grata* in our home. Even when we had reached adulthood her attitude in this matter remained unchanged.

A second possible cause of this inhibition is the fact that upon the death of my father, I was made much of as the "man of the family." At thirteen, this responsibility bulked large and important to me. Certainly it influenced many actions in the years that followed. "The man of the family wouldn't do a thing like that" was a deterrent thought that arose during many a youthful escapade. I carried my burden consciously through youth and early manhood. I can recall a more or less constant effort to appear mature, dignified, and wise beyond my years.

A third possible factor in the development of this inhibition relates to the beginning of my professional career. At twenty-two I was elected to the principalship of a four-room village school. In this position I was continuously aware of my youth. My teachers were all older than I, and I sought refuge behind a cold, dignified demeanor, not to mention sombre clothing and a studied carriage. I lived in an unreasoning fear lest a teacher, board member, or parent might discover my extreme youth, and have me let out. Following this assignment, I attained, at twenty-four, to the "superintendency" of a system with two schools and fifteen teachers. Here I felt proportionately the same age inferiority, carried on the same "deception," and entertained the same uncomfortable misgivings. The fact that, according to current standards, I was successful in both these posts, instead of dispelling the feeling that a stern, forbidding aspect was necessary, served to convince me that I had pursued the right line of conduct.

Two years of service in the army, following this, did not tend to break down this barrier of reserve. All but three months of my military career were spent as first sergeant or as an officer, both of which positions traditionally require exactly the characteristics of my inhibition.

I have never made a definite attack upon the problem of eliminating this inhibition. It has become less pronounced in recent years, but it continues to rob my life of much of the freedom and pleasure that come from being one's self. (C.J.P.; M.; E.S.P.; B.A.)

HOW ONE MOTHER OVERCAME A FEAR OF DARK, BEARDED MEN IN A SUPERIMAGINATIVE CHILD, AND THE AFTERMATH OF THE TREATMENT; LOVE OF READING AS COMPENSATORY ESCAPE FROM IRRITATION AND FROM FEELINGS OF UNDERVALUATION

About the first don't I recall is, "Don't worry about yourself; who do you think would want you?" This was intended purely to soothe the qualms of a very "scary" and superimaginative child, who fancied that dark, bearded men with long, shiny knives were lurking behind every hedge and post to grab her as soon as she got past them. My mother never had a course in psychology—mothers do not have to—but she knew how to cure me of this phobia, and she did, after continual repetition of the same rebuke. How well she accomplished her purpose she never knew, nor did I until some years later, when I learned from disheartening experiences that people must, if not worry about themselves, at least introspectively analyze their reactions, if for no other reason than to learn how to conceal their real attitudes from others or to be able to judge others by comparison with themselves.

I went from one extreme to the other. Whereas I had been accustomed to feeling my importance I now began a figurative process of shrinking up. I did not at the time realize that this metamorphosis was taking place, and it is only in retrospect that I am able to understand why, from the age of seven, or thereabout, I began to have the feeling that other children played with me mostly when I initiated the game; and why I was so exhilarated if they appeared really to want me to join in their fun. Perhaps this accounts for my early love of reading and the development of this pastime to my most enjoyable play of all, for from the beginning of my "literary career" I have been able to resort to a book when everything and everybody irritate me. And so, out of an obviously tender and constructive reproof from one who would never, if she were aware of it, do the slightest thing to militate against my best interests, grew a complex that was destined to have a serious effect on my subsequent life, and, if I am not mistaken, was the basic influence in my formative years.

To further explain the effect of the above-mentioned metamorphosis, I shall have to explain that I was the only child for seven years. Of course, I do not remember very much about myself before that time, but there must have been quite a change after my brother was born, and it is probably due to this that my feeling of not being wanted increased.

When I was about twelve years of age children of my age bored me. Sometimes I could play with them and enjoy it immensely; again they seemed insipid. I attribute this partially to reading too much, or rather reading unwisely. The Little Pepper books, Bobsy Twins, and that sort of thing I read and reread until they were no longer interesting. When I cast these aside I took up anything I could get my hands on: The *Post,* although I did not find very much in it that I could enjoy, *Good Housekeeping,* especially Temple Bailey, and all of the magazines to which the family subscribed. While I did not understand all that I read in them, the little that I did assimilate gave me a feeling of superiority over other children of my age. They seemed so uninformed. From that time on I went with girls older than I. And it is only in the last three years that I have been able really to like for any length of time people of my own age. Why this sudden change of attitude I do not know. (G.F.; F.; U.S.)

EXTREME REPUGNANCE TO SEEING ANIMALS KILLED; EXCESSIVE TENDERNESS TOWARD MANY OBJECTS

Once when my father returned home at dusk he stumbled over a pet rabbit that we children had, and in a fit of fury kicked it to death. The rabbit was a real personality to me, and I genuinely suffered from grief. It was throughout childhood inexpressibly shocking for me to see living creatures die. I always loathed being assigned the task of chopping off the heads of the chickens. Once my father hired a coarse, rough Irishman to shoot some hogs with a rifle. After seeing the first one drop, squealing, I fled in horror. There was no particular phobia for the blood; merely the idea of the live animal's dying. That man seemed to be the devil incarnate. I still have a strong aversion toward seeing stock slaughtered, and have never keenly enjoyed hunting. As a child I had too much tender feeling for too great a variety of objects, a hysterical trend, I am convinced. Flowers, landscapes, music, the sight of virtue acknowledged, or merit recognized, have frequently moved me to "thrill" or shiver up the thighs and back, and produced a start of tears. I note that familiarity and repetition have made me callous about angleworms and fish. (K.D.O.; M.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.A.; Age 32.)

RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE AND UNCERTAINTY ASCRIBED TO EXCESSIVE CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN CHILDHOOD

Possibly the field in which I have had the most difficulty in making an adjustment satisfactory to myself is that of religion. In childhood, I went to church automatically (a clergyman's daughter). I knew nothing except to go to church at church time, and it was an unheard-of thing for one of us to miss a service. We, as children, could not conceive of what a person who did not go to church would do at church time. However, we were never forced nor even urged to study the catechism. As a result, we never did. Now, since I am away from home, I have no desire to attend church or any religious services. I have never attempted to discredit the beliefs of the church; I have accepted most of them passively, and of some I have formed rather definite ideas of my own. In this field, I feel I have not as yet made a satisfactory adjustment. As a child, I accepted religion as inevitable; now, as an adult, it is a topic to be avoided. This is a result, I believe, of an overdose of churchgoing in my childhood. I have never crystallized a set of religious beliefs for myself or for others; neither have I discredited entirely the doctrines taught me as a child. I fear I have avoided purposely a decision in this matter, because I have never had the courage to face the issue of a decision between what I was taught to believe and what I feel I do believe as a result of my later childhood and adult observations. I sometimes feel that I should take a definite position in the matter, but I am not yet ready to cast aside the doctrines taught me when I was a child, neither am I ready to accept them. (D.K.L.; F.; S.C.T.)

RELIGIOUS DOUBTS AT THE AGE OF REASON, THE SANTA CLAUS MYTH SUGGESTING THAT THE BIBLE IS A SERIES OF MYTHS TO MAKE BOYS DO WHAT ADULTS WANT THEM TO DO

Every religious influence was thrown around me in my early childhood. I was taught much of the Bible in Sunday school and at home. For a time I accepted all in simple faith. But with the coming of the age of reason, a cloud began to gather. I had been deceived about Santa Claus. Were Christ, heaven, and hell also myths to influence boys to do what adults wished? If God made the world, who made God? The Biblical explanation no longer satisfied. I really wrestled with the theory of evolution and tried to reconcile it to the Biblical view of creation. These problems of the creation of life and life after death stirred my brain. I read all I could find on these matters, but I never spoke of the matter. Possibly I remained inhibited and shut-in because of early childish experiences. (B.I.J.; M.; H.S.P.; B.A.)

CONFLICT BETWEEN CONCEPTS OF EVOLUTION AND EARLY RELIGIOUS VIEWS; ANTISMOKING OBSESSION

I experienced a very annoying conflict between my early religious training and the concepts and teachings of evolution. That has automatically adjusted itself, and I find no trouble to carry on as the superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday school and at the same time follow very closely all of the late findings of science along the line of evolution. One conclusion I have drawn is that there never should have been such a controversy from the very first. Earlier in life I held many very radical moral views that have been greatly modified during later life. One of these related to the use of cigarettes. Most of my associates smoke, but I am not now even conscious of the fact most of the time. As a child I did not give much thought to the practice, but as a boy I smoked the same as other boys. When I reached high school the athletic coach wrote "taboo" across the practice in most emphatic terms with the result that six boys out of his basketball squad reached the age of twenty-one or older before they began to smoke again. A couple of us didn't take up the practice again, and in my own case it gradually crystallized itself into an obsession that clung to me for some time. (M.E.M.; M.; Director Vocational Guidance in T.C.; M.A.; Age 33.)

CHAPTER XVII

BEHAVIOR MALADJUSTMENTS

THE following reports are not intended to be representative of the great variety of misbehavior patterns, not even the minor ones, found in children. They will prove of interest, however, in showing various kinds of successful treatment. Greater success will be achieved in handling problems of misconduct when misbehavior characteristics are regarded as symptoms to be explained, and when the attempt is made to discover and remove the causes of social nonconformity. Social conformity can sometimes be secured by repressive, punitive means, and sometimes very successfully so, but better results usually accrue from the attempt to understand the motives of misconduct and to treat causes.

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A QUARRELSOME, BELLICOSE FIRST-GRADE BULLY WHOSE BLUFF WAS CALLED AND TENDENCY QUASHED BY A WELL-PLANTED RETALIATORY FISTICUFF

The case nearest to a problem child with a quarreling tendency in my class of six-year-old children, was Ford, a lovely-looking little boy of eight years, who was given to quarreling and bullying. He would let his fists fly into another's face at the least provocation. The first manifestation I had of this behavior was during the first week of his attendance, when he almost broke the nose of one of his classmates because he said he coughed in his face, although the offender begged his pardon. Talking to Ford helped but little.

I spoke to his mother about his behavior. She said he had to associate with some "bad boys" one summer, and she was sure that was just when he "got it." Some neighbors said Ford was always bullying a little sister. So Ford was placed in a group of older boys. One day when he hit one of these boys without much cause, the older boy hit back with all his might. This effected a complete cure. He worked with this group the last part of the year and seemed quite happy. (From H.E.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

A BULLY WHO RESPONDED TO THREE KNOCKOUTS BY THE TEACHER, AND BECAME WELL-BEHAVED, CO-OPERATIVE, AND INDUSTRIOUS

E. S. came to our school in October, 1929, age 13-2, M.A. 9-1. He had been in the special class for three years and had been recommended to an institution, but, since he was an only child, his father refused to let him go. He had a bad record—"fits" they called his actions. He was not afraid to knock anybody out.

His first "fit" in our school was about a month after he entered. He had a fight with the bus driver, which ended his riding. He was told to walk both ways, less than a mile each way, which he did without remonstrance. His next "fit" was in the gym, where he knocked the gym teacher down. Assistance was summoned, including a policeman, but E. was not afraid of any of them.

A few days later he threw a "fit" in his classroom. This was just what his teacher had been waiting for. She was a powerful woman, and immediately knocked him down. It came so unexpectedly that he thought one of the boys did it, and got up frothing at the mouth, ready to fight all the boys in the room. When the teacher repeated her act, he was ready to fight her, also. She didn't say a word, but gave him another blow, whereupon he dragged himself into a seat, and the class proceeded as usual. Since this incident, about a year and a half ago, E. has caused no more trouble in school, and has co-operated and accomplished more in school subjects and shop work than any other boy in his group. (From P.H.G.; F.; S.C.T.)

FEIGNING ILLNESS AS A BID FOR SYMPATHY AND AN EXCUSE FOR COWARDICE, SHIRKING, AND PLAYING TRUANT; CURED BY A GOOD SPANKING

R., a boy of ten, had been in poor health with symptoms of diabetes, was extremely nervous and was the biggest coward in the world, but intellectually bright according to the intelligence test.

After the doctors pronounced him fit to come to school he would play off sick and cry for hours, so loud he could be heard in almost every room in the building. His teacher was very sympathetic and did the best she could for him. He failed his first year after returning, and during the second year he began playing truant and running off from school on account of his alleged sickness. All the time he was getting the pity of those in school.

Finally, it dawned on the principal that R. was bluffing, and he took R. into his office and gave R. an unusually good spanking. This proved to be good medicine, for from that time on R. settled down. The past year he did fine work and has given but little trouble since. (From W.E.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

SPORADIC TANTRUMS PROBABLY DUE TO OUT-OF-SCHOOL CONFLICTS; PARTIAL SOLUTION THROUGH ISOLATION

Mickey, eleven, who possesses ability, can do good work when he wants to, and is as agreeable as you could wish a child to be when everything is moving nicely and he is in a good humor. He will do anything in the world for you, be it schoolwork or anything else. This state of mind may last for days, when all of a sudden he comes to school in the morning seemingly possessed. Then he has a tantrum for a whole day or perhaps three or four days in succession. When he is in this emotional state it is almost impossible to live with him. He has been like this ever since I have known anything about him. The first time I saw him in a tantrum he was in the second grade. He has gradually become worse as time has gone on. The solution for this erratic behavior has not yet been achieved. The only method of correction which apparently works is complete isolation from the rest of the group. His class now does not take any account of him while in these tantrums. They regard his behavior as disgusting. But he does not fail to employ any possible way to annoy either teacher or pupil. The teachers all along the line here had their experiences with "Mickey," as he is called by his playmates. I should enjoy finding some cure for his tantrums or some means of eliminating them. (From K.C.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

IDEAS OF PERSONAL REFERENCE AND COMPENSATORY REACTIONS IN A YOUNG BOLSHEVIST WHO RESPONDED TO TACTFUL TREATMENT

G. G. entered high school bolshevistic in his every tendency. He felt that every regulation was designed to entangle him, that every teacher had a "pick" at him, that every boy of every team or club was doing his best to see that he was not of their group. Every speech or program at assembly, given for the purpose of developing school morale and student acceptance of necessary regulations, was for his benefit and humiliation. With it all he had a heart of gold and qualities that would arouse the sympathies of any school principal.

During his first year he was continually in trouble. He was punished in every conceivable way, including corporal punishment. There was no improvement, and he was suspended toward the close of the first year. His habitual grouch (it seemed) necessitated it.

His second year started off as was to be expected. By Christmas of his second year, Principal X concluded that if he could develop in him qualities of good school citizenship, what he learned in books would be of secondary moment. This was attempted in two distinct ways. He decided to cater to his special interests, athletics and practical science.

Principal X carried him every article he could find stressing the qualities of the good sportsman, value of teamwork, subordination of self for the good of the group, etc. He read them with a zest, and began to try to live out on the field many of the suggestions. His temper at times often caused him to revert, but there gradually developed in him a disgust with himself in this matter. It was finally suggested to some of the boys of the team that he should be made the captain for the following year and this was done.

His hobbies were appealed to. He was used as an electrician and repair carpenter for odd jobs, and was given an opportunity to tinker in the laboratory on the excuse he was getting ready apparatus for coming class exercises. A fondness for school developed, and by the end of the year he was doing work only somewhat below the level of the normal boy.

In his third year, as a result of his own inborn tendencies, he was involved in a town affair in which his father was killed. About a week later he confided to Principal X that he was probably to blame, and expressed his resolution to make good. He did good schoolwork, was accepted by the students in all their functions, and was an influence for good student morale throughout the entire school.

Last fall, his fourth year in high school, he was forced to go to work in December to support the family. He now has a worthy job as an electrician's helper and is putting his sister through high school.

The boy feels that Principal X has rendered him a great service. He is on the road to becoming a good citizen. Principal X feels that it has been done, in major part, (1) through an appeal to his love for athletics and (2) through his hobby. (From W.E.L.; M.; H.S.T.; B.A.)

A YOUTHFUL EXHIBITION OF DO-OR-DIE DETERMINATION; A TANTRUM PRECIPITATED BY REFUSAL TO ALLOW SUBJECT TO ACCOMPANY BROTHER TO THE CEMETERY, EXPRESSING ITSELF IN SCREAMING, KICKING, FIGHTING, AND REFUSING TO BUDGE FROM ONE SPOT

When I was about three and a half years old, my maternal grandfather died, in the late winter. At this particular time I was ill with a cold. About a week after the funeral my mother and grandmother decided to go to the cemetery to see if the grave had been properly sodded. They planned to take my older brother with them. Unfortunately, I thought that wherever my brother went, there I must go, too. No amount of reasoning, persuasion, promises, or threats made any impression on me, so finally my mother said in a very positive voice that I could not go. With that the three of them went out of the house and got into the buggy. I dashed by an old aunt, who was to stay with me until they returned, screaming at the top of my voice, and jumped on the back of the buggy. There I hung until the driver stopped the horses and came and wrenched my grasp loose. A neighbor carried me back to the house. I was all this time fighting like a little wildcat. When he got to the house, he put me down in the hallway and shut the front door very quickly. Just where he deposited me, there I remained, screaming at the top of my voice, kicking and stamping until the return of my mother. I have only had one tantrum similar to this, the day after my father's funeral. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A VIOLENT TEMPER BY A TOMBOY GIRL WHO NEVER PLAYED WITH GIRLS, TO SATISFY CRAVING FOR POWER AND RECOGNITION (URGE OF EGO INSTINCT); OVERCOME ON FALLING IN LOVE. SEX ADJUSTMENT

I think I fostered an inherited tendency to "see red." I remember the thrill I got when I made people afraid of me, and the glorious physical feeling derived from personal combat. I don't remember ever trying to control my temper before I was thirteen years old when I entered high school. Then I decided to control my temper. I never lost it to outward appearances after that, but I reached my maturity before I had ceased to struggle with it.

I never played with girls from earliest childhood. I climbed trees, picked cherries and blackberries, hunted snakes, rode bicycles and horseback with the boys of the neighborhood, and was accepted as one of them. Consequently, I reached thirteen without any sex consciousness. Then suddenly I fell in love with a new boy in high school, the occasion for controlling my temper. I was the youngest in my class, having skipped two grades, so of course he did not notice me. I now wanted to be a real girl, and noticed boys as boys for the first time. I still took great pride in my physical strength, however, and constantly found myself competing with boys in swimming, rowing, playing tennis, etc. I still had no use for girls, and as I was very popular with the boys, the girls had little love for me. My first love deepened and matured, so that it was my only love experience. (W.W.A.; F.; S.C.T.)

A SENSITIVE, DIFFIDENT, RETIRING, AND APPARENTLY STUBBORN SUBNORMAL GIRL WHO RESPONDED TO PRAISE, ENCOURAGEMENT, AND KIND TREATMENT

An unduly sensitive, timid, and shy pupil is Julia. Her sister, Emily, is similar in some ways, but has more self-confidence. Julia is now nearly fifteen; mental age 5.6, I.Q. 69. She is tall, has dark expressive eyes, and a pleasant smile which seldom shows itself for she has a serious, almost melancholy expression.

When Julia entered my class she would not respond in reading, nor recite, nor go to the blackboard. I thought she was stubborn, but after studying her for a few weeks I concluded she was diffident, self-conscious, sensitive. Her work in reading and spelling was equal to the second-grade standard, her command of English was very poor (she had been attending a Polish school), and in arithmetic she did about third-grade work. I discovered that she had ability in sewing. I praised her work highly, asking her to make something for the display cabinet. This seemed to please her. So I praised every small effort in her academic work, with the result that she began to respond a little more. Julia wrote from memory a short poem we had learned. When I begged her to recite it for the class, she flushed, hesitated, got up, sat down, but at last went through with it. I put my arm about her and told her she pleased me more than I could say. In planning a play, I told Julia that she would be ideal for the part of the Indian squaw because of her black eyes. But she cried out in absolute consternation, "Oh! I can't go on the stage!" I fully understood it would be agony for her, and I suffered many qualms and misgivings concerning the success of the play because of the probability of Julia's having stage fright. However, I was determined to arouse her self-confidence and to help her conquer her fears.

On the day of the production, Julia walked upon the stage as if it were her own home. In the next play we staged, she took the part of the "mother," one of the leading parts in the play. She has no originality of expression, and had to be trained in every line and gesture. But I would not now hesitate to give her any part within the limits of her mental capacity. The latter play had been produced previously by a sixth grade in another school. I was amused to hear some of the upper-grade teachers remark, "Those children aren't really defective, are they? They're just slow." None of the teachers had any children as low mentally as my highest grades.

At the present time there is nothing that Julia will not try to do. She advanced from the "C" group to the "B" group and then the "A" group in one year. At the close of school she was doing addition and subtraction of fractions, reading from the third reader, spelling fourth-grade words well, and doing fourth-grade English work. She smiles readily now, walks and talks with confidence, and certainly has nearly overcome her "inferiority complex." I am happy to have helped J. to learn to "stand on her own feet." (V.E.; F.; S.C.T.)

CHAPTER XVIII

HAMPERING HABITS HARD TO OVERCOME

INSTANCES of hampering habits occur, of course, under many other rubrics and particularly in Chapter VI, "Obsessions and Compulsions." Many conditioned reflexes are the result of a process of habit fixation. It seems advisable, however, to group a number of hampering habits under one head for illustrative purposes. These illustrations meet the twofold requirement of being hampering traits that have proved difficult to overcome.

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PERSISTENT NAIL BITING, THUMB SUCKING, AND CRAVING TO FEEL COLD SKIN; MOTHER CONSIDERED THUMB-SUCKING BABY A GOOD BABY, AND THUS MADE NO EFFORT TO CORRECT HABIT; PROTRUSION OF UPPER TEETH ATTRIBUTED TO THUMB SUCKING

Two habits, biting of finger nails and thumb sucking, stayed with me until I grew up. The two hardest things that I ever tried in my life were to overcome these two habits. I started as an infant to suck my thumb and feel cold skin. At night I rubbed my legs and in the daytime my cheeks. When I started school I was teased about the habit. One teacher I had mocked me, and I hated her for it. I felt ashamed and wished to break the habit, but it was too strong. Not until I was twelve or thirteen years old did I succeed. With a strong determination to stop, I lived with gloves on day and night and thus broke the habit completely. Today I like to feel cold skin—that desire has never left me. The continued thumb sucking during so many years ruined the shape of my mouth. My upper front teeth protrude, and the roof is extraordinarily high. Mother always had the false notion that a thumb-sucking baby was a good, contented baby and made no effort to break the habit early in life.

The biting of the finger nails was very hard to break. Even today if anything gets me very nervous off goes a nail. Nervousness caused by uncorrected astigmatism from which I suffered for years may have had something to do with the nail biting. During my high-school years I would come out of every examination minus a finger nail. This did not continue in college. Even today my nails split very easily, either due to the former biting or the condition of my body. (B.C.V.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 31.)

EMBARRASSMENT AND ACQUISITION OF MANNERISMS FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE HABIT OF NAIL BITING

Very early I started the habit of chewing my nails, and I still bite them. Every known remedy was employed to break me of the habit, but it has persisted. Several times I have doggedly tried to let them grow, but I can remember no time when they were all grown to a suitable length at one time. It has caused me great embarrassment, and, as a result, I find that I have acquired gestures and mannerisms by which I hide my hands as much as possible. (L.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

THE PRACTICE OF NAIL BITING THOUGHT TO BE OCCASIONED BY NERVOUSNESS AND AGGRAVATED BY THE NERVOUS RUSH PRODUCED BY PROCRASTINATION, RESULTING IN THE TEARING OFF OF NAILS; OVERCOME BY THE MUTUAL RESOLUTION OF RESPONDENT AND HER FIANCE TO STOP THE HABIT, TO WHICH HE WAS ALSO SUBJECT, ALTHOUGH REGRESSIONS OCCUR IN STATES OF OVERSTRAIN TO THIS ALLEGED COMPENSATORY MECHANISM

Ever since I can remember I have been bothered with the persistent habit of nail biting. I can remember my mother saying despairingly, "E., thee used to have such pretty hands when thee was a tiny babe, why must thee spoil them?" Grandmother used to manicure my stubby nails to arouse pride in me to have them look better. We tried bitter aloes and many other distasteful remedies, but none were sufficiently strong to overcome my desire to bite my nails. Of course, I was asked if I was so hungry I had to eat my nails, but I did not resent anything that was said about it. I had no special desire to overcome a habit which gave me so much pleasure. I am inclined to be nervous, and astigmatism may be a partial cause of this and also of my habit of nail biting. Perhaps my nervousness has usually arisen from the feeling that I must get things done well and on time, since I tend to procrastinate.

Long ago I formed the habit of planning my daily schedule whenever I have anything coming due at a certain time. But I usually make more good resolutions than I can live up to and, consequently, have to cram at the zero hour.

When examinations are near, I sometimes have not studied my notes at all until the night before the test. I have never had the fear that I will not be able to pass, because I know that I can master the material. But I must get down certain series of points which are not naturally on tap in my brain. I must organize in logical order the generalizations I have gained and memorize the definitions that some professors often require word for word. In the rush of this process I usually lose one or two nails.

But I have now largely conquered this habit. My pride, or shame perhaps, was sufficiently aroused when I started to go out with my future husband. Of course, I wanted to be perfect. One fortunate thing was that my fiancé also bit his nails. We promised each other that we would stop. We have kept that promise with few lapses. Sometimes when we are tired or overstrained we regress to this childish habit as a spur to further achievement and compensation for our jangled nerves. Why nail biting should be a compensation I do not know, but it helps. When a nail is missing I make strenuous effort to get it back again. (S.E.; F.; E.S.T. in a Private S.; Age 25.)

CONFIRMED HABIT OF PENURIOUSNESS, NEGLECTING IMPORTANT THINGS BECAUSE OF NIGGARDLINESS OVER TRIFLES, AND FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY TRACEABLE TO RIGID DEPRIVATION OF SPENDING MONEY AND OF THE ORDINARY NECESSITIES DURING CHILDHOOD AND TO CONSTANT DRILLING IN THE NECESSITY OF STRICT ECONOMY; ANXIETY AS TO WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF JOB WERE LOST

I think I must have gone literally for years without any spending money. I simply spent no money for any purpose of my own. My friend B. had the princely weekly allowance of twenty-five cents, plus whatever he was able to wheedle from his mother. I never essayed any such wheedling. The necessity of strict economizing was so incessantly drilled into me that I developed an awe of money, and regarded children who spent small change carelessly for candy, moving pictures, and the like, as beings from remote realms whose conditions I could only guess. I wore clothes until patching could no longer conceal their lamentable state, and shoes until large holes were worn through the soles. Often rather than ask for money for half-soles, I would fit pieces of cardboard inside my shoes to stop the holes. I paid a price for these deprivations in uneasy consciousness at school that others were of a better appearance, and that they noticed that I was untidy and unattractive. I fell into the habit of wearing clothes after they had become soiled. When occasionally I had the luck to make a few cents by odd jobs, it never occurred to me that I might spend the money. I always handed it over to my mother to be applied on household expenses. There was no sense of heroic self-denial in this. As a matter of fact, I could not have spent the money without a panicky feeling of risk, a sense that I was courting some vague but darkly looming disaster. That feeling still haunts me to a slight degree. I am still too anxious to save pennies. I expend time and energy often in trivial repairs, etc., that would probably be much better invested in my vocational specialty.

Probably closely allied to this ingrained niggardliness is a fear of losing my job that comes to me—not very frequently, now. I am inclined to have anxious thoughts about what would happen if I should lose my place. A special deference is very likely to appear toward a person to whom I owe the holding of a position. I find it very hard to disagree with the man who is responsible for my salary. Even in the face of contrary evidence, the old attitude that only by worry, anxious scheming, and rigid avoidance of all spending can one keep his nose above water sometimes creeps over me stealthily.

At longer intervals I sometimes feel an urge to go on a "spree" of spending small amounts. This is, no doubt, a sort of eruption of wishes too vigorously repressed by money-anxiety. (K.D.A.; M.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.A.; Age 32.)

WRESTLING WITH THE HABIT OF PROCRASTINATION

For many years I have been a victim of procrastination, postponing the attack on my tasks until they just must be done. When I had a theme to write, even though I had been given the assignment two weeks in advance, it would be written somewhere between ten o'clock and one o'clock the night before it was due. Work directly connected with my teaching seemed to be the only work in which I did not procrastinate. I like teaching and studying and usually have no trouble getting started in my studies. But letter writing, washing dishes, sewing, and such activities are constantly put off. Apparently the things I am not fond of doing I put off.

This course in mental hygiene is helping me to conquer this annoying habit, although I am not cured. I find myself repeating the rules for overcoming procrastination, and I am beginning to take pleasure in getting odd jobs off my hands. I believe there is no more hampering habit than that of procrastination. I do not know when this habit began, but I think I see the beginning of its end. (R.J.I.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 43.)

CHAPTER XIX

OVERFASTIDIOUSNESS AND OVERSCRUPULOUSNESS

PERHAPS few persons can compare with the excessively precise, captious, and fastidious personalities in producing minor miseries and annoyances in life for themselves and for others. Finicality is a type of personality maladjustment that often proves ruinous to personal and professional relationships that would otherwise continue on terms of enduring cordiality and confidence. How shall the teacher and the parent prevent or overcome the overexacting, excessively nice attitude in the innumerable minor situations in life in which insistence on precision is not only of no vital consequence but may become a definite vice and an obstacle to the maintenance of amicable relations? The problem in the run-of-the-mine workaday activities of life is to strike the golden mean between fastidiousness or over-punctiliousness, on the one hand, and carelessness, indifference, and sloppiness, on the other hand.

1. To what extent are finicalness and scrupulosity defense mechanisms, or compensatory phenomena, or the results of militaristic training, or of parental or teacher behavior patterns? Are they unconscious defenses against feelings of blameworthiness or inadequacy?
2. How shall the tendency to become overfastidious be overcome without encouraging the tendency toward slovenliness and indifference?

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Wallin, pp. 145 f., 244, 457.

COMPULSIVE FASTIDIOUSNESS AND SCRUPULOUSNESS AS AN EXPRESSION OF THE SUPERIORITY COMPLEX; RANKLING RESENTMENT AGAINST UNJUST PUNISHMENT; DESIRE FOR RETALIATION; MORBID FEAR OF GERMS (PATHOPHOBIA OR TOXOPHOBIA); SCRUPULOUSNESS ABOUT THE CLEANLINESS OF FOODS (MISOPHOBIA)

I believe I am right in saying that I was a normal, healthy, energetic child. Though the third of six children, I usually had my way about things. I was more successful in school than others, generally leading my class. My insistence upon exactness and appearances at home and abroad, together with my habit of responding readily, won for me the reputation of being a brilliant student. But my mature years have not borne out my preadolescent promise. Whereas I once felt confident in any undertaking, I now hesitate at the least sign of responsibility.

A superiority complex, encouraged by my associates, has spent itself in an absurd fastidiousness. A peculiar experience which grew out of this fastidiousness occurred when I was in the fourth grade. The children were going out to recess. This day the older girl who should have marched behind me, was anxious to get out to lunch. She stepped in front of me. I considered that imposing upon my rights, and stepped up to my rightful place. The principal saw the disorder and wanted to know the cause of the trouble.

"She took my place!" the girl cried out. I felt that the principal was afraid of her and too hasty in jerking me out of line. Before I could say anything, my face was slapped smartly. My protests that I had not done anything only brought the horrid words, "You lie, I saw you!"

With all of my tomboy tendencies, I was not given to lying. My word could be relied upon. I suppose I must have done a good bit of kicking. At any rate, the affair ended by my being taken to his office and punished. This was too much, and I silently swore that if it took me a lifetime in which to find a way to do so, I was going to have my revenge. But how? I lost my appetite, stopped playing, grew thin, had little or nothing to say to anyone, and spent all my spare time in brooding over how to avenge myself. I refused to look at the principal. I had not gained the name of tomboy for nothing, and when I became so quiet, everyone was anxious. Parents questioned me, but my heart was closed against them because they had told the principal to be strict with me. Teachers questioned me, but no amount of questioning revealed anything.

Not long after the incident, the principal died. I asked to go to the funeral. When granted permission, I insisted upon wearing black. At the funeral, when I looked at him in the coffin, I cried so that I drew the attention of all present; nor could I be pulled away. Everyone had forgotten or was ignorant of my humiliation and attributed my actions to a childish admiration or love. Someone made a remark to this effect, at which I shocked them by saying, between sobs, that I was crying because he died before I could get even with him. After that I was relieved.

One day, while visiting my uncle's office, I noticed a nice, clean-looking man who had come for medical advice. When the man left, my uncle had the office boy take the chair in which he had been sitting to the basement to be disinfected. I was inquisitive and had to know why. Upon being told that the man had an incurable, contagious disease, I became suspicious of everyone and stood up the rest of the day. This dread of disease grew, spreading from chairs in a doctor's office to all chairs anywhere.

Shortly after this, an incident at school increased my fears of germs and disease. One of my classmates was expelled from school. By listening to the whispers of larger girls, I learned that her mother had been sent to Hot Springs because she was almost eaten up with a "bad disease."

From then on, I would not drink from school drinking cups. I developed irregular habits, and insisted on keeping the same seat in the classroom, or stood and cried. One teacher humored me to the extent of a special chair.

This fear has followed me through life. When I married, I peeved my husband by my extreme fastidiousness. Every night, when he was about to retire, I prepared his bath with a spoonful of carbolic acid to rid him of any germs which he might have acquired during the day. After any visitors we might have had left, I went through the house with a cloth soaked in some disinfectant solution, wiping off door knobs, chairs, anything which I felt they might have touched. Germicides were constantly used in the bathroom. Even the dishwater smelled of ammonia, and ammonia was poured into the sink to keep the pipes clean. Today, I do not share face soaps, creams, or powder puffs even with my daughter.

Not long ago a friend visited me. When she was preparing to leave, she asked for some powder for her puff. I had recently bought a box of very expensive powder, and this I got for her. She dipped her puff in the box, powdered her face, and bid me goodbye. No sooner had the door closed than I took the box and poured off the top powder into another. When another friend came visiting, I should be prepared! My precautions in other things have at times, since my profession required that I would be in public places for the greater part of the day, resulted in medical attention.

As a rule, my liking for foods was determined by whether or not I thought they were clean. For a while I showed a great fondness for oysters and shrimp. When I learned more about them, however, I would not eat them unless I was allowed to prepare them. When I prepared them, I cut out the food canal of each. I also liked cabbages and the different kinds of greens, but never failed, when possible, to meet the grocery boy in order that I might be allowed to wash them. The process of washing each leaf separately and rinsing several times was a laborious one, but I did not mind. Only under these circumstances would I eat them. When I began buying and cooking my own food, every piece of meat brought into the house was scrubbed with soap and brush before it was cooked. This may be due to an experience I had in a butcher shop when I saw the butcher blow his nose immediately before cutting some meat for a buyer. After that, I imagined all kinds of things which he could do while handling the meat I would buy. (W.G.C.; F.; Col.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 44.)

REVULSION AT EATING AWAY FROM HOME WHEN KITCHEN IS KNOWN OR BELIEVED TO BE DIRTY

My parents were teachers in a small village which drew many students from the surrounding country. Consequently, the patrons were often inviting them to dine with them. Since I was the only child, I went with them. Most of these meals were little horrors to me. We had a dining room at home which we used for every meal, and we used table cloths and napkins. My mother, though busily engaged in teaching, kept a clean house and an immaculate kitchen. When I went with my parents to homes where cleanliness was at a minimum I rebelled inwardly, and many times mamma would be forced to say, "T. hates to eat away from home." When there was a dining room and cleanliness I did fairly well, but when we were forced to eat in the kitchen, amid an array of dirty pots and pans on an oilcloth-covered table, I would become sick. This difficulty has pursued me up to the present time. I size up the looks of a cook. I can forgive dirt in the parlor, but do let the kitchen be spic and span! Let the bedroom be tumbled if you just must neglect some portion of the home, but let the dishes, glassware, and silver be shining and free from stickiness, and the pots be scalded and clean. When I see a dirty kitchen and force myself to partake of the viands they are as sawdust to me, no matter how delicious they may taste, for I am thinking of whence they came. (A.H.T.; F.; Col.; U.T. of Psych. and Ed.; M.S.; Age 26.)

CHAPTER XX

FOOD FADS, ANTIPATHIES, CAPRICES, AND IDIOSYNCRASIES

IN NO province of life is there greater display of whimsicality, finicality, or fastidiousness than in food preferences. Many of these food attitudes seem irrational, capricious, and inexplicable. But most food idiosyncrasies are probably the result of definite processes of emotional conditioning, usually in early life.

1. Make a classified list of the alleged causative factors of the food idiosyncrasies described in these reports.
2. Can you find any evidence in these reports or in the literature that strong food aversions or predilections are heritable?
3. Can any of the food idiosyncrasies be explained as allergic phenomena? Are there purely psychic food allergies, due to emotional conditioning? Which cases can be so explained?
4. Make a list of the suggestions contained in the reports which seem to you of most value in preventing or overcoming injurious or irrational food likes or dislikes.

REFERENCES

Burnham, pp. 35, 38.
Sherman, p. 264.
Wallin, pp. 8, 71 f.

PERSISTENT DIETARY CAPRICES, DUE PARTLY TO INDULGENCE OF GRANDPARENTS; CLINGING TO BOTTLE UNTIL SHAMED TO RELINQUISH IT; AVERSION TO FRESH MILK BECAUSE OF EARLY CONDITIONING (ASSOCIATION OF MILK WITH NAUSEATING ODOR OF COWS)

Of all problems which have caused my family concern about me, the ones which have perhaps left the most serious effects, are food fads and antipathies. I was born on a farm where wholesome food was abundant. My father died when I was two years old, and my mother and I remained with my grandparents until I was seven. It was during this period, no doubt, that the fads and antipathies developed, since my mother could do little to instill correct habits and attitudes toward a proper dietary because of the constant interference of over-indulgent grandparents. Their theory was, "If she doesn't like it, don't try to make her eat it; it won't do her any good." As a result, my diet (especially in my mother's absence) many times consisted only of meat, bread, and sweets. I remember one time eating nothing but radishes and strawberries all day. But my mother, though she never succeeded, never gave up, and there were perpetual conflicts of which I was probably conscious. No doubt I took advantage of these.

When my mother attempted many times to take away my bottle, I refused to drink milk from a glass, and aided and abetted by the grandparents, I used the bottle until I was five years old, when derision from a cousin shamed me into refusing even that. From that time until I was twenty-two I never tasted milk. This aversion included all dairy products: butter, cheese, curd, cream, and buttermilk.

My explanation is that I always abhorred the odor of cows and fresh milk, and have often become extremely nauseated while watching one of the hired men milk a cow. To me milk smelt like cows (and to this day country or unpasteurized milk does), and I could not drink it. Fortunately for me there is pasteurization.

Then, when I was twenty-two years old, I suffered a partial nervous collapse, and was threatened with tuberculosis. My physician ordered a strict diet, to include daily a large amount of milk, butter, and green vegetables. Realizing the gravity of the situation, and frightened by the condition of my health, after many sad attempts I finally forced myself to drink milk and cream in increasing quantities. Now after four years of this rigid diet I can truthfully say I like milk and can eat any amount of butter on hot foods where it will "melt and run in," but as yet somehow I cannot get it down in lumps or when it is cold, nor can I force myself to eat cheese in any manner. A few things I have steeled myself to eat when dining out so as not to appear rude to my hostess, but generally it does not carry over. There were a few vegetables, such as potatoes, corn, beans, and peas, which I always ate; but many valuable ones, such as spinach, cabbage, carrots, kale, lettuce, and tomatoes, I have only recently been able to eat. (L.S.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

CONTINUED AVERSION TO MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS ASCRIBED TO DISAGREEABLE ODOR OF MILK YARD OR REVULSION ON BEHOLDING USE OF BREAST PUMPS

The subject never liked milk and several of its by-products, such as butter, cottage cheese, custard, vanilla ice cream, or anything else in which the taste of milk plays a prominent part. This aversion has continued to the present, although it is not nearly so strong now with regard to vanilla ice cream and butter. The subject can even drink milk now, although not without revulsion. This accomplishment was reached while a student in college as the result of determination to drink milk for its food value. Whenever milk is indulged in, it is always disposed of as soon as possible, a whole glass at one draught. The subject was nursed naturally. The first recollection of aversion to milk can be placed at about the age of six. One possible explanation is the fact that from a very early age he was forced to attend to cows, driving them to and from pasture, and later having to milk them. The odor surrounding the whole business was probably then, as now, repugnant, and carried over to the use of milk. There is another possible explanation, a very hazy recollection. Sometime after the birth of a younger child, four years younger than the subject, it evidently became necessary for the mother to use a breast pump. The subject carries a faint recollection of seeing this operation once, and seems to recall a feeling of revulsion. This, coming at an earlier age than the experience with cows, may be the basis for the whole feeling, and subsequent experiences may have served to make it stronger. The present emotional situation which these milk products evoke is one of determination. He can and does eat them when necessary, but always with the feeling that it is just something that cannot very well be avoided. (B.O.I.; M.; C.T. of Psych. and Ed.; B.A.)

TWO INSTANCES OF CONDITIONING AGAINST MILK, FIRST FROM OBSERVING A MILKMAN IN DIRTY COSTUME MILKING IN THE MIDST OF FILTH AND, SECOND, FROM OBSERVING THE GURGLING OF MICE DROWNED IN THE MILKY WATER; PRODUCTION OF LOSS OF APPETITE, NAUSEA, AND ILLNESS, AND ALSO ANNOYING IDETIC IMAGES FROM THE ODOR OF MILK OR THE SIGHT OF MILK IN MILK BOTTLES

According to my first recollection of my dislike for milk, it began at the age of seven when we moved from the city to the country. Up to this time, mother tells me, I always drank milk and enjoyed it as much as any other food. It was my duty to go daily after the milk at a farmhouse nearby. I can vividly recall the occasion when I once arrived before the milk was ready, and decided to walk down to the barn and watch the hired man do the milking. I had never seen this before. It was a hot summer evening in August when flies were at their worst. I beheld the hired man wearing a most unclean costume, milking the cow in an old stable that appeared not to have been cleaned in months. I shall never forget the picture this experience produced in my mind nor the odor of the warm milk as it was squirted into the pail sitting in a pile of manure. Flies were thick around the edge of the pail, and occasionally as the cow would switch her tail a fly would drop into the milk.

So nauseating was the scene to me that when I returned home I was deathly sick and could not eat my supper or breakfast. For several years after this incident, the sight of milk would check my appetite and sometimes nauseate me. Even the odor of milk heating in a covered pan on the stove would bring back the odor which came from the fresh milk on that hot summer night, and again I would lose all appetite and have to leave the room or become sick.

As I grew older, I tried to overcome this dislike because I realized that all milk was not produced under such unsanitary conditions, and I finally began to use milk on cereal, pudding, etc., if I knew its source. If I did not know the conditions of its source a fear would arise in spite of myself and I would be unable to ingest it. I was always able, however, to eat foods containing milk if there was no evidence of its presence. When I went to college I began to drink a glass of milk if it were very cold after we had visited the college dairy in one of my classes.

During my junior year in college an incident occurred that started a new process of conditioning that has been difficult to overcome. I worked in the college post office each morning for an hour or two. One morning while doing the usual routine work I went to the desk drawer to get a large envelope. I pulled the drawer out a short distance, and ran my hand in to get it without looking. As I did so, I felt something slick run through my hand. As I quickly jerked out my hand I caught a glimpse of a large rat. I calmly closed the drawer and called the janitor to kill the rat. The girl who was waiting for the envelope, a biology student interested in the rat, waited for the janitor to kill the rat so that she might take it to the laboratory. When the large rat had been killed we discovered there were also three baby rats in the drawer. These the girl also wanted for the biology laboratory, but instead of having the janitor kill them she decided to drown them herself in an unwashed milk bottle that someone had left in the office after having had breakfast there. After filling the bottle two-thirds full of water she proceeded to drop the baby rats one by one into the milk colored water and watched them drown.

For years following this incident, whenever I saw milk in a milk bottle, I would vividly recall how those mice gurgled in the milky liquid and finally drowned. It was utterly impossible for me thereafter to drink milk that I saw poured from a bottle. Even today, at twenty-nine, I put my milk in a pitcher soon after it arrives so that I may not have any recollection of that event when I use the milk. I still find the odor from milk that is being heated most unpleasant, and am unable to drink milk unless it is very cold and free from any odor. The smell brings back my first observation of the act of milking in the old stable. (S.B.T.; F.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 29.)

DISLIKE OF RHUBARB BECAUSE OF ASSOCIATION WITH A RABBIT COOP, WITH GRASS AND DANDELION, AND WITH THE ODOR AND TASTE OF RABBIT'S FOOD (ACCIDENTAL CONDITIONING)

As far as I can remember, there were only two dishes that were distasteful to me. One of these was rhubarb. It reminded me of grass and dandelions. An almost insignificant incident will explain this difficulty. A few of us boys, ranging in ages from seven to twelve, had built a large rabbit coop that could accommodate four boys. For three days we used it as a playhouse. One day the oldest boy suggested eating lunch in this house. He ran into the kitchen and came out with a slice of bread and a dish of rhubarb. I recall very clearly that while he was eating I was thinking of the dandelions and grass that would be eaten in this coop later.

I could not see how that boy would be willing to eat rhubarb from an open dish in this coop. From that time the sight of rhubarb made me think of a meal in a rabbit coop, and it smelled and tasted like rabbit's food. When I became older, I had to force myself to eat this delicacy, even after I had convinced myself that there was no reason for this old-time "grudge." (B.V.A.J.; M.; E.S.P.; Ph.B.; Age 31.)

AVERSION FOR MILK TRACED TO HUMORING, AND LATER TO THE PERSONAL ATTENTION IT ELICITED; AVERSION FOR VEGETABLES TREATED WITH FIRMNESS AT HOME AND EVENTUALLY OVERCOME IN BOARDING SCHOOL BECAUSE OF LIMITED RATIONS AND BECAUSE OF DESIRE NOT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION TO SELF

I was humored in my dislike for milk. A cousin who came to visit us observed that I refused to drink milk at the table, and she told mother I should not be urged to drink milk, as bottle babies always had a dislike for milk. That settled the matter. I was never urged by the family to drink milk after that. Grandmother, when I visited her, tried to induce me to drink milk. I did not find her urging unpleasant as it drew attention to me. I seemed to be an unusual girl.

My dislike for vegetables was different. Once when I refused to eat all on my plate, father said I could not be excused from the table until I had eaten everything. Each bite was worse than the last one. Finally, I began to cry, saying I had eaten all I could. But I saw that would do no good, so I ate and cried, until all was eaten. After that, father began to serve the plates, and I had to eat some of all the vegetables that were served. I just ate them because I had to and wanted to avoid a scene. When I grew older and realized how my younger sister and brother ate, I grew ashamed of myself. I was also being praised for eating vegetables. But eating afforded me little pleasure. When I left home for the first time for a boarding school, I acquired an appetite. If I did not eat all that was served I became very hungry before the next meal, so I learned to eat nearly everything and to like it. Then, too, my table hostess worried if I refused to eat anything. She felt sure I was sick. I did not like this attention, for at this age I became very uncomfortable when attention was drawn to me, especially concerning my state of health. (R.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 35.)

CHILDISH ANTIPATHY TO CUSTARD PIE DUE TO CHANCE CONDITIONING WHICH WAS READILY OVERCOME

As a child I never ate custard pie. My grandmother lived across the way from an Irish family who kept cows and always used the first milking (after a cow freshened) for making custard pies. They used to invite in neighbors and friends for real celebrations. My childish mind carried the conviction that all custards were made from that kind of milk. I thought that such milk was not good, as my grandmother always waited until the ninth or tenth milking before using the milk and then only used it for coffee.

While teaching during my first year, the most popular young man in the community, whom I loved, took me to his home for dinner. I had never been in the home before, although I had been going around with his sister for some time. During the meal a discussion arose about custard pie. I announced in no uncertain terms that nothing could induce me to eat it. My friend's father was praising his wife's cooking to the skies. He said, "Oh, but you'll eat the kind Maggie makes." Whereupon, I asserted more vehemently than ever that I would never eat custard pie! In a few moments the dessert was brought in. It was custard pie! In response to coaxing I ate my piece, and the antipathy vanished at once. (V.G.C.; F.; T. in Preventorium.)

FOOD ANTIPATHIES IN EARLY CHILDHOOD, PERHAPS PARTLY DUE TO IMITATION OF FATHER; ANTIPATHY TO CHEESE BECAUSE OF OVERINDULGENCE ON ONE OCCASION; NAUSEA FROM ODOR OF CHEESE AS A CONDITIONED RESPONSE

As a child of five or six I had quite definite and pronounced food antipathies. I was never forced to eat anything I thought I did not like. On the contrary, I was permitted to have an overabundance of the dishes that appealed to my taste and idiosyncrasies.

Okra I developed a distaste for, because of its unsightly appearance and markings. Squash I refused because it was soft and messy. Fish fell into the category of banned foods, because of the inconvenience of picking out the bones, I guess. For the past nine years I have lived at the seashore, where fish is brought in fresh three and four times a day, but not once during these years have I eaten any. I disliked cheese because after once eating it to excess, I became desperately ill. For a long time after this attack the odor of cheese in the grocery, in the pantry, or on the table caused nausea and illness. Even now the sight of cheese causes me to make an involuntary grimace of dislike. Imitation may have had something to do with my antipathy for these foods, as my father showed very pronounced aversions for the same foods. (F.E.D.; F.; Col.; E.S.T.; Ph.B.; Age 28.)

FUSSINESS ABOUT FOOD CONTAMINATION ASCRIBED TO FATHER'S VIVID WARNINGS OF THE DANGER OF CONTACT WITH GERMS

I have an exaggerated aversion to unclean handling of food. If a dish or a glass is placed on the table with "thumb action," I cannot enjoy any food or drink from that container. If I spy a hair in any food I will not eat any more of it. To drink out of a glass another has used or to eat something someone else has bitten, even a member of my own family, almost make me ill.

My extreme fussiness began after the death of my mother when I was between three and four years of age. My father, because of the death of my mother from tuberculosis, undertook the task of instilling into my brothers and me some hygiene habits, particularly in relation to unnecessary germ contacts. Since he usually paid little personal attention to his children, his instruction made a lasting impression upon me.

I have made little effort to overcome this finicality. Perhaps I enjoy being silly or at least overscrupulous about such things. Perhaps this precaution has been an asset, as my brothers and I are all healthy. Nevertheless, I sometimes do not eat sufficient food for proper nourishment, because of a feeling that it may not be clean. (B.K.J.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 39.)

IDIOSYNCRASY ABOUT MIXING FOODS; ANTIPATHY TO FAT AND BREAD PUDDING APPARENTLY DUE TO DOCTOR TELLING AT TABLE HOW HE PROBED FOR A BULLET; A CONDITIONED RESPONSE

My earliest recollection of the table is the annoyance I caused my parents by continually mixing my food on the plate. My idea of a good meal was never to keep the food in separate positions. An early favorite dish of mine was rice and field peas, but I wanted them mixed. When I recall my early tendencies toward eating, it seems strange that I now enjoy a meal served in courses more than in any other manner.

I acquired a dislike for fat and bread pudding in the following way. It so happened that a road show was in town and the leading man was accidentally shot during a performance. The doctor who attended him came to dinner with us and described his attempted probings for the bullet which was imbedded in the fleshy part of the abdomen. We had a roast that day and bread pudding, and I couldn't eat any fat or pudding. It was years before I overcame this feeling. (G.D.Q.; M.; H.S.P.; B.S.)

ANTIPATHY TO CRABS, APPARENTLY TRACEABLE TO ADVERSE EMOTIONAL CONDITIONING FROM THE HORRID IMAGERY PRODUCED BY A CHANCE REMARK; READILY OVERCOME EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER WHEN SUBJECTED TO RIDICULE; BUT ILLNESS-PRODUCING REVULSION RETURNED AFTER LAPSE OF SIXTEEN YEARS

When I was about six or seven years old my father brought home some crabs in which I was very much interested as I had never seen any before. Shortly afterwards, a man came along and asked my father, "Do you eat crabs?" My father replied, "Yes, indeed; don't you?" He quickly answered, "No, sir. I know a man who lives at a seafood resort. Not long ago, a negro was drowned. When his body was discovered after many days, it was covered with dozens and dozens of crabs." After the vivid and horrible picture that this produced in me no one could induce me to even taste a crab. For years, my dislike for crabs continued.

After I began teaching a party of us would annually go to some favorite seashore resort for a week or ten days. Naturally seafoods were invariably on the menu. I watched the others eat soft-shell crabs, but I never indulged. When someone asked why I did not eat them I replied: "I don't like them." On further inquiry as to whether I had ever eaten any, when I answered in the negative, they all laughed and began teasing me about them. I was embarrassed, and that night after I retired I concluded that if the others could eat crabs I could and would. Consequently, the next time the others ordered crabs I did also to their surprise, ate them, and liked them very much. After that occasion, when I was about twenty-four, I always ate them and enjoyed them, until about five years ago when I ate some for dinner and became so ill the following night from ptomaine poisoning that the doctor became alarmed about my condition. In spite of that alarming and painful experience I have been tempted to eat crabs on two other occasions. Each time, however, I suffered a very similar attack. I wonder whether crabs are contraindicated in my case because of early adverse emotional conditioning or because of some physiological condition. (W.M.E.; F.; E.S.T.; Age 45.)

A FORTY-THREE YEAR ANTIPATHY TO EATING POACHED EGGS ATTRIBUTED TO NAUSEA PRODUCED BY EATING A COLD ONE AT THE AGE OF FIVE, TEMPORARILY OVERCOME BY THE URGE TO BE POLITE TO A HOSTESS

When I was about five years of age I became nauseated from eating a cold poached egg. One day my mother was very busy with the family washing, and upon my request for food told me I might go to the refrigerator and get something to eat. Seeing an egg left over from breakfast and being very fond of eggs, I thought my problem was solved. But the egg made me sick. From that day until last summer, a period of forty-three years, I never ate a poached egg, although I am very fond of eggs cooked in any other fashion. I felt all along that I could never again eat a poached egg, and never tried to do so. When I have heard friends mention poached eggs as an item in their breakfast bills of fare while patients in hospitals, I have invariably shivered and thought how I should hate to have a poached egg served me when I was on my back and could not get away from it.

Imagine my predicament one day last summer when I went to Delaware Water Gap with a number of friends as the guest of my cousin. We stopped at a very nice looking tea-house for lunch. As we expected to return to my cousin's house for dinner, we decided we did not want meat for lunch, and each ordered a vegetable platter. In the center of the platter laden with fresh and nicely cooked vegetables, on a delicately browned piece of toast was the best-looking poached egg you can imagine. You could tell at a glance that this was a strictly fresh egg. No one at the table knew about my antipathy for poached eggs. Therefore, not wishing my hostess to feel that I was disappointed in my lunch, I decided I would try and eat the egg and that I would keep my mind off of it while doing so. Much to my surprise, I enjoyed the egg as much as anything else on the platter. Of course a keen appetite from having ridden about sixty miles on a very pleasant day and the charming surroundings in which the luncheon was served, may have helped me down that egg. After eating it I thought I would try another poached egg soon after I reached home. I haven't done so yet (six months later), but I know now I can eat another one if I ever have to do so. I doubt very much though that I will ever voluntarily call for a poached egg. (K.L.; E.S.T.; Age 48.)

REVULSION AGAINST SOFT EGGS, DUE TO EATING SPOILED STORAGE EGGS AT THE AGE OF FOUR AND FIVE

During the United States' participation in the World War, I was a child of four and five, living with my parents in Washington, D. C. Recently I have discovered the answer to a question that has often puzzled me, namely, why I cannot possibly eat eggs in any soft condition and even become a bit nauseated at the sight of such eggs. My mother tells me that during the war they could not buy fresh eggs in the city, only cold storage eggs being available. So I had to eat cold storage eggs, which were served soft boiled, but not for long, for we soon got some bad eggs. As a result of this experience I have not eaten soft-boiled eggs since we left Washington in 1919. I can eat scrambled eggs and omelets, but not eggs in a soft form. (T.J.E.; F.; Stenog.; Age 22.)

FREEDOM FROM FOOD ANTIPATHIES IN EARLY LIFE; RECENTLY ACQUIRED AVERSION TO EATING LEFT-OVERS DUE TO ILLNESS CAUSED BY EATING SPOILED LEFT-OVER CORN

My food idiosyncrasy did not originate in childhood. At that time of life I was taught to eat everything placed upon the table. My mother believed that children should eat everything. Therefore, vegetables, which most children dislike, such as carrots, spinach, and turnips, were all eaten and enjoyed by me—or else I received nothing else. My mother never dillied nor dallied when food was the problem. One day last August, however, I ate a large portion of canned corn which had been prepared the previous day. Food does not always keep fresh in a small town on the Bayou Teche in Louisiana, where ice at this time is hard to procure. The corn I ate made me very, very ill that night. It had become spoiled on account of the climate and lack of ice. This experience has led to my refusal to eat any kind of food which has been prepared one day and left over for the next, no matter if the climate and type of food are very different from the situation that made me sick. Most of my friends say such a thing is silly. Perhaps they never experienced sickness from eating left-over food. (T.A.M.; F.; E.S.T.; B.A.)

ILLNESS FROM EATING STRAWBERRIES—A CASE OF ALLERGY

As a child I was seemingly unable to digest strawberries. Every time I ate them I became ill. I was so ill on two occasions that mother had to call in the family doctor. The last time he was called he told mother strawberries seemed to poison me and I must not eat them again. I did not eat them any more at home, for when we had strawberries other dessert was served to me. When I went away to school, however, I used to eat them every time they were served, but I ate very few at a time, sometimes only three or four berries. Now for many years I have eaten strawberries served in every way, with no ill effects whatever. (H.E.M.; F.; E.S.T.)

PARTICULARITY ABOUT THE ODORS AND LOOKS OF FOOD; REFUSAL TO EAT CERTAIN FOODS BECAUSE OF THEIR ODORS, OR RELATIONS TO PARTS OF THE BODY, OR BECAUSE PREPARED BY NEGROES; REFUSAL TO EAT AWAY FROM HOUSE

In general I would never eat anything not smelling or looking exactly right, no matter how good someone else said it was. I never cared much for onions. The odor of the cultivated onion recalled obnoxious odors of wild onions. I never liked the feet of chicken and the part of the back in which the tail feathers stuck, probably because of their position. I would not eat chitterling and a somewhat gelatinous substance made from skins and different meats, called "souse." Neither did I like hog feet. The association of hog feet and skins with the mud and mire that hogs wallow in, and the fact that the chitterling were intestines would not let me eat them though everyone else said they were good. Until I was about fifteen I wouldn't eat anything away from home except at about three places. Neither would I eat Negro cooking if I knew it, probably because some of the kitchens I visited were too dirty for a hog pen. (J.E.; M.; U.S.)

DISLIKE FOR FOODS TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AND RECEIVE CODDLING AND TREATS

My mother spoiled everyone of us when it came to eating. Each child had certain foods that he could not eat. My special antipathies were lemon pie and roast beef. I always had a treat when the rest of the family had these. When I was seventeen, my mother died and I had to take charge of the house and finish school at the same time. I discovered my dislike for the foods was purely imaginary, due to a desire for attention. When I had no time to coddle myself, I discovered that I could eat anything. (R.E.M.; F.; S.C.T.)

FOOD ANTIPATHIES DUE TO FREQUENTLY ENFORCED SERVINGS OF VEGETABLES, LEADING TO INDIGESTION AND IRRITABILITY

During my early childhood I developed a strong dislike for vegetables on account of the fact that my mother served them so often and insisted that

I eat them. On week-ends I would visit my grandmother's where my desire for meats and sweets was satisfied and my distaste for vegetables was encouraged. Thus there was set up a desire for highly seasoned foods, and the result was that I lived on an unbalanced diet until better judgment and poor health forced me to change my habits. The effect was constant indigestion and constipation, producing a nervousness bordering on irritability. This problem was solved only after several years of suffering from stomach trouble, followed by an acute attack of appendicitis which necessitated an operation. The physician issued an ultimatum and in carrying it out during the past five years I have been able to overcome this difficulty. (T.C.R.; M.; State Director of Spec. Ed.; M.A.)

INTENSE AVERSION TO SPINACH, CONQUERED BY SPRINKLING IT WITH SUGAR

The sight of spinach turned me sick, and when I tasted it, the feeling was worse. I tried and tried to eat it, but the feeling persisted, and then I refused to touch it again. One maid sprinkled it with sugar and coaxed me to try it. I have liked it ever since. But I do my own sugar sprinkling now.

AVERSION TO OATS BECAUSE OF MUSHINESS OVERCOME IN SIMILAR MANNER

Oats seemed squashy and mushy, but when mother covered the dish liberally with milk and sugar the antipathy was overcome. (L.M.M.; F.; S.C.T.)

[For other food aversions of this respondent, see *Personality Maladjustments and Mental Hygiene*, p. 74.]

FOOD IDIOSYNCRASIES AND FADS

At one time I could never get enough starch. In spite of all her scoldings, my mother could not keep starch from one laundry day to another. I could never see it and resist the temptation to eat it. The queer thing about my various food fads is that each was taken up with just as much zest as any other. There were times when I stuffed myself with bananas; spread tissue paper on window sills to catch the first falling snow, which I made into a ball and ate, or worried my mother until she made what we called "snow icecream"; spent my last nickel for a loaf of bakery bread, only to break it open and dig all of the soft inside out; or attacked a biscuit which my mother habitually softened with gravy in order to get me to eat it. (W.G.C.; F.; Col.; H.S.T.; B.S.; Age 44.)

FREEDOM FROM FOOD FADS AND ANTIPATHIES BECAUSE OF SCANTINESS OF DIETARY IN A POVERTY-STRICKEN HOME

I was always too eager for the plain and scanty food available to develop any fads or antipathies. There was, and is, one decided exception.

To get a bit of boiled fat pork into my mouth has always filled me with revulsion to the point of incipient vomiting. I have not the slightest notion of the origin or significance of this antipathy. If I have a serious food idiosyncrasy, it is probably overeating. This, I think, is mainly due to lack of proper training, although I recognize the possibility of its being a compensatory activity associated with the sense of incompleteness or inadequacy. (K.D.A.; M.; Univ. T. of Psych.; M.A.; Age 32.)

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